THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

Weekly
F[illegible]i. Franklin

SEPT. 18, '15 5c. THE COPY

DRAWN BY
CHARLES LIVINGSTON BULL

In This Number:

Arnold Bennett—Holworthy Hall—Charles E. Van Loan—Stewart Edward White
Samuel G. Blythe—L. B. Yates—Forrest Crissey—P. G. Wodehouse—Thomas H. Uzzell

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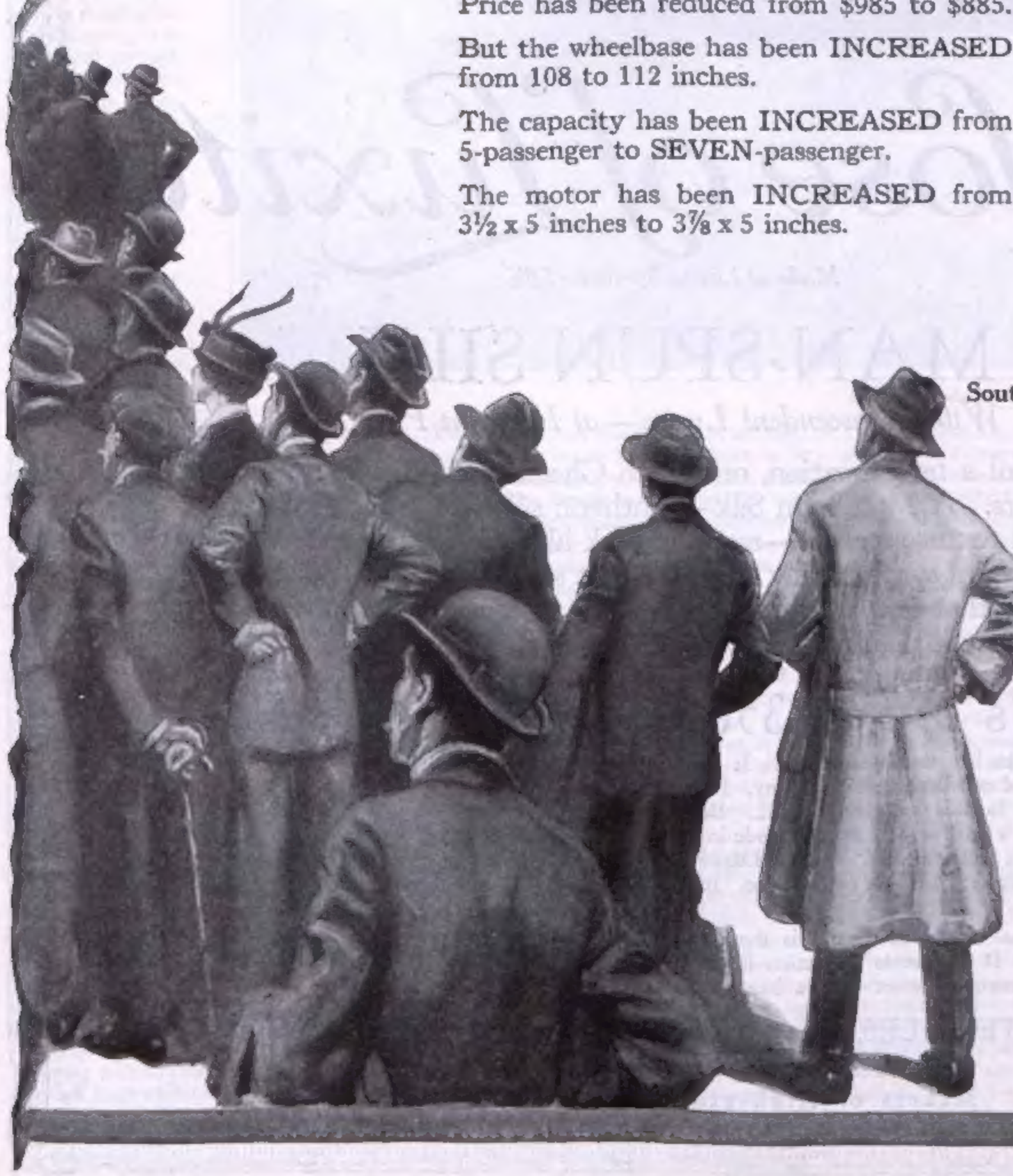

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RUINS

By ARNOLD BENNETT

ILLUSTRATION BY HERBERT JOHNSON

WHEN you go into Rheims by the Épernay road the life of the street seems to be proceeding as usual, except that octroi formalities have been abolished. Women, some young and beautiful, stare nonchalantly as the car passes; children are playing and shrieking in the sunshine; the little cafés and shops keep open door; the baker is busy; middle-aged persons go their ways in meditation on existence. It is true there are soldiers; but there are soldiers in every important French town at all seasons of the year in peace times—in short, the spectacle is just that ordinarily presented by the poorer exterior thoroughfares leading toward the center of a city.

And yet in two minutes—in less than two minutes—you may be in a quarter where no life is left. This considerable quarter is not seriously damaged—it is destroyed. Not many houses but every house in it will have to be rebuilt from the cellar. This quarter is desolation. Large shops, large houses, small shops and small houses have all been treated alike. The façade may stand; the roof may have fallen in entirely or only partially; floors may have disappeared altogether or may still be clinging at odd angles to the walls—the middle of every building is the same, a vast heap of what once was the material of a home or a business, and what now is foul rubbish. In many instances the shells have revealed the functioning of the home at its most intimate, and that is seen which none should see.

Indignation rises out of the heart. Amid stacks of refuse you may distinguish a bath, a magnificent fragment of mirror, a piece of tapestry, a saucepan. In a funeral shop wreaths still hang on their hooks for sale. Telephone and telegraph wires depend in a loose tangle from the poles. The clock of the Protestant church has stopped at a quarter to six. The shells have been freakish. In one building a shell harmlessly made a hole in the courtyard large enough to bury every commander of a German army; another shell—a 210-mm.—went through an inner wall and opened up the cellars by destroying a hundred and fifty square feet of the ground floor; ten people were in the cellars and none was hurt. Uninjured signs of cafés and shops—such as The Good Hope, The Success of the Day—meet your gaze with sardonic calm.

The inhabitants of this quarter and of other quarters in Rheims have gone. Some are dead. Others are picnicking in Épernay, Paris, elsewhere. They have left everything behind them—and yet they have left nothing. Each knows his lot in the immense tragedy. Nobody can realize the whole of the tragedy. It defies the mind; and, moreover, the horror of it is allayed somewhat by the beautiful forms which ruin—even the ruin of modern ugly architecture—occasionally takes. The effect of the pallor of a bedroom wall paper against smoke-blackened masonry, where some corner of a house sticks up like a tall, serrated column out of the confusion, remains obstinately in the memory, symbolizing somehow the grand German deed.

Do not forget that this quarter accurately represents what the Germans came out of Germany into France deliberately to do. This material devastation; this annihilation of effort, hope and love; this substitution of sorrow for joy—is just what plans and guns were laid for, what the worshiped leaders of the Fatherland prepared with the most wanton and scientific solicitude. It is desperately cruel; but it is far worse than cruel—it is idiotic in its immense futility. The perfect idiocy of the thing overwhelms you. And to your reason it is as monstrous that one population should overrun another, with murder and destruction, from political covetousness, as that the two populations should go to war concerning a religious creed. Indeed, it is more monstrous. It is an obscene survival that has strayed through some negligence of Fate into the wrong century.

Strange, in an adjoining quarter, partly but not utterly destroyed, a man is coming home in a cab, with luggage, from the station, and the servant girl waits for him at the house door. And I heard of a case where a property owner, who had begun to build a house just before the war, has lately resumed building operations. In the Esplanade Cérès the fountain is playing amid all the ravage; and the German trenches in that direction are not more than two miles away.

It is quite impossible for any sane man to examine the geography of the region of destruction I have so summarily described without being convinced that the Germans, in shelling it, were simply aiming at the Cathedral. Tracing the streets affected, one can follow distinctly the process of their searching for the precise range of the Cathedral. Practically the whole damage is concentrated on the line of the Cathedral.

But the Cathedral stands.

Its *parvis* is grass-grown; the *hôtels* on the *parvis* are heavily battered, and if they are not destroyed it is because the Cathedral sheltered them; the archbishop's palace lies in fragments; all round is complete ruin. But the Cathedral stands, high above the level of disaster, a unique target, and a target successfully defiant. The outer roof is quite gone; much masonry is smashed; some of the calcined statues have exactly the appearance of tortured human flesh. But in its essence and in its splendid outlines the building remains, apparently unconquerable. The towers are particularly serene and impressive. The deterioration is, of course, tremendously severe. Scores if not hundreds of statues, each of which was a masterpiece, are spoiled; great quantities of carving are defaced; quite half the glass is irremediably broken; the whole of the interior nonstructural decoration is destroyed. But the massiveness of the Cathedral has withstood German shrapnel. The place will never be the same again, or nearly the same. Nevertheless, Rheims Cathedral triumphantly exists.

The Germans use it as a vent for their irritation. When things go wrong for them at other parts of the front they shell Rheims Cathedral. It has absolutely no military interest; but it is beloved by civilized mankind and, therefore, is a means of offense. The French tried to remove some of the glass, utilizing an old scaffolding. At once the German shells came. Nothing was to be saved that shrapnel could destroy. Shrapnel is futile against the body of the Cathedral, as is proved by the fact that three thousand shells have fallen on or near it in a day and a night. If the Germans used high explosive one might believe they had some deep religious aim necessitating the nonexistence of the Cathedral; but they do not use high explosive. Shrapnel merely and uselessly torments.

When I first saw the Cathedral I was told there had been calm for several days. I know German agents in neutral countries constantly deny that the Cathedral is now shelled. When I saw the Cathedral again, the next morning, five shells had just been aimed at it. I inspected the hole excavated by a 155-mm. shell at the foot of the eastern extremity, close to the walls. This hole was certainly not there when I made the circuit of the Cathedral on the previous evening. It came into existence at six-forty A. M. and I inspected it at eight-twenty A. M.; and a newspaper boy offered me that morning's

Paris paper on the very edge of it. A fragment of shell, picked up warm by the architect in charge of the Cathedral and given to me, is now in my pocket.

We had a luncheon party at Rheims in a certain hotel. This hotel had been closed for a time, but the landlady had taken heart again. The personnel appeared to consist solely of the landlady and a relative. Both women were in mourning. They served us themselves and the meal was excellent, though one could get neither soda water nor cigars. Shells had greeted the city a few hours earlier, but their effect had been only material; they are entirely ignored by the steadfast inhabitants, who do their primitive business in the desolated, paralyzed organism with an indifference as resigned as it is stoic. Those ladies might well have been blown to bits as they crossed the courtyard bearing a dish of cherries or a bottle of wine. The sun shone steadily on the rich foliage of the street, and dogs and children rollicked mildly beneath the branches.

Several officers were with us, including two staff officers. These officers, not belonging to the same unit, had a great deal to tell each other and us—so much that the luncheon lasted nearly two hours. Some of them had been in the retreat, in the battles of the Marne and of the Aisne, and in the subsequent trench fighting; none had got a scratch. Of an unsurpassed urbanity and austerity themselves, forming part of the finest civilization this world has yet seen, thoroughly appreciative of the subtle and powerful qualities of the race to which they belong, they exhibited a chill and restrained surprise at the manners of the invaders. One had seen two thousand champagne bottles strewn round a château from which the invaders had decamped, and the old butler of the house going carefully through the grounds and picking up the bottles which by chance had not been opened. The method of opening champagne, by the way, was a stroke of the saber on the neck of the bottle. The German manner was also to lay a lighted cigar on the finest table linen, so that by the burnt holes the proprietors might count their guests.

The Heroism of High and Low

ANOTHER officer had seen a whole countryside of villages littered with orchestrions and absinthe bottles, groundwork of an interrupted musical and Bacchic fête the details of which must be imagined, like many other revolting and scabrous details which no compositor would consent to set up in type, but which, nevertheless, are known and form a striking part of the unwritten history of the attack on civilization. You may have read hints of these things again and again; but no amount of previous preparation will soften for you the shock of getting them first-hand from eyewitnesses whose absolute reliability it would be fatuous to question.

What these men, with their vivid gestures, bright eyes and perfect phrasing, most delight in is personal heroism. And be it remembered that—though they do tell a funny story about German scouts who, in order to do their work, painted themselves the green of trees, and then, to complete the illusion, when they saw a Frenchman began to tremble like leaves—they give full value to the courage of the invaders. But, of course, it is the courage of Frenchmen that inspires their narrations.

I was ever so faintly surprised by their candid and enthusiastic appreciation of the heroism of the auxiliary services. They were lyrical about engine drivers, telephone repairers, stretcher bearers, and so on. The story which had the most success concerned a soldier—a schoolmaster—who in an engagement got left between the opposing lines, a quite defenseless mark for German rifles. When a bullet hit him he cried *Vive la France!* When he was missed he kept silent. He was hit again and again, and at each wound he cried *Vive la France!* He could not be killed. At last they turned a machine gun on him and raked him from head to foot. *Vive la* ——

It was a long, windy, dusty drive to Arras. The straight, worn roads of flinty chalk passed for many miles through country where there was no unmilitary activity save that of the crops pushing themselves up. Everything was dedicated to the war. Only at one dirty little industrial town did we see a large crowd of men waiting, after lunch, to go into a factory. These male civilians had a very odd appearance; it was as though they had been left out of the war by accident or by some surprising benevolence. One thought, first: "There must be some mistake here." But probably there was no mistake. Those men were doubtless in the immense machine.

After we had traversed a more attractive agricultural town, with a Town Hall the architecture of which showed that Flanders was not very far off, the soil changed and the country grew more sylvan and delectable. And the sun shone hotly. Camps alternated with orchards; cows roamed in the camps and also in the orchards. And among the trees could be seen the blue draperies of women at work. Then the wires of the field telephones and telegraphs on their elegantly slim bamboos were running alongside us. And once or twice, roughly painted on a bit of bare wood, we saw the sign: *Aller vers le Front.* Why any sign should be necessary for such a destination I could not imagine; but perhaps humor had entered into the matter. At length we perceived Arras in the distance, and at a few kilometers it looked rather like itself; it might have been a living city.

When, however, you actually reach Arras you cannot be deceived for an instant as to what has happened to the place. It offers none of the transient illusion of Rheims. The first street you see is a desolation, empty and sinister. Grimy curtains bulge out at smashed windows. Everywhere the damage of shells is visible. The roadway and the pavements are littered with bits of homes. Grass flourishes among the bits. You proceed a little farther to a large circular *place*, once imposing. Every house in it presents the same blighted aspect. There is no urban stir; but in the brief intervals of the deafening cannonade can be heard one sound—blinds and curtains fluttering against empty window frames, and perhaps the idle faint banging of a loose shutter. Not even a cat walks. We are alone—we and the small group of staff officers who are acting as our hosts. We feel like thieves—like desecraters, impiously prying.

At the other side of the *place* a shell has dropped before a house and sliced away all its front. On the ground floor is the drawing room. Above that is a bedroom, with the bed made and the white linen smoothly showing. The marvel is that the bed, with all the other furniture, does not slide down the sloping floor into the street; but everything remains moveless and placid. The bedroom is like a show. It might be the bedroom of some famous man exposed to worshiping tourists at sixpence a head. A few chairs have fallen out of the house, and they lie topsy-turvy in the street amid the débris; no one has thought to touch them. In all directions thoroughfares branch forth, silent, grass-grown and ruined.

"You see the strong fortress I have!" says the commanding officer with genial sarcasm. "You notice its high military value. It is open at every end. You can walk into it as easily as into a windmill. And yet they bombard it! Yesterday they fired twenty projectiles a minute for an hour into the town. A performance absolutely useless! Simple destruction! But they are like that!"

So we went forward, farther into the city, and saw sights still stranger. Of one house nothing but the roof was left; the roof made a triumphal arch. Everywhere potted plants, boxed against walls or suspended from window frames, were freshly blooming. All the streets were covered with powdered glass. In many streets telegraph and telephone wires hung in thick festoons, like abandoned webs of spiders, or curled themselves round the feet; continually one had to be extricating one's self from them. Continually came the hollow sound of things falling and slipping within the smashed interiors behind the façades. And then came the sound of a baby crying—for this city is not, after all, uninhabited. We saw a woman coming out of her house and carefully locking the door behind her. Was she locking it against shells or against burglars?

Among the Ruins of Arras

OBSERVE those pipes rising through gratings in the pavement, with blue smoke issuing therefrom. Those pipes are the outward sign that such inhabitants as remain have transformed their cellars into drawing rooms and bedrooms. We descended into one such home. The real drawing room, on the ground floor, had been invaded by a shell. In that apartment richly carved furniture was mixed up with pieces of wall and pieces of curtain, under a thick layer of white dust; but the underground home, with its arched roof and aspect of extreme solidity, was tidy and very snugly complete in all its arrangements, and the dark entrance to it well protected against the hazards of bombardment.

"Nevertheless," said the master of the home, "a 210-mm. shell would penetrate everything. It would be the end."

He threw up his hands with a nonchalant gesture. He was a fatalist worthy of his city, which is now being besieged and ruined, not for the first time. The Vandals—I mean the original Vandals—laid Arras waste again and again. Then the Franks took it. Then, in the ninth century, the Normans ravaged it; and then Charles the Simple, then Lothair, then Hugh Capet. In the fifteenth century Charles VI besieged it for seven weeks and did not take it. Under Louis XI it was atrociously outraged. It revolted and was retaken by assault, its walls razed, its citizens expatriated, and its name changed. Useless! The name returned, and the citizens.

At the end of the fifteenth century it fell under Spanish rule, and had no kind of peace whatever until, after another siege by a large French army, it was regained by France in 1640. Fourteen years later the House of Austria had yet another try for it and Archduke Leopold laid siege to the city. He lost seven thousand men, sixty-four guns, three thousand horses and all his transport, and fled. Last month was the first August in two hundred and sixty years that has not witnessed a municipal fête in celebration of this affair. Since then Arras has had a tolerably quiet time, except during the Revolution. It suffered nothing in 1870. It now suffers. And apparently those inhabitants who have stood fast have not forgotten how to suffer; history must be in their veins.

In the street where we first noticed the stovepipes sprouting from the pavement we saw a postman in the regulation costume of the French postman, with the regulation black, shiny wallet box hanging over his stomach and the regulation pen behind his ear, smartly delivering letters from house to house. He did not knock at the doors; he just stuck the letters through the empty window frames. He was a truly remarkable sight.

Then we arrived by a curved street at the Cathedral of St. Vaast. Saint Vaast, who preached Christianity after it had been forgotten in Arras, is all over the district in the nomenclature of places. Nobody among the dilettanti has a good word to say for the Cathedral, which was built in the latter half of the eighteenth and the first half of the nineteenth centuries, and which exhibits a kind of simple baroque style, with Corinthian pillars in two stories; but Arras Cathedral is the most majestic and striking ruin at the front.

It is superlatively well placed on an eminence by itself and its dimensions are tremendous. It towers over the city far more imposingly than Chartres Cathedral towers over Chartres. The pale simplicity of its enormous lines and surfaces renders it better suited for the martyrdom of bombardment than any Gothic building could possibly be. The wounds are clearly visible on its flat façades, uncomplicated by much carving and statuary. They are terrific wounds; yet they do not appreciably impair the ensemble of the fane. Photographs and pictures of Arras Cathedral ought to be cherished by German commanders, for they have accomplished nothing more austerely picturesque, more religiously impressive, more idiotically sacrilegious, more exquisitely futile, than their achievement here. And they are adding to it weekly. As a spectacle the Cathedral of Rheims cannot compare with the Cathedral of Arras.

The Last of an Ancient Street

IN THE north transept a 325-mm. shell has knocked a clean hole, through which a mastodon might wriggle. Just opposite this transept, amid universal wreckage, a café is miraculously preserved. Its glass, mugs, counters, chairs and ornaments are all there, covered with white dust, exactly as they were left one night. You could put your hand through a window aperture and pick up a glass. Close by, the lovely rafter work of an old house is exposed and, within, a beam has fallen from the roof to the ground. This beam is burning. The flames are industriously eating away at it, like a tiger gnawing with tranquil content at its prey which it has dragged to a place of concealment. There are other fires in Arras and have been for some days. But what are you to do? A step farther on is a greengrocer's shop, open and doing business.

We gradually circled round the Cathedral until we arrived at the Town Hall, built in the sixteenth century, very carefully restored in the nineteenth, and knocked to pieces in the twentieth. We approached it from the back and could not immediately perceive what had happened to it, for later erections have clustered round it and some of these still existed in their main outlines.

In a great courtyard stood an automobile, which certainly had not moved for months. It was a wreck, overgrown with rust and pustules. This automobile well symbolized the desolation, open and concealed, by which it was surrounded. A touchingly forlorn thing, dead and deaf to the never-ceasing, ever-reverberating chorus of the guns! To the right of the Town Hall, looking at it from the rear, we saw a curving double row of mounds of brick, stone and refuse. Understand—these had no resemblance to houses; they had no resemblance to anything whatever except mounds of brick, stone and refuse. The sight of them acutely tickled my curiosity.

"What is this?"

"It is the principal business street in Arras."

The mind could picture it at once—one of those narrow, winding streets which in ancient cities perpetuate the most ancient habits of the citizens, maintaining their commercial preëminence in the face of all town planning; a street leading to the Town Hall; a dark street full of jewelers' shops and ornamented women, and correctness and the triumph of correctness; a street of the best shops, of high rents, of famous names, of picturesque signs; a street where the wheels of traffic were continually interlocking—but a street which would not under any consideration have widened itself by a single foot, because its narrowness was part of its prestige. Well, German gunnery has brought that street to an end past all resuscitation. It may be rebuilt—it will never be the same street.

"What's the name of the street?" I asked.

None of the officers in the party could recall the name of the principal business street in Arras, and there was no citizen within hail. The very name had gone, like the forms of the houses. I have since searched for it in guides,

(Concluded on Page 37)

A GUEST IN TIME

By Holworthy Hall

ILLUSTRATED BY CLARENCE F. UNDERWOOD

On the Veranda Evelyn Rose to Greet Them

IF TEN dollars hadn't been paid in advance by Hammond for his ticket—which, of course, purported to be an invitation—a very few minutes of the Commercial League banquet would assuredly have sent him over to his college club on Forty-fourth Street ready to murder, with intent to kill, the first member who lifted his voice above a gentle whisper. Either as an entertainment or merely as dinner it was no place for a man with a headache. The rattle and clink, the gilded decorations, the August sultriness of it, combined to produce an effect which was nothing at all like home.

Thirteen hundred representative business men of New York—the standard of representation being the ten dollars aforesaid—sat and sweltered in that peculiarly American belief that some distinction lies in being present, highly starched, where everyone else is. Since the majority of them were talking at once, each naturally spoke louder than his neighbor. He had to. There was also music. A thick mist of cigarette smoke swung gently in the heavy air, precluding any possibility of deep breathing for one who valued the condition of his throat to-morrow. So that, if Hammond's father hadn't been a Vermonter, he who had come to the banquet without anticipation would already have quit it without regret—and that would have been another ten dollars wasted.

But he was still visualizing the quiet library of the Harvard Club, when the man next him—an adequately tailored little man with diamond studs and a joke for every waiter—said suddenly, in the triumphant tone generally associated with the rise of Archimedes from the bath:

"Hello! Hey! Do you see that young fellow just came in?—just sitting down at the speakers' table? Know who that is? Well, sir, that's Eddie Ellsworth!"

Hammond looked, startled. Mr. Edward Ellsworth was a pleasant-faced young man engaged in the vicarious pursuit of obtaining more free publicity than anyone else in America at the moment. Together with his wife he danced inconceivably well; both of them could act, if necessary. He photographed beautifully, so that it was often done to him; and his name was attached, in an advertising way, to several of the new steps, a dancing shoe, a roof garden, a cocktail, a Panama hat, and a white leather belt with a patent buckle. His wife's name went with two cosmetics, a hybrid rose, a selling-plater and a new dessert—a rather familiar dessert; the only difference being that on the score card Mrs. Ellsworth seemed to be pinch hitting for Melba. It was popularly supposed that the pair earned fifty thousand a year; at any rate they were petted by the public because they were geniuses, and by society because they were charming, and perfectly human and——

"Yes," said Hammond's neighbor reflectively, "that's the great Eddie Ellsworth. He certainly has put it over, hasn't he? You've seen him?"

"N-no," deprecated Hammond, "but I've heard——"

"You haven't! Well, let me tell you, son, you've missed something!"

Hammond didn't reply, for he was thinking—thinking rapidly and consecutively. Really, you know, it was next door to a coincidence——

The community in which the Hammonds lived was one of those voluntary organizations of rare exclusiveness, a New York suburb; in distance twenty miles from the city limits; by the measure of society, a thousand miles from the nearest village. It harbored half a dozen writers, a lawyer of importance, a covey of architects, a handful of illustrators, the best decorative painter west of Abbey, a sprinkling of well-connected bankers and the Hammonds—especially Evelyn. Casual converse, therefore, embraced men and women of prominence, the friends and acquaintances of one's own acquaintances and friends.

Now, Evelyn loved her husband so deeply that she longed to have him stand preëminent in all fields; and he loved her so much that all he wanted to do was to come home and bask. His interest in art, literature, music and the drama may be inferred from the fact that Wagner was to him a shortstop; Turgenieff a Russian admiral; and Whistler a hard duck to drop with anything less than a twelve-gauge shotgun. Not so much from disability as from distaste, he had no small talk. Take him into business, or politics, or any branch of athletics, or even into the elements of pragmatic philosophy, and few men in Heathcote could show keener analysis and livelier perceptions. He was precisely the sort of man to derive, under ordinary circumstances, vast enjoyment from a banquet of the Commercial League, and none at all from the conversation after a Heathcote dinner of twelve covers—which is to say, six couples.

Logically, therefore, it wasn't long before Evelyn realized his deficiencies. To do her justice, it hurt her to feel that she was cleverer and more ambitious than her husband. She recognized his ability in business, but what good was that in Heathcote? She wanted him to be trenchant, sparkling, an able raconteur, a man with table anecdotes, an escort prized by other women. Instead, he generally sat mute and wondered what people were talking about.

In the course of time he had come to be rather apprehensive of Evelyn. She gave him the impression of trying to conceal from the world his abject failure to be materially different from what he was; now and then he suspected that in company she was almost ashamed of him. He told himself that if he had it all to do over again he would have taken fewer laboratory courses at Cambridge and more lectures; because, as it had turned out, he was getting the lectures anyway, but they didn't contain information which he could use. Before he was thirty-five he had fallen into the habit of reviewing, on the way home from any function to which Evelyn had dragged him, his entire conduct of the evening; and of discovering many things he might have said in place of those he actually had said. This habit he acquired partly because Evelyn was invariably silent all the way home.

Finally, he was sensitive, painfully sensitive. It galled him bitterly to be thought an ignoramus, to be regarded as a man without a liberal education. A less Socratic reasoner might have deliberately set out to accumulate a stock of catch phrases and empty names and superficial bits of knowledge—Hammond wouldn't have been the only man in town who had tried a short cut to omniscience; but the trouble was that he entertained an old-fashioned belief with respect to that sort of thing, and that secretly he considered the talk of Heathcote two-thirds twaddle and the rest fundamentally insignificant. Nevertheless, his happiness wasn't improved because Evelyn—and others—thought he wasn't up to it.

And at dinner last night, when the conversation had flitted lightly from Ibsen to Gibson, with Hammond pounding doggedly along a topic or two behind, he had been visited with a species of moral desperation. For a solid hour he had listened to short stories from Who's Who: "Well, the Governor told me at the Cosmos Club a year ago——" "Tark got off a good one yesterday——" "Speaking of opera, Lambert Murphy said——" "You met Artzibashef in Paris, didn't you say?" And as each name was spoken, and two or three of the guests nodded he perceived that Evelyn was looking at him in disjointed pride. He knew exactly what she was thinking.

Then someone began: "Well, speaking of art, you've all met Philip Adams——"

The others, most of them, said: "Oh, yes."

"I know who he is; Gerald doesn't. Go ahead!" said Evelyn in her quick, spirited manner. Hammond stiffened

"By Jupiter! This Looks Like a Regular Place!"

and didn't hear the story. For the first time in his married life he was experiencing resentment so black that it got beyond his intellect; his eyes were narrowing little points of light; the hand which held his cigar trembled. He glanced across at Evelyn; she smiled at him. Hammond smiled too—even in his righteous anger he was conscious that her expression was suddenly changed. Perhaps she had noticed what was in his eyes—— Well, if she imagined he was going to put up with this sort of thing very much longer——

A moment later the prominent lawyer mentioned the Ellsworths.

"Does anybody here know 'em?" he inquired, and a little artillery fire of Noes ran round the circle.

"I do," said Hammond, clearing his throat.

Of the eleven Evelyn alone heard him. Her lips parted in amazement; she ceased to smile. During the anecdote which followed she paid little attention; she was staring at her husband. He, sick and disgusted, gave her stare for stare. Well—there it was! Stay out of the game, and get called stupid; get into it on a bluff, and not a head turned his way! It wasn't worth bothering about.

And Hammond was rather glad that his affirmative, wrenched from him in sheer agony of boredom, wasn't pitched a tone louder.

But halfway home Evelyn, who had hardly granted him a second's respite from her amused, appraising scrutiny, said unexpectedly:

"Gerald, what on earth made you say you know the Ellsworths?"

If she had phrased it differently, if she hadn't been so irritatingly sure of herself, he might very easily have retorted: "Because I couldn't help it! You made me so blamed mad! But, as a matter of fact, I've never even seen 'em in my life!" After a marital career of five seasons with Evelyn, however, he lacked the courage. Also his nerves still tingled.

"Why shouldn't I say so?" he parried smartly.

"But—but you don't really know them, of course."

"Ah!" said Hammond.

"No—Gerald, you're fibbing!"

His heart sank to unfathomable depths, but he shrugged his shoulders. It was too dark for her to see, yet he knew

that the rustle of silk lining would convey the proper impression to a woman as clever as Evelyn.

"Yes?" he said.

She touched his arm gently.

"Don't be silly, dear. I understand. Why, you certainly would have said something long before this ——"

"Had it ever occurred to you that what I do, and the people I meet, aren't the subject of very much inquiry from you?"

"But people as prominent as the Ellsworths, dear—you shouldn't have aimed so high!"

"One of these days," said Hammond slowly, "I'm afraid I'll say what I really think, that's all."

"Do you know them?"

"You seem capable of answering all your own questions ——"

"But do you, you naughty little boy?"

He was silent—silent in mortification and rage, for he knew that Evelyn was laughing at him in the darkness. To his intense relief she investigated no further during the ride, nor that night.

But at breakfast the next morning she proceeded vigorously to the cross-examination:

"Gerald," she said, "just how well do you know the Ellsworths?"

"What?" he exclaimed, off his guard. "Why ——"

"Where did you meet them?"

"I—I don't remember ——"

Her face was that of a mother whose offspring has committed a forgivable—because ludicrous—fault.

"I wish you'd come right out with it, dear," she said. "It's no crime not to know any of these celebrities ——"

"Perhaps you remember," he remarked, "that I lived a few years in Chicago before I ever met you at all."

"Oh! And so you met them out there?"

"Isn't it possible?"

"Have you seen them lately?"

"Not recently."

"If you did, would they recognize you? I mean, do they just know you by sight, or ——"

"I don't think I'd slap him on the back," said Hammond truthfully, "and I wouldn't kiss her, but ——"

"But you're really very good friends?"

"Well ——"

"Are you, dear, or aren't you?"

His mouth was white, and very straight and thin. He was unutterably wretched; he was also astonishingly boyish, stubborn, blindly infuriated at his own impotence, his own stagnation in the commonplace.

"Yes," he said. "Suppose we are? Now what do you want to know?"

"I want to know," said Evelyn sweetly, "why you don't ask them out for a week-end."

He leaned back in his chair, weak and baffled.

"Why—why," he stammered, "don't—don't people generally call before they're asked for week-ends?"

"Not necessarily in the suburbs. You can always bring your friends home. How would I ever meet them ——"

"Seeing that you've met only three of my friends in five years," he said, "and the last time I brought a man out ——"

"But he was impossible ——"

"That doesn't make any difference! If these Ellsworths didn't happen to be prominent ——"

"How perfectly silly, Gerald!"

"No, it isn't silly. Just because they're prominent ——"

"I want you to make a point of asking them," she said firmly. "Listen, dear: You're apparently the only man in town who knows them—at least, no one else claims to know them, and you do. Surely they're prominent, but they're also wonderfully nice people. Everybody says so. Now you've been entertained here; you've been invited to meet people worth knowing; you haven't contributed a single thing. So I want you to ask the Ellsworths out—you've got to do it! You haven't the right to deprive me of knowing anyone I want to know, if it's in your power to choose. And I'm very happy to learn that you really do know some worth-while men and women, although I don't understand why you've never once spoken of them before. When will you ask them—to-day?"

"It isn't—I ——"

"To-night, then. You're going to that banquet of yours—stay in the city overnight and see Mr. Ellsworth afterward. He's at the Palais, isn't he?"

"Yes, but ——"

"So you'll be sure of finding them?"

Hammond looked at his watch.

"Jiminy!" he said. "I'll have to hurry!"

"Don't forget, Gerald, please."

"Where's my hat?"

"Week after next—that'll give them plenty of time. Will you remember?"

"Didn't The Times come?"

"Just a little party—very small, we won't dance at all if they object ——"

"Good-by, dear!"

"Or any other time when it's convenient. Any week-end, any afternoon, any evening—if it's only for tea—but I want them!" She smiled sadly at him, and shook her head. "Good-by, little boy!" said Evelyn affectionately.

He had accumulated his headache in the smoking car.

And, of Course, None of the Other Men Had the Nerve to Ask Cora Ellsworth to Dance With Him

Hammond had read somewhere the incident of the man who left home one evening ostensibly to attend a meeting of the lodge.

In the morning his wife, as she glanced over the newspaper, asked if he had really gone. He said he had enjoyed it thoroughly. Whereupon his wily helpmeet showed him an item recounting the complete demolition of the Masonic Temple the previous afternoon and a half-tone of the smoking ruins.

"I don't care," said the sturdy husband. "That's my story, and I'm going to stick to it!"

It never occurred to Hammond to retrace the trail by which he had so recently come. He wasn't that type of man. He knew that he had made a fool of himself so far; but he also knew that no man is fully beaten until he admits it. Even while the orchestra had been playing and the Commercial Leaguers chattering, and while his head had ached abominably, his brain had busied itself with schemes—wild, fanciful schemes—with which to placate Evelyn, if not to convince her. He had thought of the Harvard Club as a refuge. And now, barely a score of feet away, Mr. Edward Ellsworth, wholly unconscious of his doom, sat placidly dissecting a squab—it was, indeed, next door to a coincidence.

"Yes," said Hammond's neighbor, "you certainly have got to see Eddie dance sometime."

Hammond was inspired by the terminology.

"Do you—are you acquainted with him?" he stammered.

"Oh, my, yes, I know him well!"

Hammond swallowed his pride as a patient gulps a pill—from motives of safety.

"If—if you could contrive," he said awkwardly, "I should like very much to meet Mr. Ellsworth."

"Would you? All right. Wait till after dinner—I guess he'll remember me. Why, I used to know Eddie out in Grand Rapids in '98 ——"

Wherefore Hammond promptly forgot all about the headache, and also about the Harvard Club and the blessed silence of the library. He fixed his attention on Mr. Edward Ellsworth and let it remain there. Through interminable courses, through unending speeches, he waited; and waiting, he wondered what he should say, what he should do. In the meantime he allowed himself to be excessively annoyed by a man in the reporters' gallery, a nervous, red-haired youth who mopped his forehead every thirty seconds by the watch and made Hammond ever so much warmer and more uncomfortable.

It was half past eleven when the toastmaster called for the health of the president—not the President of the United States, the president of the Commercial League!—and the meeting adjourned.

"Come on," said Hammond's neighbor cheerfully; "I guess Eddie'll remember me all right. It was right after the show I met him. I recollect it was in Sternburg's Café."

Together they crossed the floor, picking their way through little groups of guests, displaced chairs, tables sordid with cigar ashes and crumpled napkins; together they ranged alongside the man of the hour, and paused expectantly. It was at this juncture that Hammond, comparing the profile of his mediator with that of the popular idol, wondered if indeed they could be friends. Why, Ellsworth was unquestionably a gentleman! Still ——

He looked up. The knot of men about him watched with indifferent curiosity.

"Eddie," said the man with the diamond studs, "I guess you remember that night in Sternburg's in Grand Rapids in '98, don't you? Well, I'm the man that sang the parody of The Blue and the Gray. I want you should meet Mr. Hammond. He sat next to me to-night and he wanted to meet you. And any favor you can show him is a favor to me—personally ——"

Mr. Ellsworth recoiled. Then he beamed cordially.

"Oh, yes," he said. "I know Mr. Hammond all right; but what gets my goat is, who in blazes you are!"

The circle guffawed joyously. The mediator gasped, blanched, turned a hideous and uncompromising red, and after a prolonged struggle to regain poise or vocabulary he gave it up and escaped, stumbling. Hammond, wavering in utter consternation, took a step backward. Ellsworth chuckled; suddenly he became solemn; he thrust out an impulsive hand.

"He wasn't a friend of yours ——"

"N-not at all! I—he said ——"

"I didn't think I was mistaken. I'm sorry, but it's something unbearable. I suppose he belonged to the I-Knew-Him-When Society. What was it this time, Terre Haute or Muskegon?"

"It was—it was Grand Rapids."

"I'm sorry I lost my temper, but you can tell 'em fifty feet away. If I'd given him time he'd have asked me if I didn't remember playing in the Broadway Theater in Denver on the eighth of January, 1904, when there was a man with a green tie in the front row. And he was the man. See here, won't you sit down and have something?"

"Not if you're wondering who in blazes I am."

Ellsworth laughed.

"I owe you one anyway—besides, it wasn't your introduction. It was a long chance, but you didn't look like the same breed. I'll tell you, it's too hot up here; let's go downstairs and try the grill."

He set off briskly; Hammond, after an instant's doubt, followed. In the elevator was the red-haired scribe from the gallery.

"Hello, Billy," said Mr. Ellsworth affably.

"Hello, Eddie."

"Come on in with us?"

"I don't object," said the reporter.

"Mr. Hammond, Mr. Ryder. Ryder's an eccentric reporter, and Mr. Hammond ——"

"Importing—fabrics."

"Oh!" said Mr. Ryder on the threshold of the grill. "Not the Hammond—Fifth and Thirtieth?"

"That's the office address ——"

"Then I'll buy some too," said Ryder. "I'll put it up to expenses. You advertise in my paper."

"What's the next step?" demanded Ellsworth, drumming on the table.

"Lemon and lime for me."

"Mine's lemonade with Vichy."

Mr. Ellsworth grimaced.

"To be in character," he said, "I ought to have a piece of squash pie—but call it a horse's neck. Well, wasn't that dinner something fierce!"

"All captains of industry," commented the reporter. "Some in embryo, others in bankruptcy."

"That's not a bad line. I wish I'd said that."

"Never mind, you will later. Why aren't you over at Nantucket getting sunburned?"

"One more week at the Palais."

"This man," explained Ryder to Hammond, "is the poorest specimen of an actor you ever came across. He sticks round New York all summer ——"

"Oh, wait a year! I've found a place ——"

"I believed that the first ninety-nine times I heard it! But worse than that, Mr. Hammond, you ought to hear his idea of a vacation—he wants to mow the lawn, and feed the dog, and dig potatoes ——"

"Prosit!" said Mr. Ellsworth.

"Skoal!" said Mr. Ryder.

Hammond, failing to recall a good one, appeared to agree with the foregoing sentiments.

"What do I care about my reputation!" said Ryder. "Let's have another."

"Gay young blade!"

"If you're yearning for a lawn to mow," said Hammond audaciously, "I've got three acres of lawn out at Heathcote ——"

"Heathcote? I didn't know anybody could afford to own as many as three acres out there!"

"He advertises in my papers—he can afford anything."

"But why is it," inquired Ellsworth, "that every press agent I ever had thought there was good stuff in my vacations? You see how it works, Mr. Hammond. Even this future Greeley thinks it's funny. What do you suppose an actor wants to do in the summertime—act?"

"Well, if you could do exactly what you like in the summertime ——"

The glasses were on the table.

"Prosit!" said Ellsworth; and subsequent to a tinkling hiatus, he added: "Why—I'd act!"

"It's all wrong, Bucephalus, it's all wrong ——"

"I don't mean what you mean, Billy. Consider the poor hero. Heaven help the star anyway—the supes can beg! No, I mean if I could get a guaranty of fifty-two weeks outside of the two-a-day I'd be tickled to death. You just wait a few years—nobody'll stage a dancing act on a bet. If I could do exactly what I want to I'd be booked solid for five years; I'd do anything I could get paid for—we won't draw forever, you know—and then, back to the farm!"

"You'd do anything?"

"Absolutely anything—at my price. Why not? You've got to make hay in this business, Billy. You've got to capitalize your publicity, because it won't last forever. So, as I said, if I could stay in town all summer ——"

"Why not the Palais?"

"That's exactly it. Business is falling off—it's too hot. They can't stand the terms. If anybody else would book us—outside of vaudeville—I'd stay in a minute. I'd lecture, dance, teach—anything."

"He writes his own lines, some of 'em," said Ryder to Hammond. "He's rehearsed so much with orchestra leaders that kidding comes natural to him. What are you drawing *per diem* per day, Eddie?"

"Three hundred."

"Meaning—let's see—five hundred a week. You always figure it like that, Mr. Hammond. I'll tell you what—call his bluff! Offer him a job in your factory at a thousand or two a month! You'll be in no danger—if an actor doesn't take a vacation his creditors begin to worry! Well, I'm on a morning paper ——"

"Exit speech?" asked Ellsworth.

"Exactly. Don't get up. Glad to have met you, sir! Be good, Eddie!" He grinned and left them.

"I'll have to be moving too," said Ellsworth. "Which way do you go?"

"Over to Fifth Avenue."

"So do I." He paid the check; together they went out to the open air.

They had already left the tracks of Madison behind them when Hammond coughed nervously.

"You weren't serious, were you," he said, "when you spoke of—er—making hay ——"

"Serious? Yes. A vogue doesn't last long, Mr. Hammond. We're on the top wave now. In two years—I don't know ——"

"I should imagine you'd have a good many chances for—er—special engagements."

"Hist! Strictly between ourselves, what do you think I got to-night?"

"For—for coming to that banquet?"

"Yes, sir! Two-fifty. That's what I meant by capitalizing publicity. It's the only safe way."

"I—I can't offer you the position Mr. Ryder suggested ——"

"If you did, Mr. Hammond, I'd take it! No, that's quite true! Well, that looks like a taxi there ——"

"Wait a minute! Mr. Ryder did give me another idea. You meant that you'd do anything for a flat price?"

"Pretty nearly anything. Why?"

"I wondered," said Hammond slowly, "what your price would be for a week-end—at my house in Heathcote—with your wife."

Ellsworth regarded him blankly.

"Wha—what? What was that you said?"

"I said a week-end at my house in Heathcote—both of you—from Friday night to Monday morning."

"But we finish here—we close Friday night, Hammond."

"But you said—and I could make it Saturday to Monday, if you couldn't come Friday night."

"Are you joking?"

"Do I look it?"

"No, you don't."

"I'll pay half in advance, if you say so."

"Well, I'll be hanged!" said Mr. Ellsworth under his breath. "I will be hanged!"

"It's simple enough, isn't it? All you have to do is to come—as regular guests. You can do anything you like ——"

"Listen!" said Ellsworth. "I take it you are serious. Why don't you run up to our apartment to-morrow afternoon? Talk to Mrs. Ellsworth—she's the business manager anyway. Make it four o'clock. Do you want to do that? It's a weird one, but —— Well, I'll stand for it if she will. I told you the absolute truth, Mr. Hammond ——"

"Four o'clock?"

"At Fifty-nine hundred, the Drive. And you might let me have a card—thanks. I may not be there myself but I'll tell her. And if you don't come I'll know ——"

"I'll come, all right. Fifty-nine hundred?"

"That's it; you come up and talk to Mrs. Ellsworth. I'm going to jump this taxi. Well, good night, Mr. Hammond."

"Good night!" said Hammond happily.

He strode down to the Harvard Club and hunted carefully for someone to share a rarebit with him. But for a man keenly alive, virile, mentally active, the club was very, very dull. He found no one with the faintest symptom of human emotion, none but a lot of moles grubbing in the dusky library. What nonsense!

It was five minutes of four in the afternoon when Hammond walked dignifiedly up the steps of the Stoughton Arms and intrusted a bit of engraved pasteboard to the hallboy. Mrs. Ellsworth was at home; would Mr. Hammond come up?

Presently a maid left him at the door of an inner room. Across it shone the vision of a young woman in a glorious tea gown against a background composed of a talking machine and a row of sectional bookcases.

She smiled. That smile of Mrs. Ellsworth's had, in its time, melted the hearts of vaudeville booking agents, than whom no colder propositions exist in the civilized world—it was the frankest, most ingenuous, infectious, schoolgirlish smile that ever a Broadway favorite owned and operated; and it had for its setting a face designed for better things than the stage—it was a more womanly face than Hammond had dreamed of finding. He had forgotten that the Ellsworths had standing.

They exchanged conventional salutations; Hammond sat down. Something in her voice caused him to lift his eyes; he flushed to perceive that hers were bright with suppressed merriment.

"Mr. Ellsworth probably told you," he said abruptly. "What I want is to engage both of you for a week-end at my house in Heathcote. You see, it's this way: Evelyn—Mrs. Hammond—thinks I'm—I'm f-four-flushing. Well, I am. Perhaps I'd better tell you right from the beginning ——"

"Please do," she said.

So he told her. When he began he was in deadly earnest, and she, by the use of pretty severe dental punishment, managed to keep her face straight. Halfway through the narrative Hammond's lips were unsteady at the corners; at the conclusion they were both laughing so uncontrollably that the maid wasn't above peeping through the portières. Hammond checked himself at length; but Mrs. Ellsworth laughed until she was weak and exhausted. Even when she had recovered sufficiently to ring for tea her laughter rose intermittently, like the embers of a fire that has almost burned itself out.

"In other words," she said, "you want us to come as old, old friends of yours ——"

"Yes; the older the better!"

"And play round for two days ——"

"I'll try to make it endurable ——"

"My dear Mr. Hammond," she said, "if you hadn't talked to my husband first I'd say we'd come for the fun of it! As it is—he probably used his favorite simile of making hay—we'll come for two hundred dollars a day. Would that be all right?"

Hammond fumbled for his check book.

"If you think an advance as guaranty of good faith ——"

"Oh, dear, no!" she said with an adorable gurgle. "There are lots of things to discuss first—tea, for instance."

He glanced at the entering maid and was thrilled to realize that he was about to take tea with a celebrity.

"One thing," he ventured, "I—my name is Gerald. I suppose you'd better be getting used to it—there isn't much time to rehearse, you know."

She laughed spontaneously. Hammond wondered how the dimple had escaped him for so long.

"Since we're to be old friends for a week-end," she said, "I'm afraid I shall have to let you call me 'Pinkie.' Do you think Evelyn would mind?"

As usual Evelyn met him on the steps. She had thought the matter over; she had decided that Hammond's guilty conscience was probably ample chastisement; and she had resolved not to refer to the famous Ellsworths that evening or any evening. Thus Gerald's remorse would continue until, in a day or two, he would confess and she would forgive him. That was much better than attacking him in the open, she thought. After all, it wasn't really a monumental crime; it was rather childish and ridiculous. She wanted Gerald to understand how silly he had been, that was all. So when she met him on the steps she kissed him as usual, and asked if it had been a hard day.

"Not bad," said Hammond. "Oh, by the way, I saw Pinkie Ellsworth ——"

"Pinkie!"

"They're coming Saturday morning." He hummed carelessly. "No mail for me?"

As he regarded her out of one corner of his eye he told himself that the wilted, baffled, stricken attitude of his

(Continued on Page 41)

"We—We Might as Well Go Home, Jerry!"

GHOST CITIES OF THE WEST

She Came Back: Aurora—By Charles E. Van Loan

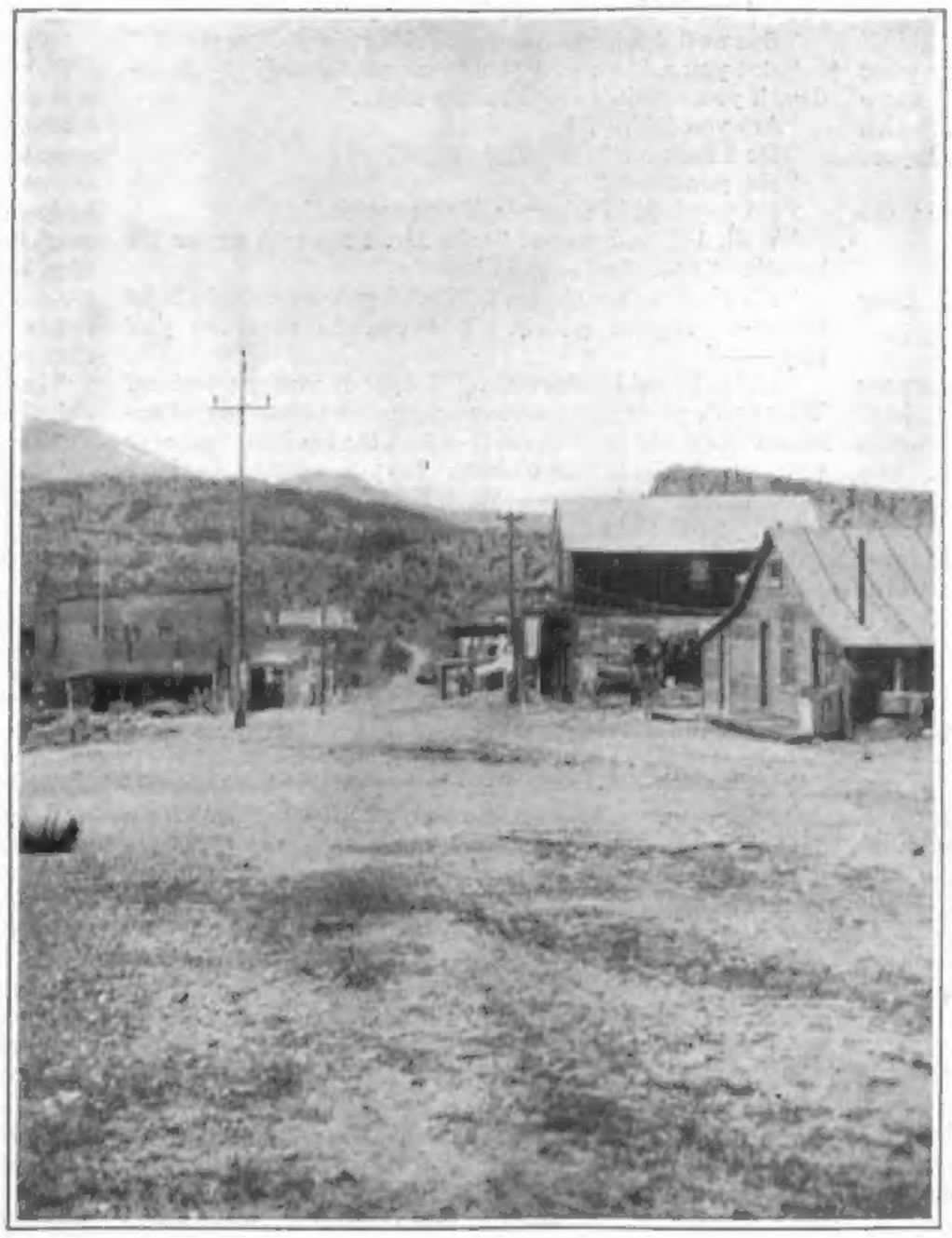
SUMMER comes late to Aurora, hiding in her gulches on the eastern slope of the Sierras, but it comes at last. In June the lingering snowdrifts turn to muddy water, which trickles down the rocky cañons; in July there is no moisture left in the land and the sun strikes pitilessly from a hard, blue sky; in August the bare, burned peaks look out over leagues of Nevada desert, where the eastern horizon dances in an agony of heat waves. Until the snow flies again Aurora is an oven.

It must have been so in August of 1862, when a few inhabitants of the new camp gathered to say good-by to a friend and wish him success in an untried field. The man who was going away from Aurora was twenty-seven years of age. He had been a tramp printer, a river pilot, a soldier for a week, a prospector and a miner, but most of all he had been a dreamer, and Aurora had written "failure" against his name.

He had come into the Esmeralda country in the first flush of the gold-mining craze, believing that all he had to do was drive a pick into the earth and turn up a fortune. Aurora was full of such optimists in those wild days—men who starved but refused to regard with seriousness any sum short of six figures—but none had been more enthusiastic, more hopeful of the future, than this drawling young Missourian. At building castles in the air he had been their master architect.

It had taken him six months to run the entire gamut, beginning with blind, unreasoning confidence and ending with disillusionment and despair. He had suffered the mining fever in its most aggravated form, and now, after dreaming of the millions in the Dashaway, the Annipolitan and the Monitor Ledge, after writing glowing letters to the folks at home, after the boasting and the promises and the rash prophecies, he was leaving it all behind him to take a job at twenty-five dollars a week. So completely had the dream vanished that he regarded this job as a godsend; but there was no certainty that he would be any more of a success as a newspaper reporter than he had been as a miner.

His exit from Aurora was not a conspicuous one. Perched on the high seat beside the stage driver and riding comfortably to his destiny he might have commanded a certain amount of respect and, in a measure, saved his face, but even this small dignity was denied him. Every dime which he had been able to rake and scrape had gone to prolong the dream; nothing was left for stage fare. The twenty-five-dollar-a-week job was waiting for him in Virginia City, distant one hundred and twenty-five miles, and the only way to reach that pay check was to walk to it—to walk in August, when every puff of wind that lashes down the Bodie Cañon is like the searing blast which follows the opening of a furnace door—yes, worse, for a furnace contains no alkali dust.



The Main Street of Aurora. Looking Down Virgin Gulch

On the Road to Fame and Fortune

FROM the very beginning the West has been suspicious of men afoot, placing them a grade below the "burro varmints," and to walk and carry one's blankets has always been regarded as an open confession of failure. Aurora was not deeply interested in the departure of the young Missourian, and only the few friends with whom he had dreamed and gone hungry knew or cared where he was going. With his blankets on his back he trudged down Virgin Gulch, entered the narrow cañon road and Aurora never saw him again.

If the citizens of the camp had known that their dreamer was on the way to his kingdom, that their one great man was leaving them, his inglorious exit might have been made something of an event, with cheers and cracking pistols and good wishes. They might even have underwritten his future to the extent of stage fare to Virginia City. But they did not know, he himself did not know, and it is likely that of the few who wrung his hand and slapped him on the back only Cal Higbie watched him until he disappeared at the bend of the road where the Real Del Monte mill now stands—Calvin H. Higbie, the man to whom Roughing It is dedicated, in memory of the dream.

"So you're going up into Nevada, are you, to have a look at the old camps? You mustn't miss Aurora. There's a sort of a boom on there now and the camp is coming back. Aurora is where Mark Twain used to live; his cabin is up there yet. If you go through Aurora take a look at it."

This was a business man in Los Angeles—a veteran of the Comstock and a Gold Hiller.

"You can't get through by Mono Mills at this time of the year—too much snow between here and Mammoth. Go round by the way of Goldfield and Tonopah, strike north from there and come back by Bridgeport and Bodie. From Bodie it's only a couple of hours to Aurora, and that's one camp you can't afford to pass up. Mark Twain lived in Aurora once, and his cabin is still standing. One of the old-timers up there knew him well; get him to talk if you can."

This was a man at Bigpine, Inyo County, California—a man in the chicken business, but outside of that blameless.

"The early camps? Well, there was Belmont and Bodie and Aurora—I guess you must have read about Aurora in Roughing It. Mark Twain was down in the Esmeralda country somewhere round '62. I saw him when he got into town to go to work on the Enterprise. He was all red whiskers and alkali dust, and looked as if he had had a hard trip. Yes, he was in Aurora. Seems to me I've got a picture of the cabin he lived in down there, and if I can find it I'll show it to you."

This was Virginia City's Oldest Inhabitant.

In the course of my travels through the old mining districts of California and Nevada many people spoke to me of Aurora, and not one of them forgot to say that Mark Twain had once lived there. Aurora has always been rather proud of his cabin; it links her to greatness. Aurora is proud of the memory of the man who walked out of camp, a failure.

What a pity Sam Clemens did not know that this was to be so! The knowledge would have shortened that long, hot journey from Virgin Gulch to the Comstock.

The first man whom I met in Aurora was a kindly soul, who took an interest in automobile tires to the extent of volunteering the entirely unnecessary information that Nevada roads are rough on treads of any sort. This was but a subterfuge, opening the way to a communication of more importance.

"You're a stranger here, I take it?"

There was no need to admit the fact.

"You'll be looking round the camp after a bit," continued the kindly soul, "and I can show you something that will interest you."

"Not mining property, I hope?"

"No, nothing for sale. You've read Roughing It, haven't you? Well, Mark Twain got his start in this town. The cabin he lived in is right up at the head of the gulch. You'll want to see that, of course."

I did want to see it. As a relic it is sufficiently interesting; as a cabin it is not much; but it must have been a palace in 1862, when so many of the miners lived in dugouts and caves. The kindly soul assisted me to appreciate the Mark Twain cabin, inside and out, for he is its present occupant, and I can think of none more worthy of the distinction.

"There has been some argument as to whether Mark Twain really lived here or not. Some say he lived farther down the gulch in a cabin that afterward burned up; others say he lived in two cabins and this was one of 'em. I think myself that this is the place all right enough. You can see for yourself that it was built a long time ago. They don't make any floor boards like this nowadays—two feet wide and thick enough to bear the weight of an elephant. Yes, it's an old-timer.

"After Mark Twain got to be famous the boys here sent him some shakes from the roof—thought he'd like to have 'em for old times' sake. He wrote a nice letter back from New York, but sort of throwed cold water on the proposition by saying that the cabin he lived in didn't have shakes on the roof. I wouldn't call that any proof, would you? Maybe they put the shakes on after he left."

Memories of Mark Twain

"THERE was some talk about moving the cabin down to San Francisco for the Exposition, and that's what should have been done with it. They could have rigged up the front room a little with shelves and things, and put his books round the walls. It would have been a nice thing for the state to do, and a pity they didn't go through with it."

It was the kindly soul who told me where to find the man who remembers Mark Twain—a bearded ancient who looks old enough to remember Noah and the flood. This man, who came to Aurora in the time of the great boom, has seen five separate and distinct attempts to revive the camp. He is the connecting link between the present and the past, the local historian and the last court of appeal on any question touching the "days of old, the days of gold."

Though well on in years his brain is unusually active, his blue eyes hold a twinkle, and the story which he told me bore every evidence of having been repeated times without number. I suppose that every man, woman and child who has visited Aurora in the past twenty-five years has heard it. It flowed from him easily, in proper sequence, with appropriate pauses for side comment, somewhat as follows:

"Yes, I knew Mark Twain—knew him as well as anybody in this camp, except maybe his cronies. He lived right across the street from me—you can see what's left of the cabin over there—and I saw him every day, but he didn't strike me as any different from the other men round here. It just goes to show that you can't tell by the looks or the way a man acts. If anybody had told me that one man in this camp was going to be famous and known all over the world I would have guessed Mark Twain last of the whole bunch. And even after that I wouldn't have believed it.

"As I remember him he wasn't a big man, but sort of wiry, with a lot of sandy hair and bushy red whiskers. He talked sort of slow, except when he was excited about something, which was pretty often in those days. His clothes were about as ragged as they could be and stay on him, and his boots always had holes in 'em. Most of the time he was here he was broke, but it didn't seem to bother him any.

"I've read his book about this part of the country. It says he had some mining claims in this district and came near striking it rich, but I don't believe that. Nobody ever saw him doing any work on a claim. He sat down a lot and did considerable writing; some of the pieces he wrote got printed in the Virginia papers, but nobody paid any attention to him on that account.

"For all that nobody figured he amounted to much he was well liked in the camp. That was because he was always jolly and full of fun—always thinking up tricks to play on folks, and a great one to make friends easy. If anything was happening Mark Twain was in it somewhere couldn't keep him out.

"The winter he was here was a tough one and times were hard. Flour was selling for a dollar a pound and bacon was worth anything they had a mind to ask for it. Nobody had very much to eat, but that didn't keep Mark Twain from being hospitable. He couldn't see a stranger go by without inviting him in to supper; when like as not all there was in the house was a plate of beans—not enough for one hungry man, let alone three or four. Time and time again I've seen that whole cabin full of folks invited to supper, and nothing on the table. They would sit round and tell stories and laugh and whoop and yell and have a good time generally—it was open house with Mark Twain always, Southern fashion.

"When he left here he was down and out, and he packed his blankets on his back. I never expected to hear of him again, and nobody else either, but first thing we knew he wrote some book or other and was famous. Then everybody that came here wanted to know which was his cabin, what he looked like, how he acted before he got to be great and all about him. The cabin where he lived is across the street—what's left of it—but the visitors pick shakes off the roof of the shack up the gulch and carry 'em away as souvenirs. That bogus cabin has been photographed ten thousand times, I guess, and as for questions, I've been asked a million."

Seeing that he was in training I asked a question myself:

"When did you come to Aurora?"

"Me? It was in 1867."

"I beg your pardon—what year did you say?"

He said it again—1867, and clinched it with evidence.

The kindly soul, who had been waiting outside, met me with just a trace of anxiety in his face.

"Did he say anything about Mark Twain living down at this end of town?"

I nodded, and we walked for some time in silence.

"He's an old man now, and old men forget things. He might be mistaken about that other cabin. What do you think?"

I said that I thought it was quite likely. I did not tell him that in 1867 Mark Twain was as far from Aurora as he could get, and stay on earth. He was in the Holy Land, gathering material for Innocents Abroad. I did not tell him that the man who remembers Mark Twain so well never saw Sam Clemens in his life—had missed seeing him by five very full years—but I wish that someone would tell me where he got his personal reminiscences of the author of Roughing It. Barring his statement that Clemens had no mining claims in the district, his narrative dealt in fact, as checked up by the record, even to the red beard, the ragged clothes and the habit of hospitality. Where did the old man get his material?

The Days of Shotgun Messengers

THIS is a problem which I cheerfully turn over to the reader for solution. I am not bothering my head with problems, for Aurora waits.

Aurora was a gold camp. It first appeared upon the map in the early sixties, flourished for a time and disappeared entirely in the eighties. From present indications Aurora will be on the next map of Nevada, disproving the statement that they never come back.

During the Civil War period the camp had a population of eight thousand, not entirely composed of desirable citizens. Some of them were quite otherwise—so much so that they gave Bob Howland the chance to send his famous message to his uncle. But that comes later.

When the early mines were in full blast and the famous Johnson Chamber, Aurora's "glory hole," was giving up

Mark Twain's Cabin

its millions, every outbound stage carried shipments of gold bullion in the treasure box. Suspicious but well-informed men repeat to this day a story to the effect that gold bars were sometimes carried on the inbound stages as well. It is said, and believed, that gold was shipped out of Aurora, brought back again at a later date and shipped a second time, thus apparently swelling the output of certain mining companies, evidently for sale. The record of Aurora's early production, as found in the books of the express company, shows that up to 1869 the stages carried out $27,000,000—gold bars in sufficient quantity to bring Dick Turpin himself from his grave! If the shippers were guilty of this piece of double dealing they paid a fancy price for it, because the Aurora district attracted the choicest and boldest lot of highwaymen unhung, and they levied a heavy toll. Red gold bars have always possessed a fascination for road agents, and the narrow, crooked cañons below the camp furnished ideal ambush.

"Chuck out the box and be quick about it!" was an order which might be waiting at any bend in the road, and woe to the driver who disregarded it. It was a mistake never made twice, for when the highwaymen drew trigger they shot low and hard—shot to kill and to make an example.

On one occasion the Candelaria stage was robbed on the way out from Aurora and robbed again on the return trip. Perhaps the bandits, who were popularly supposed to make Aurora their headquarters, heard whispers of the double shipment scandal and wished to make sure. After this bit of sheer impudence every stage carried two shotgun messengers, one on the box with the driver—and he was usually the unlucky one—the other inside with the passengers.

The shotgun messenger was a Western institution, a product of the times and a necessity because of existing conditions. Banks were few, railroads had not yet been built and fortunes traveled on all the roads, locked up in the Wells-Fargo box. The messenger was paid to protect the contents of that box—and incidentally the lives of the passengers—was paid to shoot quick and shoot straight and take chances on dying with his boots on. He neither asked nor expected an even break; the worst of it was the best he ever got, for the highwayman saw him first and had him "covered" before the command to halt was given. A sawed-off shotgun crammed with slugs was his emblem of authority; he did not know the color of the white feather, and he left behind him a record for cold courage which has never been equaled. The shotgun messenger was a brave man who has not been sufficiently appreciated.

The double-messenger system did not discourage the hold-up men to any marked degree; they continued to do business as before, though with an increase in mortality statistics. In one instance the outside messenger and the robber fired at the same time, and both died instantly. Perhaps this helped to harden public sentiment against the outlaws; perhaps Aurora counted noses and found she was having too many funerals, too many good men for breakfast. She decided to sink a portion of her floating population, setting about it in the approved style of the period. Aurora organized a Vigilance Committee.

Ever since the middle fifties, when San Francisco purified herself, the word "vigilance" has borne an added meaning in the West, one not found in the dictionaries. The Eastern definition is given as "watchfulness against danger; preparedness." The Western definition is "rope."

Many men who were suspected of various crimes were politely invited to take a change of venue, and most of them did so. Five desperadoes fell into the hands of the Vigilantes and were locked up, pending trial by the committee. Five is the figure usually given; the man who remembers Mark Twain says four is correct, and after thought was able to give their names as Daly, the leader, Masterson, Buckley and Three-fingered Jack.

Short Shrift for Bad Men

IT WAS at this time that word reached Governor Nye at Carson City that the friends of the prisoners were assembling to attack Aurora in force. The governor immediately sent a message to Bob Howland, his nephew, and the city marshal at Aurora, offering assistance, and Howland replied with the terse communication which landed him in the Hall of Fame:

"All quiet in Aurora. We will hang five men in an hour."

It was the kindly soul before mentioned who showed me the graves where the desperadoes are buried. It took him some time to locate the spot, but he found it at last. I counted four small wooden stakes, planted close together.

"You'll notice," said my guide, "that they didn't put them in the regular graveyard. They left 'em outside the fence, and I guess it served 'em right. There's another man buried outside the fence too. Did you ever see a tombstone that made mention that the man under it was murdered, and sort of reminded the Lord to take care of the man who killed him? No? Look here."

At the end of the row of wooden stakes were the shattered pieces of what had been a large marble slab, face down in the dirt. Together we turned over the fragments and read this inscription:

WILLIAM F. CARDER
A NATIVE OF TENNESSEE
AGE 33 YEARS
WAS ASSASSINATED IN AURORA ON THE NIGHT OF
DECEMBER 10, 1864
I WILL AVENGE, SAITH THE LORD

"They tell a curious story about this tombstone," the narrator went on. "You can see by the thickness of it that it wasn't easily broken and didn't come in pieces like this by itself.

"From all accounts Carder was a tough citizen. They say he went looking for trouble once too often. He used to ride into town on his horse, lickety-split, throw up his slouch

(Continued on Page 45)

The Old Aurora Jail

The End of the Trail

Side View of the Mark Twain Cabin

EXTRICATING YOUNG GUSSIE

By Pelham Grenville Wodehouse

ILLUSTRATED BY MARTIN JUSTICE

He Sounded Like Some Far-Off Echo of the Past Yodeling Through a Woolen Blanket

SHE sprang it on me before breakfast. There in seven words you have a complete character sketch of my Aunt Agatha. I could go on indefinitely about brutality and lack of consideration. I merely say that she routed me out of bed to listen to her painful story, somewhere in the small hours. It can't have been half past eleven when Jeeves, my man, woke me out of the dreamless and broke the news:

"Mrs. Gregson to see you, sir."

I thought she must be walking in her sleep, but I crawled out of bed and got into a dressing gown. I knew Aunt Agatha well enough to know that, if she had come to see me, she was going to see me. That's the sort of woman she is.

She was sitting bolt upright in a chair, staring into space. When I came in she looked at me in that darn critical way that always makes me feel as if I had gelatin where my spine ought to be. Aunt Agatha is one of those strong-minded women. I should think Queen Elizabeth must have been something like her. She bosses her husband, Spenser Gregson, a battered little chappie on the Stock Exchange. She bosses my cousin, Gussie Mannering-Phipps. She bosses her sister-in-law, Gussie's mother. And, worst of all, she bosses me. She has an eye like a man-eating fish, and she has got moral suasion down to a fine point.

I dare say there are fellows in the world—men of blood and iron, don't you know, and all that sort of thing—whom she couldn't intimidate; but if you're a chappie like me, fond of a quiet life, you simply curl into a ball when you see her coming, and hope for the best. My experience is that when Aunt Agatha wants you to do a thing you do it or else you find yourself wondering why those fellows in the olden days made such a fuss when they had trouble with the Spanish Inquisition.

"Hello, Aunt Agatha," I said.

"Bertie," she said, "you look a sight. You look perfectly dissipated."

I was feeling like a badly wrapped brown-paper parcel. I'm never at my best in the early morning. I said so.

"Early morning! I had breakfast three hours ago, and have been walking in the park ever since, trying to compose my thoughts."

If I ever breakfasted at half past eight I should walk on the Embankment, trying to end it all in a watery grave.

"I am extremely worried, Bertie. That is why I have come to you."

And then I saw she was going to start something, and I bleated weakly to Jeeves to bring me tea. But she had begun before I could get it.

"What are your immediate plans, Bertie?"

"Well, I rather thought of tottering out for a bite of lunch later on, and then possibly staggering round to the club, and after that, if I felt strong enough, I might trickle off to Walton Heath for a round of golf."

"I am not interested in your totterings and tricklings. I mean, have you any important engagements in the next week or so?"

I scented danger.

"Rather!" I said. "Heaps! Millions! Booked solid!"

"What are they?"

"I—er—well, I don't quite know."

"I thought as much. You have no engagements. Very well, then, I want you to start immediately for America."

"America!"

Do not lose sight of the fact that all this was taking place on an empty stomach, shortly after the rising of the lark.

"Yes, America. I suppose even you have heard of America."

"But why America?"

"Because that is where your Cousin Gussie is. He is in New York, and I can't get at him."

"What's Gussie been doing?"

"Gussie is making a perfect idiot of himself."

To one who knew young Gussie as well as I did, the words opened up a wide field for speculation.

"In what way?"

"He has lost his head over a creature."

On past performances this rang true. Ever since he arrived at man's estate Gussie had been losing his head over creatures. He's that sort of chap. But, as the creatures never seemed to lose their heads over him, it had never amounted to much.

"I imagine that you know perfectly well why Gussie went to America, Bertie. You know how wickedly extravagant your Uncle Cuthbert was."

She alluded to Gussie's governor, the late head of the family, and I am bound to say she spoke the truth. Nobody was fonder of old Uncle Cuthbert than I was, but everybody knows that, where money was concerned, he was the most complete chump in the annals of the nation. He had an expensive thirst. He never backed a horse that didn't get housemaid's knee in the middle of the race. He had a system of beating the bank at Monte Carlo which used to make the administration hang out the bunting and ring the joy bells when he was sighted in the offing. Take him for all in all, dear old Uncle Cuthbert was as willing a spender as ever called the family lawyer a bloodsucking vampire because he wouldn't let Uncle Cuthbert cut down the timber to raise another thousand.

"He left your Aunt Julia very little money for a woman in her position. Beechwood requires a great deal of keeping up, and poor dear Spenser, though he does his best to help, has not unlimited resources. It was clearly understood why Gussie went to America. He is not clever but he is very good-looking and, though he has no title, the Mannering-Phippses are one of the best and oldest families in England. He had some excellent letters of introduction, and when he wrote home to say that he had met the most charming and beautiful girl in the world I felt quite happy. He continued to rave about her for several mails, and then this morning a letter has come from him in which he says, quite casually as a sort of afterthought, that he knows we are broadminded enough not to think any the worse of her because she is on the vaudeville stage."

"Oh, I say!"

"It was like a thunderbolt. The girl's name, it seems, is Ray Denison and, according to Gussie, she does something which he describes as a single on the big time. What this degraded performance may be I have not the least notion. As a further recommendation he states that she lifted them out of their seats at Mosenstein's last week. Whom she lifted, and how or why, and who or what Mr. Mosenstein may be, I cannot tell you."

"By Jove," I said, "it's like a sort of thingummy-bob, isn't it! A sort of fate, what?"

"I fail to understand you."

"Well, Aunt Julia, you know, don't you know? Heredity and so forth. What's bred in the bone will come out in the wash, and all that kind of thing, you know."

"Don't be absurd, Bertie."

That was all very well, but it was a coincidence for all that. Nobody ever mentions it, and the family have been trying to forget it for twenty-five years, but it's a known fact that my Aunt Julia, Gussie's mother, was a vaudeville artist once, and a very good one, too, I'm told. She was playing in pantomime at Drury Lane when Uncle Cuthbert saw her first. It was before my time, of course, and long before I was old enough to take notice the family had made the best of it, and Aunt Agatha had pulled up her socks and put in a lot of educative work, and with a microscope you couldn't tell Aunt Julia from a genuine dyed-in-the-wool aristocrat. Women adapt themselves so quickly!

I have a pal who married Daisy Trimble of the Gaiety, and when I meet her now I feel like walking out of her presence backward.

But there the thing was, and you couldn't get away from it. Gussie had vaudeville blood in him, and it looked as if he were reverting to type, or whatever they call it.

"By Jove," I said, for I am interested in this heredity stuff, "perhaps the thing is going to be a regular family tradition, like you read about in books—a sort of Curse of the Mannering-Phippses, as it were. Perhaps each head of the family is going to marry into vaudeville for ever and ever. Unto the what-d'you-call-it generation, don't you know?"

"Please do not be quite idiotic, Bertie. There is one head of the family who is certainly not going to do it, and that is Gussie. And you are going to America to stop him."

"Yes, but why me?"

"Why you? You are too vexing, Bertie. Have you no sort of feeling for the family? You are too lazy to try to be a credit to yourself, but at least you can exert yourself to prevent Gussie's disgracing us. You are going to America because you are Gussie's cousin, because you have always been his closest friend, because you are the only one of the family who has absolutely nothing to occupy his time except golf and night clubs."

"I play a lot of auction."

"And, as you say, idiotic gambling in low dens. If you require another reason you are going because I ask you as a personal favor."

What she meant was that, if I refused, she would exert the full bent of her natural genius to make life a Hades for me. She held me with her glittering eye. I have never met anyone who can give a better imitation of the Ancient Mariner.

"So you will start at once, won't you, Bertie?"

I didn't hesitate.

"Rather!" I said. "Of course I will."

Jeeves came in with the tea.

"Jeeves," I said, "we start for America on Saturday."

"Very good, sir," he said. "Which suit will you wear?"

New York is a large city conveniently situated on the edge of America, so that you step off the liner right on to

The Most Frightful Thing Happened. The Girl Next Me Got Up and Began to Sing

it without an effort. You can't lose your way. You go out of a barn and down some stairs, and there you are, right in among it. The only possible objection any reasonable chappie could find to the place is that they loose you into it from the boat at such an ungodly hour.

I left Jeeves to get my baggage safely past an aggregation of suspicious-minded pirates who were digging for buried treasure among my new shirts, and drove to Gussie's hotel, where I requested the squad of gentlemanly clerks behind the desk to produce him.

That's where I got my first shock. He wasn't there. I pleaded with them to think again, and they thought again, but it was no good. No Augustus Mannering-Phippe on the premises.

I admit I was hard hit. There I was, alone in a strange city and no signs of Gussie. What was the next step? I am never one of the master minds in the early morning: the old bean doesn't somehow seem to get into its stride till pretty late in the P. M.'s; and I couldn't think what to do. However, some instinct took me through a door at

the back of the lobby, and I found myself in a large room with an enormous picture stretching across the whole of one wall, and under the picture a counter, and behind the counter divers chappies in white, serving drinks. They have barmen, don't you know, in New York, not barmaids. Rum idea!

I put myself unreservedly into the hands of one of the white chappies. He was a friendly soul, and I told him the whole state of affairs. I asked him what he thought would meet the case.

He said that in a situation of that sort he usually prescribed a lightning whizzer, an invention of his own. He said this was what rabbits trained on when they were matched against grizzly bears, and there was only one instance on record of the bear having lasted three rounds. So I tried a couple and, by Jove! the man was perfectly right. As I drained the second a great load seemed to fall from my heart, and I went out in quite a braced way to have a look at the city.

I was surprised to find the streets quite full. People were bustling along as if it were some reasonable hour and not the gray dawn. In the tramcars they were absolutely standing on each other's necks. Going to business or something, I take it. Wonderful Johnnies!

The odd part of it was that after the first shock of seeing all this frightful energy the thing didn't seem so strange. I've spoken to fellows since who have been to New York, and they tell me they found it just the same. Apparently there's something in the air, either the ozone or the phosphates or something, which makes you sit up and take notice. A kind of zip, as it were. A sort of bally freedom, if you know what I mean, that gets into your blood, and bucks you up, and makes you feel that

"God's in His heaven:
All's right with the world,"

and you don't care if you've got odd socks on. I can't express it better than by saying that the thought uppermost in my mind, as I walked about the place they call Times Square, was that there were three thousand miles of deep water between me and my Aunt Agatha.

It's a funny thing about looking for things. If you hunt for a needle in a haystack you don't find it. If you don't give a darn whether you ever see the needle or not it runs into you the first time you lean against the stack. By the time I had strolled up and down once or twice, seeing the sights and letting the white chappie's corrective permeate my system, I was feeling that I wouldn't care if Gussie and I never met again; and I'm dashed if I didn't suddenly catch sight of the old lad, as large as life, just turning in at a doorway down the street.

I called after him, but he didn't hear me, so I legged it in pursuit and caught him going into an office on the first floor. The name on the door was Abe Riesbitter, Vaudeville Agent, and from the other side of the door came the sound of many voices.

He turned and stared at me.

"Bertie! What on earth are you doing here? Where have you sprung from? When did you arrive?"

"Landed this morning. I went round to your hotel, but they said you weren't there. They had never heard of you."

"I've changed my name. I call myself George Wilson."

"Why, on earth?"

"Well, you try calling yourself Augustus Mannering-Phipps over here, and see how it strikes you. You feel a perfect ass. I don't know what it is about America, but the broad fact is that it's not a place where you can call yourself Augustus Mannering-Phipps. And there's another reason. I'll tell you later. Bertie, I've fallen in love with the dearest girl in the world."

The poor old nut looked at me in such a deuced calflike way, standing with his mouth open, waiting to be congratulated, that I simply hadn't the heart to tell him that I knew all about that already and had come over to the country for the express purpose of laying him a stymie.

So I congratulated him.

They Got Hold of Each Other's Hands and Were Shaking Them Till I Wondered Their Arms Didn't Come Unscrewed

"Thanks awfully, old man," he said. "It's a bit premature, but I fancy it's going to be all right. Come along in here, and I'll tell you about it."

"What do you want in this place? It looks a rummy spot."

"Oh, that's part of the story. I'll tell you the whole thing."

We opened the door marked Waiting Room. I never saw such a crowded place in my life. The room was packed till the walls bulged.

Gussie explained.

"Pros," he said. "Music-hall artists, you know, waiting to see old Abe Riesbitter. This is September the first, vaudeville's opening day. The early fall," said Gussie, who is a bit of a poet in his way, "is vaudeville's springtime. All over the country, as August wanes, sparkling comédiennes burst into bloom, the sap stirs in the veins of tramp cyclists, and last year's contortionists, waking from their summer sleep, tie themselves tentatively into knots. What I mean is, this is the beginning of the new season and everybody's out hunting for bookings."

"But what do you want here?"

"Oh, I've just got to see Abe about something. If you see a fat man with about fifty-seven chins come out of that door there, grab him, for that'll be Abe. He's one of those fellows who advertise each step up they take in the world by growing another chin.

"I'm told that way back in the nineties he only had two. If you do grab Abe remember that he knows me as George Wilson."

"You said you were going to explain that George Wilson business to me, Gussie, old man."

"Well, it's this way ——"

At this juncture dear old Gussie broke off short, rose from his seat, and sprang with indescribable vim at an extraordinarily stout chappie who had suddenly appeared. There was the deuce of a rush for him, but Gussie had got away to a good start, and the rest of the singers, dancers, jugglers, acrobats and refined-sketch teams seemed to recognize that he had won the trick, for they ebbed back into their places again, and Gussie and I went into the inner room.

Mr. Riesbitter lit a cigar and looked at us solemnly over his zebra of chins.

"Now let me tell ya something," he said to Gussie. "You lizzun t' me."

Gussie registered respectful attention. Mr. Riesbitter mused for a moment and shelled the cuspidor with indirect fire over the edge of the desk.

"Lizzun t' me," he said again. "I seen you rehearse, as I promised Miss Denison I would. You ain't bad for an amateur. You gotta lot to learn, but it's in you. What it comes to is that I can fix you up in the four-a-day, if you'll take thirty-five per. I can't do better than that, and I wouldn't have done that if the little lady hadn't of kep' after me. Take it or leave it. What do you say?"

"I'll take it," said Gussie huskily. "Thank you."

I Thought She Must be Walking in Her Sleep, But I Got Into a Dressing Gown

In the passage outside Gussie gurgled with joy and slapped me on the back. "Bertie, old man, it's all right. I'm the happiest man in New York."

"Now what?"

"Well, you see, as I was just telling you when Abe came in, Ray's father used to be in the profession. He was before our time, but I remember hearing about him—Joe Danby. He used to be well known in London before he came over to America. Well, he's a fine old boy, but as obstinate as a mule, and he didn't like the idea of Ray marrying me, because I wasn't in the profession. Wouldn't hear of it. Well, you remember at Oxford I could always sing a song pretty well; so Ray got hold of old Riesbitter and made him promise to come and hear me rehearse and get me bookings if he liked my work. She stands high with him. She coached me for weeks, the darling. And now, as you heard him say, he's booked me in the small time at thirty-five dollars a week."

I steadied myself against the wall. The effect of the restoratives supplied by my pal at the hotel bar were beginning to work off, and I felt a little weak. Through a sort of mist I seemed to have a vision of Aunt Agatha hearing that the head of the Mannering-Phippses was about to appear on the vaudeville stage. Aunt Agatha's worship of the family name amounts to an obsession. The Mannering-Phippses were an old-established clan when William the Conqueror was a small boy going round with bare legs and a catapult. For centuries they have called kings by their first names and helped dukes with their weekly rent; and there's practically nothing a Mannering-Phipps can do that doesn't blot his escutcheon. So what Aunt Agatha would say—beyond saying that it was all my fault—when she learned the horrid news, it was beyond me to imagine.

"Come back to the hotel, Gussie," I said. "There's a sportaman there who mixes things he calls lightning whizzers. Something tells me I need one now. And excuse me for one minute, Gussie. I want to send a cable."

It was clear to me by now that Aunt Agatha had picked the wrong man for this job of disentangling Gussie from the clutches of the American vaudeville profession. What I needed was reënforcements. For a moment I thought of cabling Aunt Agatha to come over, but reason told me that this would be overdoing it. I wanted assistance but not so badly as that. I hit what seemed to me the happy mean. I cabled to Gussie's mother and made it urgent.

"What were you cabling about?" asked Gussie later.

"Oh, just to say I had arrived safely, and all that sort of tosh," I answered.

Gussie opened his vaudeville career on the following Monday at a rummy sort of place uptown where they had moving pictures some of the time and, in between, one or two vaudeville acts. It had taken a lot of careful handling to bring him up to the scratch. He seemed to take my sympathy and assistance for granted, and I couldn't let him down. My only hope, which grew as I listened to him rehearsing, was that he would be such a frightful frost at his first appearance that he would never dare perform again; and, as that would automatically squash the marriage, it seemed best to me to let the thing go on.

He wasn't taking any chances. On the Saturday and Sunday we practically lived in a beastly little music room at the offices of the publishers whose songs he proposed to use. A little chappie with a hooked nose sucked a cigarette and played the piano all day. Nothing could tire that lad. He seemed to take a personal interest in the thing. Gussie would clear his throat and begin:

"There's a great big choo-choo waiting at the deepo."

THE CHAPPIE—playing chords: "Is that so? What's it waiting for?"

GUSSIE—rather rattled at the interruption: "Waiting for me."

THE CHAPPIE—surprised: "For you?"

GUSSIE—sticking to it: "Waiting for me-e-ee!"

THE CHAPPIE—skeptically: "You don't say!"

GUSSIE: "For I'm off to Tennessee."

THE CHAPPIE—conceding a point: "Now, I live at Yonkers."

He did this all through the song. At first poor old Gussie asked him to stop, but the chappie said, No, it was

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HIGH SPY IN RUSSIA

By Samuel G. Blythe

ILLUSTRATED BY HY. MAYER

THE globe is girdled with spies. They appear in the most extraordinary places, reappear, and disappear in manners that must be in many cases extremely disconcerting to themselves. The fate of a spy, if he is caught, is death, either by shooting or by hanging. His reward is permission, or command, to keep on spying until he is caught. Those who catch him kill him. If he comes successfully through, without the experience of shooting or hanging, he is told that he has served his country and is paid a small sum therefor.

The Globe is Girdled With Spies

Many are spies from patriotic motives. Many are spies because spying is their natural tendency. Some are spies for the love of adventure. Some are spies for the small money in it. Some—and these are mostly women—are spies through motives that are partly romantic and partly neurasthenic. The ordinary spy is obviously furtive. The extraordinary spy is a person of great courage, great resource; he deserves a better occupation, although, I suppose, spies are as necessary a part of the complicated business of war as any other arm of it. The thing about it all that I have never been able to discover is who are the men at the top that sort over the vast mass of piffle the spies turn in and extract therefrom the valuable information. These men are great spies. They are the real ones, and, therefore, conceal themselves most successfully.

Spying ramifies in every direction. It extends from the opening of letters to the preknowledge of great contemplated military movements. It runs from dogging the steps of some suspect to revealing imperial secrets. It engages people in all walks of life, the high, the middle and the low, and employs everybody, from premiers and ambassadors to bell boys in hotels. The value of it is sometimes great. The weakness of it is that when a person becomes a spy that person, naturally, is in duty bound to do some spying, to discover and report something; and if the spy does not or cannot discover anything, he imagines something to discover, thinking thereby to give himself prestige.

The Fake Spies of the Hotel Lobbies

MANY a person has suffered exceedingly because of the information cooked up against him by some spy who, unable to get any facts, imagined and reported damning things.

The number of spies operating in the countries at war and in most of the neutral nations is incredible. I have been in spy territory for six months and have seen a good deal of them, and I have known and talked to other people who have seen much more of them than I have, but all that I have seen and all that I have heard doesn't comprise one-tenth of one per cent of the spying that is being done. If all the spies on all sides could be mobilized and sent to war, they would make quite respectable armies, even as armies go in these titanic days. They are everywhere, professional and volunteer. Some of them are so crass in their work they remind one of the plain-clothes man in a big American city, trying to be mysterious and secretive; and some of them are so clever they escape detection for long spaces of time or, in many instances, entirely. Whatever one may think of the spy and his work, there can be no difference of opinion on one point: They have nerve, for there isn't a chance for a spy caught anywhere in the war territory, not even in England. They are killed.

Numerous as they are, they are not so many by half as people imagine them to be. Since this war began countries have become panicky on the spy question. Any person not understood by a community is in great luck not to be denounced as a spy. In some places this means only an inconvenience. In other places, so intense is the feeling and so alarmed are the people and the officials, it may mean serious difficulty. It is quite probable that many persons who are spying are acting in purely unofficial capacities. Some of the people I have seen and watched snooping about could not possibly be in the employ of any government or any bureau of military or political intelligence. They wouldn't fool a child, nor could anything they might discover be of any use. I recall one man who wandered about a certain hotel lobby in a neutral country, and asked the most obvious questions of persons coming from war territory. He would write feverishly for hours and posted scores of fat letters in the mail box of the hotel. He thought he was a spy.

On the other hand, I know that the suave, polite, imposing head waiter in charge of the floor service in another big hotel is a spy, and a good one, and for many months an unsuspected one, with great advantages in the way of getting information from the papers and from the baggage of guests coming in or going out of the country which has its frontiers not far from the city where he works. People with documents relax vigilance when they come to a good hotel in a neutral country. This affable waiter has a chance, and at times he gets real information. Of course he examines great masses of unimportant stuff, but now and then he hits on something. You'd never think it, either, for he looks and talks and acts like a servant from an English country house, even to the occasional dropped "h," and he is making his reports to Germany. He is a good spy—or possibly was a good spy. I didn't find out about him myself. Another spy, who had been laying for this man for a month, proving up on him, and whom I had known in days before the war, warned me about him. Also, my friend said, the plans were about complete for the elimination of this particular avenue of information to the German Intelligence Office. Hence, I insert "was" as well as "is."

Spies fall naturally into three classes: Real spies, amateur spies and fakes. Spying is a business to the real ones. It is a patriotic, romantic and adventurous impulse to the amateurs. It is a pose to the fakes. Let's have done with the fakes first. I haven't been in New York for a long time but I'll make a bet that there are men about the lobbies of certain of the big hotels posing as spies, men who seek to give the impression that they are secret agents for one or another of the warring governments, and exult when the guests in these hotels whisper as they pass, "He's a German spy" or "He's an English spy," or something of the kind. The faker is the same the world over.

Of course the fakers operate only in neutral countries. No grand-stander, however he may love notoriety, would have the hardihood to pose as a German spy, say, in the Astoria or the Europe in Petrograd; nor would any faker be so lost to reason as to let it get about in the Adlon, in Berlin, that he was a secret agent for Russia. That would be suicide—just that and nothing less. They operate in neutral countries. Stockholm is full of them, and so is Copenhagen, and so is Holland, and, so, I venture to guess, are some of the big hotels in New York. One pudgy little chap in Stockholm was interesting. He let it be known—merely divulged a hint—that he was a German secret agent. In an hour a hundred people had had him pointed out to them as a German spy. He loved it. He swanked about the Grand Hotel, and at night strolled into the restaurant late, and walked round, glancing here and there from beneath bushy eyebrows, and when he was seated took out bunches of papers and went carefully over them, holding them out of the sight of the waiter, and now and again looking round suspiciously, as if he were afraid someone was peering at his documents over his shoulder. He wasn't a German spy. He was a German who had been chased out of Germany for good and sufficient reasons. He reminded me of a detective in a melodrama.

It Takes a Spy Not to Catch a Spy

The Paradise and the Gehenna of Espionage

AMATEUR spies operate in somewhat the same way, although most of them are influenced to take up spying by an intense patriotism, combined with a love of adventure—and, believe me, it is somewhat of an adventure to go spying in Russia, or in Germany, or among the Allies. The life of a spy has about as much value as a last year's birds' nest if he is caught, and no inquiries are made as to whether he is an amateur or a professional. All spies look alike to the men at war, and there is only one thing to do with them—kill them.

Notwithstanding, the whole of the territory at war is infested with spies, as is each capital and as are all the principal cities. Spies are wherever any information is likely to be obtained; and they are imagined to be in many places where they are not. The result is that the entire war territory is spy crazy, and though a great many real spies have been eliminated, a large number of suspects, who meant and were doing no harm, have also been eliminated. But war is war, and a spy is a spy, and the hanging or shooting of a dozen suspects apparently amounts to little. The cheapest thing in this world is human life, and spies are very far below par in the quotations. Likewise, the spy accusation is very helpful in getting rid of the undesirables who are citizens of the country that wants to be rid of them. It has been used by the Russians with great success in certain parts of Poland.

Russia has been the spy Paradise, also the spy Gehenna. Russia, maintaining a government largely by the spy system and the secret-police system, has been a most fruitful field for spy operations by Germany and Austria because of that very fact. It takes a spy not to catch a spy. They know all about spies in Russia, and therefore they know very little about them. Russia, moreover, having been spying always, had certain fixed ideas about spies. She had spy rules and regulations. Her spies were of one kind or another, and they worked by rote. The consequence was that when this war came along and Germany introduced some new spy methods, Russia did not find out about them for months. The Germans did not spy according to the Russian rules.

To be sure, Germany had had spies in Russia always, just as Germany had spies in every other place, even in our own unsuspicious country, but that was before the war. I assume that Russia had her own allotment in Germany. But when an emergency like this war arises it is necessary,

it seems, to increase the force of spies, and Germany flooded Russia with them. They came in by every known means of communication and by some that were not known. They came in every guise, of every nationality, of every race and creed and color. Not to be outdone, Russia sent as many to Germany. It was a huge interchange of spies that took place.

Familiarity, as we are told, breeds contempt. Russia had had spies for so long that Russia was not disposed to think much about them. Even the men who maintained and operated the spy system and the secret-police system were not overly suspicious. Russia offered rather a free field for espionage, and Russia invented no new methods for dealing with spies or for meeting the new conditions. Any person who had been in Russia and had given the matter study knew perfectly well how Russia proceeds in the way of spying and of guarding against spies. Among the possessors of this knowledge were the Germans. They kept accurate tabs on the police regulations and on the means for circumventing them, and on all phases of the Russian procedure. The Russians did not trouble to take new steps. That would have been work, and the Russian detests work.

The German spies came in flocks. The Russians kept practically open house for them. Here was a country that for centuries had held the closest sort of supervision over its people and its visitors, had operated a tremendous and monstrous secret police, had demanded strict compliance with all sorts of regulations, had censored to the limit of censoring, had held all inhabitants to the utmost accountability, had spied and respied and spied again, and yet was still such open territory for the spy with new methods that it was like taking candy from a baby to find out what was doing therein. This does not mean the discovery and reporting of inconsequential and obvious things, but the discovery and reporting of matters of grave importance. Russia kept to her old system of supervision, and Russia was the fairest and the easiest field for espionage that this world has ever known.

Anyhow, He Drank Too Much Wine, and He Talked in a Way He Shouldn't

The Story of the Wounded Captain

LAST fall—the fall of 1914—a man wearing a Russian uniform of the rank of a captain came to one of the large hotels in Petrograd. He spoke Russian as a Russian speaks it. He had a Russian name. He had a Russian passport. He had a Russian certificate of military service. He walked with crutches, and he said he was on leave to recover from a severe wound in one of his legs, received in the first defense of Warsaw. He was an affable chap and made many friends. He stayed round the hotel for two months, for his wound was slow in healing, and he talked every day to the officers from the front, who came to that hotel in great numbers. He knew about the Russian Army, and he was careful not to talk to any Russians who were from that section to which he claimed to belong.

One night he went to a party in the hotel, given by another Russian officer. It was a real party, for the host had succeeded in getting some wine, a difficult proceeding in those times.

He Reminded Me of a Detective in a Melodrama

The wounded Russian officer was not discreet. He drank too much wine, probably because he had not had an opportunity to drink much during his stay, or because he overestimated his capacity. Anyhow, he drank too much wine, and he talked in a way he shouldn't. Some things he said, some boasts he made, led a sober Russian to investigate a bit, and before long it was discovered that the wounded Russian officer was a German, that he was not wounded at all, and that he had been living for eight or nine weeks at a big hotel in the heart of Petrograd, getting information from Russian officers, who talked to him freely—Russians are the most talkative people on earth, and very frank and simple mostly—and sending that information back to Germany.

He was a German spy—a real one.

Of course he disappeared immediately, and his disappearance is permanent. He will never come back. But he had two months of free communication, and probably he and his superiors felt that he had done his share and that his death was but a natural sequence. Now, imagine that happening in a country where the secret police and the spy system are so highly developed as they are supposed to be in Russia. This kind of spying was a new game. Russian secret police and Russian informants never thought a thing like that would be attempted.

One day a man who gave a Russian name, who claimed to be an officer in a certain regiment, who had the proper papers and credentials and proofs of his identity and position, came to a hotel in Warsaw. He was a fine, genial, friendly chap, and he mingled freely with the great numbers of Russian officers at his hotel, which was only about thirty miles from the front at that time. He was there for three weeks. Then one night another Russian officer of the same name arrived at the hotel.

He was in the café, sitting with some other Russian officers, when one of them said:

"By the way, a fine chap of the same name as yours, a captain, has been here for some time. Is he, by any chance, a relative of yours?"

"What's his first name?" asked the newly arrived man.

"Stephen."

"Why," shouted the other, "it's my brother! I had no idea he was here. I thought he was away down in the Carpathians."

He ran out to the desk, asked for his brother, and was told the number of his room. He went up, rapped on the door and went in. The man was not his brother. He was a German spy. The brother had been killed or captured, and his uniform and effects taken by this man who spoke Russian. Then he came to Warsaw and played his part until by accident he was discovered. It was only a chance. No Russian secret-police agent or spy caught him. The Russian system was powerless against him. He, too, disappeared permanently, the victim of accident, not of official astuteness or efficiency. And those are only two incidents of many similar ones that show how easily Russia has been penetrated by the German spy.

It was possible to go about in Russia with the utmost freedom. The battle front and the headquarters were rather closely guarded. Not many trained observers were allowed near the army, but there were no restrictions in Petrograd or Warsaw or Moscow or Kiev or any other place, whether near the front or not, except ordinary ones which related to passports. Many suspects were taken, but many who should have been suspected were unsuspected. Russia practically kept open house for the spies, and she entertained many of them, not only those who came in from the outside but those who had been inside right along. Early in June of this year, after ten months of free-and-easy conditions, Russia rather tightened up. Now it is getting rather more difficult to move about over there. Special permits are required and all that sort of thing, but until these new regulations came into effect it was far easier to travel in Russia than it has been in France or England for many months. This is rather odd when you consider the reputation that Russia has, and deservedly, for being particular about those who come into her country and cautious as to how visitors move about.

Russia was one of the very few European countries that, before the war, required an especially viséd passport from visitors. Most countries required no passport at all. Russia not only demanded the especially viséd document but made police registration essential and permits from the police necessary before leaving. The system was good but old. When the war came and new conditions arose Russia kept on with her former and familiar methods of examination and supervision of visitors. The result was that all visitors were perfectly equipped for meeting requirements, and this was most true of visitors who came for the purpose of spying. Germany and Austria had excellent information of Russian governmental, diplomatic, political and military affairs, oftentimes to the most minute details, which, in many instances, was due, not to the extraordinary efficiency of the German spies—for the usual German spy is rather a rule-of-thumb operator—but to the deficiencies of the Russian system for self-protection.

Where Rules Replace Judgment

THE high-grade Russian official is a man who is usually clever, often more than clever, but almost always casual and lazy. The subordinate Russian official is the most arbitrary, senseless, despotic, rule-bound and regulation-tied individual I have ever encountered in the course of rather an extensive experience with them in all parts of the world. He knows nothing but his rules, and he is harsh and dictatorial in enforcing those rules.

The average subordinate knows nothing but his rules. For example: Not so long ago a ship hit a mine in the Black Sea and began to sink. It was not a Russian ship but a trader. The crew sent up rockets and launched such boats as they could, which were not many. They drifted about for a time and finally attracted the attention of some Russians on shore, who put out and brought them in. Naturally, these half-drowned sailors were taken before the authorities. They were examined. They were not Russians, and they were promptly arrested and put in jail for coming into Russia without passports. And it took their ambassador a good long time and much effort to get them out.

That is the way a Russian official works. He has a rule. The rule is the only thing he knows. Consequently, these frontier officials were such simple barriers to spies that it must have made the spies laugh. They required passports. Well and good; the spies all had passports. The officials had a few other regulations. The spies knew those regulations and were prepared to meet them. So long as the regulations were met the Russian frontier official or police official had nothing further to offer in the way of objections. The official was finished. Thus the spies went their devious ways, and if they were reasonably careful they had not much difficulty in getting the information that they wanted back to the Germans. Russia is now under martial law, naturally. Hence, the ordinary Russian police are in a sense military police. In addition to these

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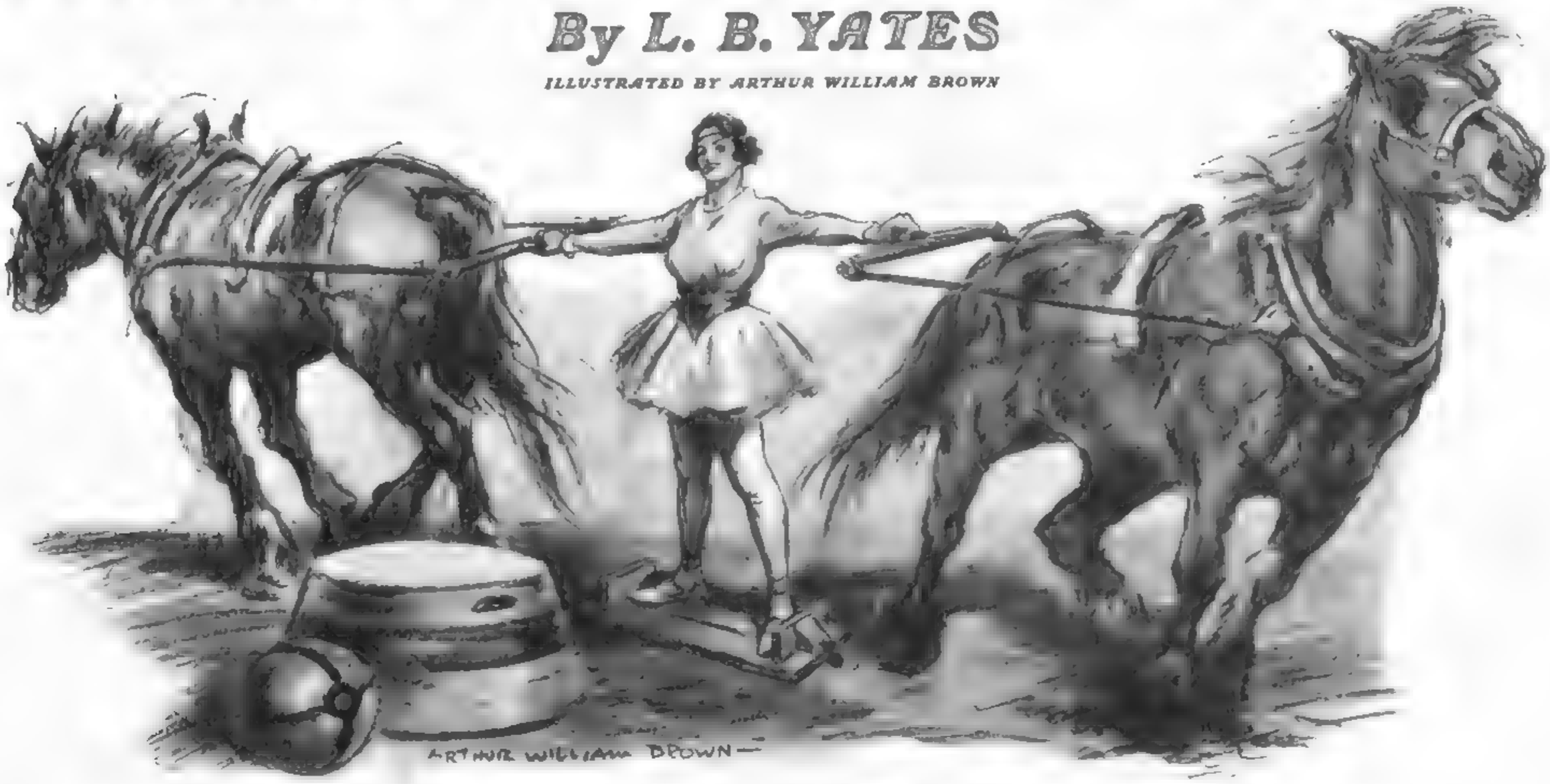
He Would Write Feverishly for Hours

MARRYING A MEAL TICKET

By L. B. YATES

ILLUSTRATED BY ARTHUR WILLIAM BROWN



"She's th' Female Hercules, Billed as th' Feature of All Features; th' Mastodonic an' Marvelous Junoesque Female Samson!"

UNDER ordinary circumstances the words of the Singin' Kid, emperor of all race-track prophets, should have carried conviction. Now, however, he was emphasizing his remarks with hands, tongue and every line of his expressive countenance; while Paragon Pete, his partner in many a precarious pilgrimage, was listening with the air of one who doubts the register of his own ears.

"Yep, Pete," the Kid was saying. "Yep; I've turned square guy! No more o' th' rugged stuff fur your Cousin Charlie!" The Kid paused to let his words gather consequence; then he proceeded:

"An' say, Pete, she's th' finest, upstandin'est frail you ever seen; besides which she draws down a century a week an' th' side money which goes with her act. Ain't that good enough? Tell me somethin'—how would you like to marry a meal ticket and have a woman like that workin' for you?"

"Mebbe so! Mebbe so!" responded Paragon Pete somewhat irrelevantly. "But say, Kid, is you sure you ain't in Dutch?"

"In nothin'!" responded the Singin' Kid airily. "I'm walkin' so close to th' cash box now that I can see Old Dame Liberty smoothin' th' eagle's feathers th' right way an' listen to th' jokes she's swappin' with E Pluribus Unum."

Paragon Pete regarded his companion with noncommittal interest.

"Many a time," he retorted pessimistically, "you could 'a' made a hearty breakfast off a pack o' cigarettes; but you're like th' rest of th' folks that gets coin an' wears a four hat an' a fourteen shoe. Most of 'em want to go off somewheres an' play solitaire with theirselves. It's th' first time in two years that we've ever had a decent bank roll; and now you're goin' to sidetrack your dope book for th' Lives of th' Saints. Why not press our luck! This town is as full of come-ons as th' sea is full of salt, an' th' track is made to suit us."

"Forgit it, Pete; forgit it!" interpolated the Singin' Kid with considerable warmth. "Ain't it comin' to every guy to fall for th' home ties? I'm in right now and I'm goin' to stay put."

"How much have you got in your kick?" queried Paragon Pete. "We win twelve thousand th' last tear-off. I suppose this skirt didn't know you was pretty fat, did she?"

"Well!" parried the Kid, "I had to make th' flash before I won her. She ain't th' kind o' woman to marry no tramp. But say, Pete, I don't have to give her none of it. I'm goin' to ride chilly; an', believe me, before I'm married to her for a week she'll be able to sit up an' beg an' fetch my slippers, an' wait on me as though I was a infant in arms. Everything is lined out. I'm a-goin' to be her manager; an' if that don't beat hustlin' on th' track, educatin' boobs, slip it to me!"

"When is this thing goin' to be dragged off?" croaked Paragon Pete sourly. "You ain't roped an' branded already, is you?"

"Hooked up this mornin' at nine o'clock over to Justice Dunn's court," hummed the Kid. "You see, she makes th' parade; consequently had to be back on th' circus lot by ten o'clock.

"You should have seen her, Pete! If a man had a roarin' headache I'll gamble one good look at her would cure it. Every simp round the courthouse took a slant at her. Ain't I th' lucky guy? But you' must come round an' get acquainted—we'll have th' big eats after th' matinée. Th' circus is goin' to be here three days, so I went over to th' Cecil an' played th' bridal chamber, straight, place an' out on th' limb. Sets me back ten a day; but it ain't half good enough for that dame.

"'Don't be too reckless with your money,' says she to me. 'Don't let them towners get between you and th' important part of it.' But I drops th' flag in her face. 'Maudie,' says I, 'just throw th' lines on th' dashboard an' I'll give you a manifestation of extreme speed.' Gee, Pete, I've got that woman hypnotized! But say, let's hustle over an' see her acts; she has three of 'em, Pete. After th' grand entry she goes into th' big steel arena and works out a group of lions an' tigers which she calls cats; then she handles th' baby elephants in th' center ring; an' down toward th' end of th' program comes her mainest feature—where she pulls against a team of horses.

"Nearly every town where th' circus plays has some corn shucker who thinks he has a team that can pull; and most times they're ready to back 'em. It's a poor day when she don't grab off twenty-five or fifty for her bit. You just wait, Pete, till I get that bundle of furbelows halter-broke, an' watch me sailin' into Sheepshead Bay with a string of stake stars that'll put Belmont out of business."

The Singin' Kid chattered gayly as he and his partner journeyed toward the circus lot. Paragon Pete, however, did not display any of that enthusiasm which an occasion of this kind would seem to warrant.

"If I was you I'd copper a few of them bets, Kid," he droned pessimistically. "Womanfolks don't run to form an' they ain't always what you might call th' one best bet of th' day. What's th' matter with startin' her a couple of times in cheap company before yo' take th' elastic off th' bank roll?"

"That's all right! That's all right!" chirped the Singin' Kid. "You mean well, Pete; but you ain't hep to what's happenin'. This doll is all mine, Pete! Don't make no mistake—she's all mine!"

The entrance of Mademoiselle Maud Mazurka, Star of the Haines & Hutchinson Combined Circus, Wild West and Hippodrome, was heralded on this particular occasion with more than ordinary pomp and circumstance. As she appeared from behind the curtain which separates the main tent from the pad-room, the circus band struck up Here Comes the Bride! And she put the big cats through their exercises to the strains of the wedding march. Meantime the Singin' Kid was overwhelmed on all sides with congratulations.

"Pipe her, Pete!" he chortled triumphantly. "Ain't she th' last word in dreams? Did you know she's th' strongest woman in th' world?—th' female Hercules, billed as th' feature of all features; th' mastodonic an' marvelous Junoesque female Samson! Huh! I guess I don't know how to fix me dates for lunch hooks! Say, Pete, just think of that woman givin' me her money as reg'lar as pay day comes round!"

But, despite all this, however, the performance was hardly half over when Paragon Pete became restless.

"I ain't feelin' myself, Kid," he confided. "This blamed thing was so suddent it's got me all shook up. Let's amble back to town an' lift a few before th' saddlin' bell rings for th' matrimonial stakes."

The Singin' Kid protested, but his companion was obdurate. The partners retraced their steps to the nearest emporium for the alleviation of thirst, where Pete, with an air of magnificence, ordered a large cold bottle, and the Kid was not behindhand in upholding his share of the entertainment. One magnum followed another and minutes merged into hours. The bride was forgotten while the Kid lifted his voice in song. As the latter's spirits rose, however, the bubbling liquid seemed to have an opposite effect on Paragon Pete. During an intermission of melody and anecdote the latter fact suddenly dawned on the Kid.

"What's matter, Pete?" he ejaculated querulously "What's matter? Sweeten up, *amigo*, an' let's have th' tidin's."

Paragon Pete's countenance was mournful beyond expression. With considerable effort he delivered his dictum regarding the Kid's most recent escapade.

"You're all—all right, Kid, old pal!" he said. "I'm for you; but you got sawdust in your soup, Kid. That's what I said—poor li'l' old Kid!—sawdust in th' soup."

II

THE Hotel Cecil occupied the block immediately opposite the Civic Center, and the big clock in the tower of the city hall tolled forth the passing hours of night into the receptive ear of Mademoiselle Maud Mazurka. That lady sat fully dressed in a position where she could command a view of the portal to the bridal chamber. Apart from the fact that it was long past midnight there was nothing to indicate that anything untoward had occurred to disturb the equanimity of the bride of a day.

One o'clock—two o'clock—three o'clock—the brazen notes were wafted through the open window to the woman

who was waiting and watching and listening: but still the bridegroom tarried. Then, all at once, unsteady steps disturbed the silence of the corridor. The doorknob was turned and the Singin' Kid stood before her. No alibi, no matter how ingenious, could have shriven him. The Kid was unmistakably and hopelessly under the influence.

He swayed uncertainly as, the better to steady himself, his hand sought the lintel of the doorway.

"Hello, Maudie!" he shrilled. "How's th' Queen? Been waitin' up for your poor, tired little hubby? That's what I like to see, Maudie. Popularity begins—hic at home."

The lady in the chair eyed him scornfully.

"You cheap little grifter!" she hissed. "All you need is an education—and it starts right about now!"

"What you goin' to start, Maudie?" stuttered the Kid.

"Goin' to start a Kindergarten for Convivial Kids!" returned the bride in decided tones as she took swift inventory of her lord and master.

The Kid smiled feebly, passing one hand across his brow as though to indicate that he was both mystified and nonplused.

"Maudie," he queried with drunken gravity—"sweetest lamb, Maudie, did you—did you think I was a hic—bird in a gilded cage?"

The woman did not reply. She simply rose and reached for the Singin' Kid, grasping him firmly and with no uncertain hand by the lapels of his coat. Before he could remonstrate his feet shot from under him and he landed in the center of the room. Simultaneously he was whirled about and jolted into a sitting posture on a chair, with a jar that made his teeth rattle. Before the Kid could protest she was stooping and unlacing his shoes. Drunk as he was the Kid realized with dull apathy that he had met his Waterloo. Having removed his foot coverings he again found himself dragged to a standing position, while his wife deftly slipped his coat off. Then, picking him up in her arms as though he had been a feather, she carried him into the next room and tossed him on the bed.

Despite his wandering wits the Kid marveled at the lady's seemingly methodical plan of action. She did not berate or rave or upbraid; she conquered without comment. The Kid rolled over heavily and fell asleep.

The sun was high in the heavens when he woke on the following morning. He looked round the room curiously, but he was the sole occupant of it. He sat up and shivered as he recalled the incidents of the day before. The ornate furnishings of the bridal chamber hurt his eyes. It was a hollow mockery and the Kid felt lonely. His right hand nervously sought the inside pocket of his waistcoat in search of his bank roll. The Kid's personality rocked from its moorings when he discovered that he was bereft of it. A note lay on the center table. He clambered hastily from the bed and perused its contents.

"No drunken towner can take care of money," it said, "and I will keep yours till I think you can be trusted with it. You will find four bits in small change in the top bureau drawer. If you want to eat breakfast you had better come out to the circus lot and eat in the cook tent. If you don't come sober you will find out a whole lot about war.

Your wife, MAUD MAZURKA."

For the first time in a variegated career the Singin' Kid realized the nauseating sensation of having to swallow some of his own medicine. Many a time and oft he had gone forth and spoiled the Egyptians, but no man could boast truthfully that he had bested the Kid in any adventure by flood or field. As he slipped on his coat and shoes he ruminated sadly on the turn things had taken, and endeavored to figure out some scheme to the end that he might be rehabilitated. The Kid was facing new problems. He realized that he was sailing an uncharted sea; and, try as he would, he could not solve the problem.

"I'm in th' Calamity Stakes!" he lamented mournfully. "In th' Undertakers' Handicap, carryin' a ton of weight an' a jock that had oughter be washin' dishes in a cafeteria. That dame won't stand for nothin' in th' language line. I'll just have to lay in th' bunch an' make my run in front of th' grand stand—if I kin last that long."

III

OUT on the circus lot Mademoiselle Maud Mazurka was talking and the Singin' Kid was listening. There was something about this masterful woman that bereft the latter of his usual command of language. He could not exactly account for it; but, just the same, he was nodding a hasty acquiescence in every argument advanced.

"I know you and your kind just as well as I know my way round th' hippodrome track," resumed Mademoiselle Mazurka after the happening of the previous evening had been thoroughly diagnosed and thrashed out to her entire satisfaction. "Showfolks won't never say that I married a man whose middle name was excess baggage; an' further, Kid, I want to ease it to you kindly an' gently, you've seen th' inside of a race track for th' last time!"

"But, Maudie!" protested the Singin' Kid, suddenly waking to the enormity of this drastic action. "What—me? Never go to the races no more? Why, say, that's me long suit! Let me tell you somethin'—that's the onliest place for to get a holt of real money."

"Throw it all overboard!" interrupted the bride irritably. "I know you'll get yours if they don't handcuff you first, but I ain't strong for that brand of jewelry. Another thing you might as well understand—I've sat up for the last time wonderin' where my wanderin' boy is windin' up the day. Do you make me, Kid?"

The Kid nodded.

"Sure I do, Maudie," he began glibly; but again the wife of his bosom interposed.

"Now listen to me!" she continued. "I know where th' nicest little wagon show in th' world can be bought for six thousand; an' I'm goin' to invest your money for you, Kid, where you can't feed it to no sellin' plater. We'll pay five thousand down an' the balance in installments."

"Say, Maudie," droned the Kid, "ain't you pushin' th' mourners offen th' sidewalk? I don't want to invest my money that way. I don't know th' show business; there's a million other things ——"

"Yes, you do!" responded the lady with supreme conviction. "Yes, indeed, you do! Now look at me and tell me you do!"

The Singin' Kid took a rapid inventory of the countenance of her he had sworn to love and cherish. He saw something therein that annihilated all his defenses.

"Yep; that's right, Maudie—I guess I do!" he stammered feebly. "You got th' Injun sign on me an' you might just as well play th' hand to suit yourself."

One week thereafter the Mighty Mazurka Consolidated Wagon Shows took the road and the real education of the Singin' Kid began. Incidentally that worthy discovered that life with the big top was not by any means a bed of roses, and that the circus was the last place in the world for a pilgrim to light who did not have his personality surcharged with effort.

Regarding his official position Mademoiselle Mazurka saw to it that he had no spare time on his hands. He attended to the front door and the sale of tickets in the wagon while the lady herself was occupied professionally; but on all other occasions she was watchdog of the treasury.

For spending money the Kid was allowed three dollars a week, and, as he was expected to work the newspapers in each town visited, the greater part of that sum was expended for official entertainment; but the Kid was subdued and conquered. He protested not at all openly, but many a time and oft communed with himself and longed for the fleshpots of Egypt.

"That wife of mine," he soliloquized, "is wiser than Abraham, Isaac and Jacob; every time she hands me a dollar she pinches it so hard that I'm dead scared she'll pull all th' feathers out of th' eagle's tail!"

Still, the show prospered, nevertheless. True, it was not a very impressive affair, but it played through a country where railroads, telegraphs and electricity were the exception rather than the rule; consequently the expenses of running were so light that at least fifty per cent of an ordinary day's receipts was clear profit.

Incidentally the Kid solved the mystery of the strong-woman act. He never could quite understand that, until one day, in a moment of unusual tenderness, his wife confided the secret to him. The feat was accomplished, as he learned, by the aid of a leather harness, which she wore underneath her blouse, with straps running down her arms, terminating in hooks, which, in turn, were concealed by her sleeves. The horses simply pulled against each other.

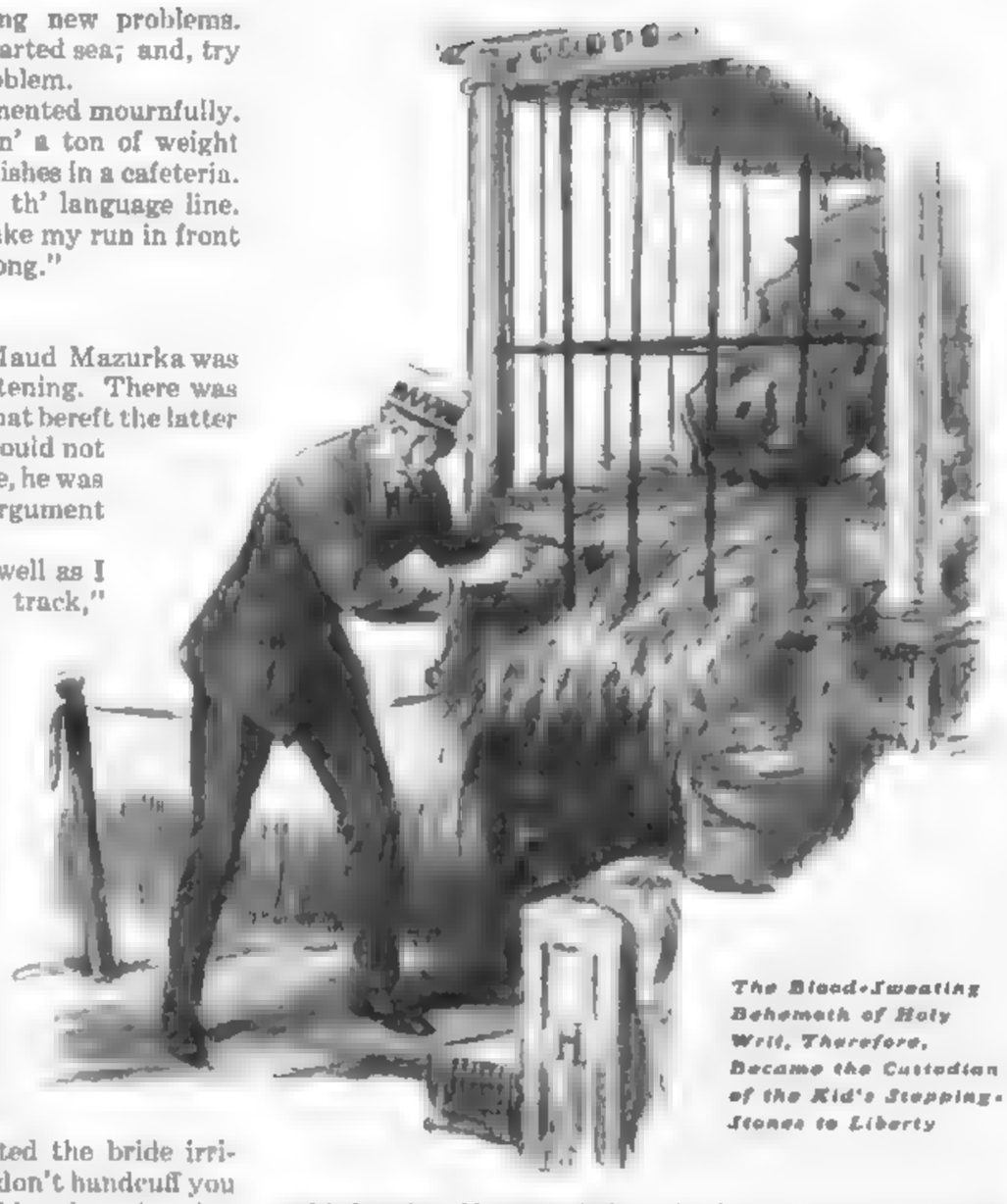
Outwardly the Singin' Kid was as tractable and model a husband as any woman could desire; but inwardly he was framing to return to original principles.

Of course there were occasions, perhaps, when he manifested some irritability; but Mademoiselle Mazurka was always ready to pour oil on the waters of trouble. She never failed to remind him that, from the front door to the cook house, all the property—lock, stock and paraphernalia—was his.

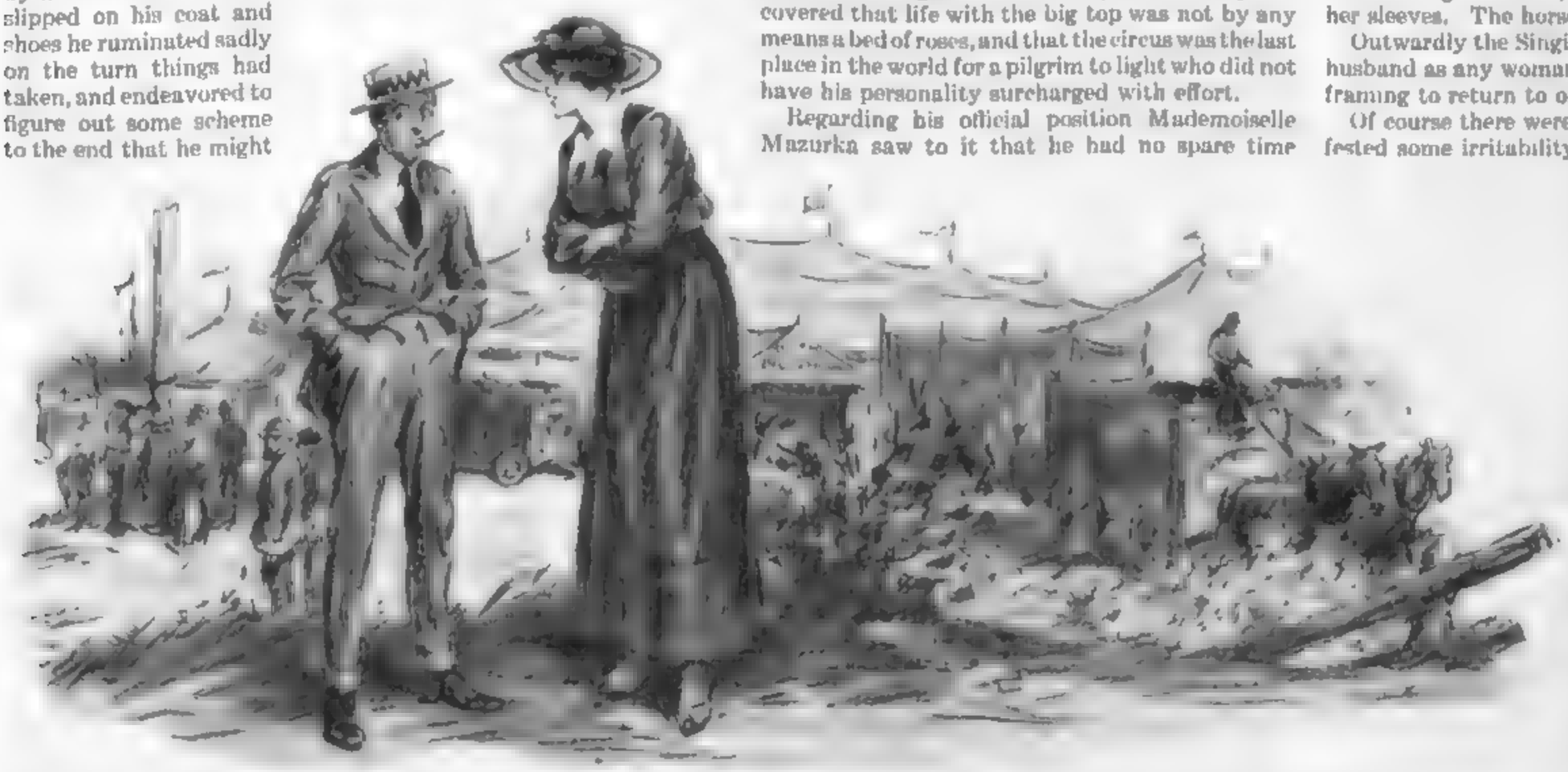
Every bill of sale was made out in the Kid's name, and Mademoiselle Mazurka pointed with pride to this fact as an unmistakable evidence of conjugal love. It was a hard argument to combat; and indeed, so far as the Kid himself was concerned, it gave him food for deep reflection regarding the contradictory side of the female character. The key to the situation, however, was sunk away down in the deep waters of surmise.

"It's all yours, Kid," the lady would protest—"all yours, an' th' bridle off. You know we lifted th' plaster th' first three weeks out, an' now you're reg'lar showfolks."

(Continued on Page 28)



The Blood-Sweating Behemoth of Holy Writ, Therefore, Became the Custodian of the Kid's Stepping-Stones to Liberty



"I've Sat Up for the Last Time Wonderin' Where My Wanderin' Boy Is Windin' Up the Day. Do You Make Me, Kid?"

A CORNFIELD EMPORIUM

By Forrest Crissey

ILLUSTRATED BY CHARLES D. MITCHELL

IN A LITTLE Ohio hamlet of a thousand and fifteen inhabitants, with wide-stretching cornfields growing almost to its doors, is a country store that has a trade of nearly four hundred thousand dollars a year.

This Cornfield Emporium is unquestionably one of the most graphic demonstrations of the possibilities of country retailing to be found in the United States. Probably it marks the Farthest North in country storekeeping methods to be found in America. Its achievements would be less remarkable if this little burg were the commercial capital of an isolated valley in the Frontier West, for example, commanding the trade of an extensive region by force of its strategic location. The only reason, however, so far as the visiting observer can see, why this country store has grown so great is that it has employed better merchandising methods than its competitors in the larger towns occupying the territory from which its trade is drawn.

His Buying Was a Social Ceremony

Almost literally, the management of this store has reversed the order of Nature and forced the stream of trade to flow uphill! Probably not less than eighty per cent of its trade has been taken away from larger neighboring towns to which it was supposed to belong by natural right. This marvel of crossroads merchandising is fattening on conquered territory, wrested by sheer force of masterful business aggression from the hands of those who put their trust in geographic advantage and in the drawing power of a greater population.

To show that the figure of forcing the stream of trade to flow uphill is neither fanciful nor ill chosen, let it be said that this country store, in a hamlet of about a thousand inhabitants, draws a considerable volume of custom from a hustling and snappy near-by city, about eighteen miles away, with a population of some sixty thousand. The spectacle of this country store's using paid advertisements in the city dailies is so familiar to the people of that region as to be without the flavor of novelty; but to the visiting stranger the idea of leaving a city of sixty thousand to go on a shopping expedition to a town of a thousand inhabitants is little short of sensational. The conductor of one of the interurban cars carrying these bargain hunters has, however, reduced this startling trade condition to terms of homely philosophy.

Early Lessons in the Knack of Trading

"YOU see," he smilingly confided, "the cars run both ways on this line, and the fare from the city to the burg and back isn't a cent more than from the burg into the city and home again. I must admit that I saw but one country storekeeper who realized this—and he certainly doesn't complain because he happens to be located in a crossroads settlement, with a dozen bigger towns about him and a city like this right on the trolley line. Any other merchant I ever saw would have settled back on the supposition that, of course, most of the trade from the little town would naturally flow to the near-by cities, and that the idea of drawing trade from those cities out to a department store in the cornfields was too absurd to be considered for a moment. But Mohammed is the middle name of this merchant at the burg, and he has made the mountain come to him until it has become a habit.

"The people flock to his store from every direction in these parts. There is one old man about eighty years of age who comes here quarterly from a town more than thirty-five miles away. It is the queerest thing I ever saw—the way the trade of this region goes against all precedent—something like a trick I saw at the vaudeville, when a comedian dropped a brick and it fell up instead of down!

"I have watched this thing for months at close range, and I cannot quite understand yet just how it is done; but it certainly is a great trick. I have often thought that, if a lot of other country storekeepers could learn only a little of the methods by which this storekeeper brings city and town trade out into the cornfields, there would be less work for sheriffs and auctioneers; and that the anti-mail-order wail going up from discouraged crossroads merchants wouldn't be quite so strong."

This unique chapter in the history of country storekeeping had its start in a remodeled log sheepfold in 1866, when the burg boasted a population of eighty souls. Or, rather, that was the genesis of the prologue of this modern merchandising drama, which shows how far a country store may go in the game of trade reprisals when its movements are directed by a general who has a real genius for his job.

When the father of "the boys" cleaned out the sheepfold, and opened up a general store in a certain small town because his wife wished to be near her own people, he began a storekeeping drama that has been repeated in many thousands of hamlets, villages and towns throughout the United States. He was a storekeeper of the old school and true to type in every detail of method and temperament. Twice a year he went to the nearest metropolis to buy his stock of goods from the same men in the same stores.

His buying was a social ceremony rather than a shopping expedition. The head of each wholesale house entertained him attentively. After the season's goods had been selected—largely on the suggestion of a salesman or the head of the house—the storekeeper called for the invoice, drew from his pocket a roll of bills big enough to choke a boa constrictor, and paid the whole score in cash. At least, that was the standard practice in the earlier period of his experience. Later, circumstances compelled him to take a few cautious steps on the trail of credit buying; but he did this with fear and trembling.

Of course the boys were taught to help about the store almost from the time they could first toddle; and the elder of them, when only twelve years old, was sent to the big city to buy a stock of hardware. Fastened inside his clothing were several hundred dollars in currency, and he carried a letter requesting certain wholesalers to "permit my son to select a stock of hardware, for which he will pay cash." The pride of young Rudolph as he presented this letter may be easily imagined.

A little later the younger son was sent in the same way to buy a stock of dry goods. As a result of this kind of treatment on the part of their father, the trading instinct of the boys was developed at an early age. They became keen to see the possibilities of barter and traffic with their father's customers, and took occasional ventures on their own account into the fields of commercial speculation.

Rudy, for example, was given an orphan lamb by his uncle, and that was eventually sold with the flock. The drover had hardly finished counting the money for the sheep into the hands of the uncle when Rudy claimed his share of the spoils, which amounted to three dollars. With true merchandising instinct he decided that this fortune must be invested in something that would bring a return of at least a hundred per cent—and bring it quickly and surely. His sharp, acquisitive eyes had taken note of the fact that there was a growing demand on the part of the more prosperous customers of the store for cigars—a demand that his father had not seen fit to meet.

Consequently Rudy invested in a box of cigars, and thereby laid the foundation of a miscellaneous traffic that soon caused him to be looked on as the shrewdest and the best-fixed lad in the whole community; in fact, he became in a small way the local money-lender before he was out of his teens.

Meantime the younger brother—G. A.—taught school in the winter and attended college in the summer. His ambition was to follow in the footsteps of his father and become a pharmacist—for the father had left, back in Indiana, what later became one of the largest wholesale drug firms in America.

In spite of the fact that in 1872 a railroad was built through the town, and that the little hamlet began to increase in population, the storekeeper found an increasingly urgent demand for more space. He explained this on the basis that it had become necessary to increase the stock of goods carried. Then there was the building of the two-story store, which was then considered a wonder of commercial architecture.

To be sure, the main use of the second story of this building was to furnish a storehouse for leftover goods that had remained in the store for several years—but the second story was considered a good advertisement just the same; in fact, it was the only advertisement in which the boys' father ever engaged, except that in the later years of his storekeeping activities he semiannually put out a few dodgers announcing a clearing sale at cost, to be in force for one month. The money the younger son earned as a school-teacher went to meet the father's need for more capital.

Shortly after the advent of the railroad a young man from up state had the unfriendly audacity to open a new store in the town. At first the veteran merchant met his young competitor with complacent smiles; the likelihood that this youthful stranger could take trade from him, when every man, woman and child in the whole community knew him personally, and when his wife was most popular with all the inhabitants, did not alarm him.

He had rather a fine scorn for some of the things his competitor did in order to attract attention and trade. The fact remained, however, that a considerable part of the custom which the veteran merchant had long enjoyed began to go to his more modern competitor.

The Boys Take Over the Business

ONE September day in 1888 the curtain was rung up on the second act of this little drama of country storekeeping when the storekeeper called his two older sons into a solemn family council and said substantially this:

"Boys, I am more than fifty years old and it is about time for me to retire and turn the business over to you. In the first place, I want to take it easy and not work so hard; next, I have six thousand dollars in this store, besides our home and other things, which means that I am fairly well fixed, and that mother and I ought to be able to live very comfortably on the income from this property for the rest of our lives.

"Another thing: I am beginning to wonder whether the time hasn't come when this business needs new blood in order to hold its own against this young man across the way. He is cutting into me more and more every month, and it may be that I am just a little bit too old-fashioned to meet that kind of competition. Anyhow, I'm going to turn the business over to you boys and let you try it.

"I owe the jobbers about a thousand dollars and have considerable more than that on my books against my own customers. You take over all these obligations; let the property stay in my name—just as it is now—and pay me eighteen dollars a week in the way of interest and rent. Mother and I can live on that income like kings."

The boys entered with bounding enthusiasm on their merchandising career, which was begun without either of them putting a dollar of capital into the business. It was true the elder brother had accumulated quite a little capital for a youth just entering manhood; but as G.A. had given his father all his earnings he had no savings to put into the enterprise. Consequently they started even by beginning without any capital at all.

To Save Space He Poured All the Type Into a Big Box

Instead, they had a substantial fund of ideas. They were entirely agreed, for example, that the chapter of old-fashioned methods should be closed with the hour of their father's retirement from the active control of the business, and that they should stand together in resisting the pressure they felt sure he and his friends would exert on them whenever they attempted any step outside of the beaten track of conservative, old-fashioned country merchandising.

"Just look at this stock!" exclaimed the elder brother as the partners held their first conference and mapped out

their policy. "If there is a better collection of Shaker bonnets, hoop skirts, congress gaiters, mantillas and waterproofs in this country, I'd like to know where it is. We must recognize the fact that father has been keeping a community museum—not a store. And why? Because his only idea of merchandising has been to mark all goods with a price, allowing the same spread of profit, and to keep these goods indefinitely, unless a sufficient number of customers asked for them at his price to exhaust the stock.

"We'll clean up all of this old stuff without regard to what it brings, and then see to it that we do not allow another accumulation to get started. I believe we can sell almost anything on earth in almost any quantity to the people round here, provided it can be sold at a cheap enough price. If there is any exception to this, the hoop skirts and Shaker bonnets and the congress gaiters we have right now must be that exception. If a low price will move these it will move anything."

They tried the experiment and found that their theory worked. The museum collection was disposed of for real money—though a very small amount of it.

The two young merchants began to study retail and wholesale prices with the eagerness of specialists bent on solving a great scientific problem. One day, immediately following their first holiday week, G. A. placed a paper from a large nearby city on the table before his brother and, pointing to a page advertisement, remarked:

"Just look at those dry-goods prices! Do you realize that they are about twenty per cent below what we have to pay for them at the wholesale houses? I can't see that it makes any difference to us whether we buy from a jobber or a retailer, so long as we get the right goods at the right prices. I want to go up to the city, not only to buy a stock of these standard goods but also to learn all I can of how the retail stores there do the pushing that puts a big volume of goods across their counters."

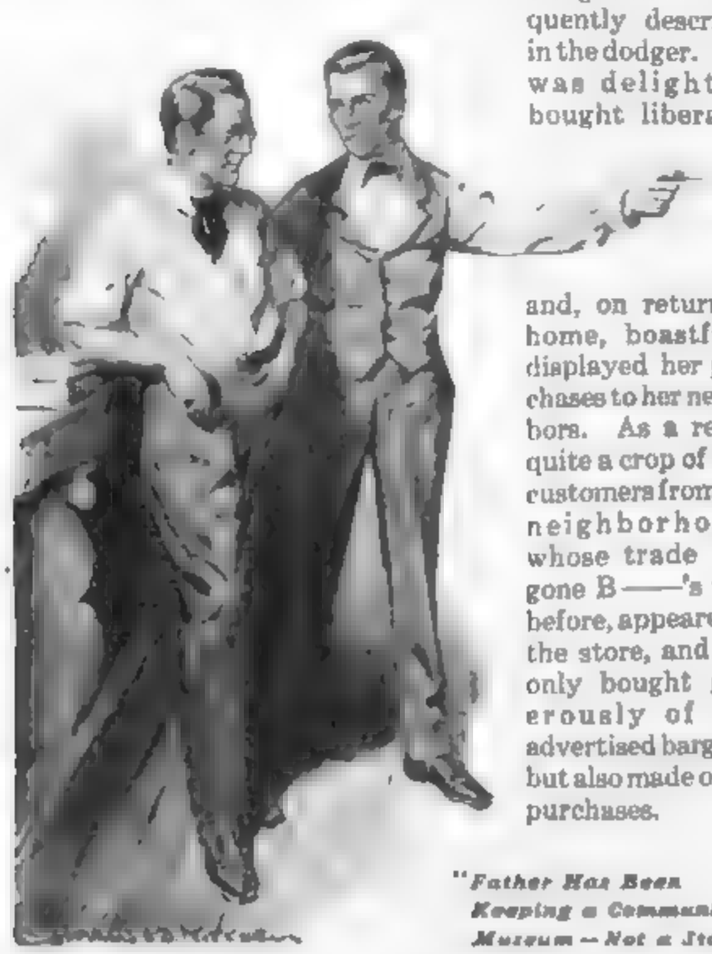
The partner assented to this plan and it was carried out. At the big retail store in the city the young merchant hunted out the proprietor and explained the purpose of his visit. He was cordially received and was given all the information for which he asked. He also bought liberally. On his return home the young man told his brother that he believed the instruction he had received in regard to buying bargains and making customers buy them was worth quite as much as the goods.

New Faces at the Bargain Counters

THE head of the big city store had been particularly strong on the necessity of liberal advertising; and the young man, therefore, took home with him what he considered a generous quantity of handbills exploiting the bargains he had accumulated. These dodgers were sent out, by mail and otherwise, to the farmers of the surrounding community. When the father saw handbills being mailed to families living fully five miles away he told the boys that such enterprise was "all foolishness," and that they were throwing away money with a recklessness that grieved him greatly.

"You know," he asserted, "that all the trade beyond the ridge has always gone to B——. And it always will."

At that time the weather was bad and the roads muddy; but the handbills had been mailed only a short time before new faces began to appear at the store. Among them was an old woman who had come a distance of more than five miles through the mud in order to inspect the dry-goods bargains so eloquently described in the dodger. She was delighted, bought liberally, and, on returning home, boastfully displayed her purchases to her neighbors. As a result quite a crop of new customers from her neighborhood, whose trade had gone B——'s way before, appeared in the store, and not only bought generously of the advertised bargains but also made other purchases.



"Father Has Been Keeping a Community Museum—Not a Store"

She Boastfully Displayed Her Purchases to Her Neighbors

This experience had a permanent effect on the merchandising career of these two young men, because it confirmed their judgment on two points—that it pays to hunt bargains and pays to advertise to make others hunt them.

Without the encouragement of this initial experiment in buying outside of routine channels and selling outside of natural territory, the young storekeepers might many times have been discouraged and deflected from the full and successful development of their distinctive policy in country merchandising. But always, when tempted to fall back into old-fashioned and conservative lines, or to withhold their hands from some daring venture into a new stock, their faith was held firm by recalling this first departure from the beaten trail of precedent.

Early in the history of this partnership it was decided that the younger brother should visit the great Eastern centers of trade in search of more and better bargains. Thrift and sentiment both suggested to him that here was an opportunity for an extended wedding tour which was not to be neglected. Therefore he married the girl with whom he had been keeping company, and started out on a honeymoon trip that almost any bride and groom might well have envied. But the present head of the Cornfield Emporium now freely confesses that, if he had known the sweat-box tortures in store for him, he would have been tempted to remain single to the end of his days.

"That combination wedding tour and buying trip was a terror!" he declared. "Somehow I had overlooked the fact that our little firm had not—in a legal way at least—a dollar's worth of capital; that we were simply permitted to use the stock and goodwill of a merchant who had followed the practice of buying all his goods from two or three sources and paying cash for them.

"In other words, we were without the slightest standing in the world of credit; and we must do business on a credit basis, if at all, because we had no capital. Day after day I left my wife at a hotel in the morning and went from one wholesale house to another, where I was examined, cross-examined and then submitted to redirect cross-examination by sharp credit men until the spirit was almost grilled out of me.

"Then, too, on my return to the hotel at night I had to put up a smiling front and play the rôle of a happy young merchant, accompanied by his bride, on a wholesale shopping tour, which was to turn out not only a triumph of bargain hunting but a sentimental journey that would become a memory to which he would turn fondly in future years. There has been no trouble on the memory score—for the pains of that experience are burned into my recollection with a vividness that makes me shudder even now! The very word 'honeymoon' gives me a jolt, and I still cherish a distinct dislike for the term 'credit department.'

"One thing only saved me from utter defeat on this trip: This was the fact that I told the worst of the situation at the very outset, with the result that a few houses in Pittsburgh, Philadelphia, New York and Boston were willing to sell us a small amount of goods on credit. These houses have never been forgotten.

"Our fight for a foothold in the world of credit was the hardest experience in the business; and it was fortunate for me that my older brother was living at that time, for the burden of this end of our affairs fell on his shoulders. At the very crisis of our early struggle to establish credit we were so hard up that my brother walked a distance of five miles to see a banker, who decided that such an evidence of energy and economy ought to be rewarded. He made us a small loan.

"This expression of banking confidence turned the tables for us. We could have secured the money from private sources, but we felt that it was not good business to borrow from relatives or customers, and that our loans ought to come from financial institutions in the business of loaning money."

A seemingly trifling incident that occurred almost at the outset of this undertaking had a most important influence on its success: A friend of the family fell heir to a small printing outfit. His unfamiliarity with the printing business is suggested by the fact that, to save space, he poured all the type into a big box and shipped it and the press to the young merchants, with his compliments. A young sister, ambitious for pin money, was employed to "unpi the pi." Following the line of least resistance, she sorted out the larger letters first; and after the store was closed the boys amused themselves by setting up a handbill for a new line of bargains the store had just acquired.

The result was so satisfactory that a quantity of print paper was ordered and several hundred of these dodgers were run off and distributed. From that time forward, almost every leisure moment that the two members of the firm enjoyed was spent in the printing department. The printing press grew to be not only an interesting diversion but it tempted the young merchants into a far more prodigal expenditure of printed matter than they would otherwise have permitted themselves.

The effects of this generous campaign of advertising were immediate and unmistakable, and brought trade from territory supposed to be hopelessly beyond their reach. The little old hand-lever printing press has long since been supplanted by a modern printing office outside the store building; but it is preserved as "the father of the modern mailing list of more than twelve thousand names that brings customers from forty miles away."

The Livest Mailing List in Captivity

PROBABLY it is not too much to say that about fifty per cent of the secret of the success of this country store lies in the local mailing list and the merchandising policy immediately related to it. It is certainly one of the livest mailing lists in captivity, being constantly brought down to date by an almost automatic process; and it is so edited as to enroll every baby born within a radius of about eighteen miles.

In each school district of this territory the Cornfield Emporium has a permanent correspondent, who receives a cash compensation for services rendered. So far as possible, these correspondents are selected because they are likely to remain in the district indefinitely, because they are interested in earning pin money, and because they are in a position to secure easily all the information needed. Other conditions being equal, the correspondent is always selected from a family of large buying capacity. The monthly report has an introduction so shrewd and comprehensive as to compel quotation. It reads as follows:

"This report should be made out and mailed not later than the tenth of each month. We want the correct name

and address of each householder and adult person who has moved into your district, so that we can place it on our mailing list. We want the name of each householder and adult person who has removed from your district; and if you can possibly ascertain his future post-office address, do so. We want to know the occupation of the person whose name you send. When you hear of anyone wanting to buy anything particularly worth while, send us that information. We suggest that you look over the list of items we publish herewith as a guide in sending us the names of prospective customers.

"We would also suggest that you report the names of people who, from some fault of ours, do not trade here; and if you know of some plan by which we could gain the good will of such persons we should like to have you help us put it in practice. If you know of any place in your district where we may advantageously place a sign, send us that information. Please let us know of anything that, in your opinion, will help make our service better and our business larger."

Under the heading of "Removal since my last report" are the subheads: "Name; Post-office address before moving; Post-office address now"; and "Number of telephone." "New residents since my last report" is the next line of information called for, and this asks for "Occupation" in addition to the details covered by the removal list. "New buildings" is another topic about which the report is supposed to give full details. "Automobile owners since my last report" is one of the most important inquiries covered by the report.

"You see," remarked this progressive young storekeeper, "the moment a man buys an automobile he puts himself on our list of telephone customers; it is almost as though he moved right into the village itself—no matter whether he actually lives thirty miles away! In the first place, of course, I want to call him right up on the telephone and congratulate him on joining the ranks of the automobile owners. Any man who can afford it—and most of the farmers of this part of the country can afford it—is to be congratulated on buying a car, because it opens up a new life for him and for his family.

"I admit it doesn't offend him any to have somebody call him up by long distance and offer congratulations. The automobile owner is always glad to be called up on the telephone and told of some particular sale to be held or special bargain that is to be had at the store in which I have reason to think that he or his family may be particularly interested. There are very few cases in which a telephone message of this kind is received as a selfish intrusion on our part; almost universally it is accepted as an act of friendly interest."

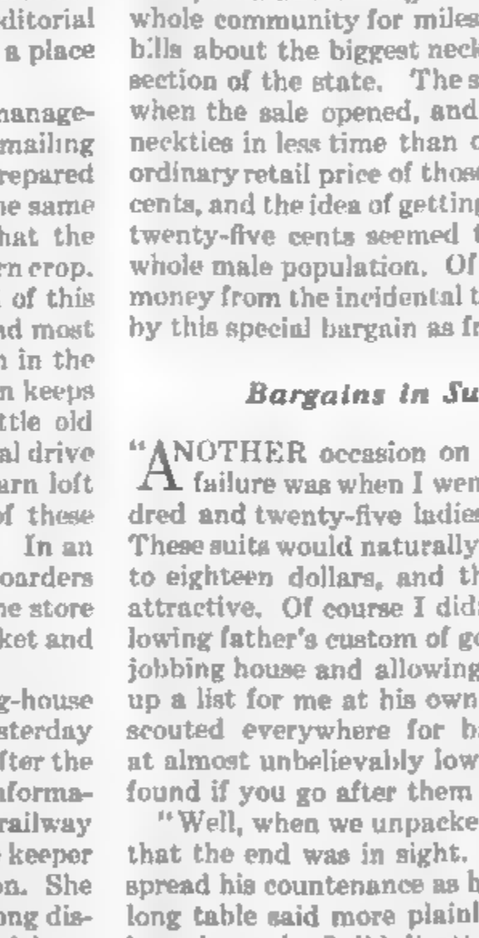
Live Methods of Selling Goods

"OUR regular monthly report also calls for the names of all graduates in the public schools, the dates of the commencements and the names of the parents of the pupils. We also expect our correspondents to give us a list of young people confirmed, together with the names of the parents and their post-office addresses. We ask that our correspondents send the names of graduates of public schools fully two months before the dates of commencements, and the names of persons soon to be confirmed as early as possible.

"Of course our purpose in asking for all these names is to sell goods—everybody concerned understands that; but the fact that, along with a letter or a circular to the parent of a girl about to graduate from the public school, I add a line of personal congratulation, does not offend—it is almost invariably accepted as showing a proper and appreciative interest in what is to them a very important event.

"I realize that if I were doing business among the so-called Four Hundred in New York these methods would not be effective—they would be considered personal and intrusive; but, thank goodness, my business is mainly with plain country people, who like to have their storekeeper take an interest in them and in their children."

The monthly report does not deal in glittering generalities, but pursues the purchasing possibilities of prospective customers into close quarters, with a call for "names of prospective customers for a piano, phonograph, housekeeping outfit, furniture, rug, bathroom fixtures, plumbing, sewing machine, wedding outfit, stove, washing machine, suction sweeper, gas or electric fixtures, linoleum, carpet, wall paper, shades, buggy, wagon, harness, paint, bicycle, camera, fencing, cream separator, gun, farming implements, pump, gasoline engine, portable forge, fruit evaporator, roofing, floral offerings for all occasions, lawn mower, awnings, steam heater, baby cab, churn, building hardware, tent, office furniture, dress form, garden cultivator, fireless cooker, spray outfit, hay fork and track, refrigerator, ice-cream freezer, mail box, saddle, trunk—or any item that can be found in our store."



"Her Eye Was Attracted by the Prices"

And, not content with this, the monthly-report sheet carries the following:

"Suggestions: We make men's and boys' clothing to order; we clean, press, dye and repair clothing; we make and repair harness; we repair clocks and watches; we enlarge and frame pictures; we fit spectacles—every Saturday; we do plumbing; we buy farm produce of all sorts—butter, eggs, potatoes, grain, fruit, vegetables, poultry, lard, smoked meat, fresh pork, scrap iron, rags, tallow, sewed carpet rags, and feathers."

The special report covers births, deaths, fires, weddings and "other information," and urges the correspondent to send in the information at the earliest possible moment, and explains: "When a person dies we wish to remove his or her name from our mailing list. When a child is born or a couple married we want to congratulate the fortunate parties and ask their patronage for such goods as we can furnish. When a fire occurs we want to express our sympathy and offer aid."

As the correspondents are paid for each name furnished, and for each special report or particular item of information, they are industriously on the job, and the editorial office of the Cornfield Emporium is almost as busy a place as the local room of a daily newspaper.

Many interesting experiences have taught the management of this wonderful country store that the mailing room, from which a constant stream of carefully prepared merchandising literature is sent out, bears much the same relation to the harvest of profits for the store that the strings of seed ears on the farm bear to the coming corn crop.

"Just one little occurrence," remarked the head of this store, "taught me lasting respect for the plainest and most unpretentious piece of printed matter. 'Way down in the country, about sixty miles from here, a little woman keeps a boarding house. Early in the career of our little old hand press we put out a price dodger making a special drive on groceries. This woman, when going into the barn loft to throw down some hay for the cow, saw one of these handbills, and her eye was attracted by the prices. In an innocent way, at supper that night, she asked her boarders whether they knew anything of the reliability of the store up at the burg. One of the men reached for his pocket and replied that he had a dodger from the store.

"'Now I know,' laughingly retorted the boarding-house keeper, 'who played cards up in the haymow yesterday and kept the score on the back of that handbill!' After the laugh had subsided another boarder volunteered information about the amount of travel and traffic on the railway to the store, which so interested the boarding-house keeper that she made a trip for the purpose of investigation. She has been coming regularly ever since—and from a long distance too; in fact, we have customers who actually drive a distance of more than thirty miles to trade with us; and when a farmer owns an automobile he thinks nothing of going more than that distance in order to take advantage of an apparent opportunity to buy goods at a lower price or to get a better selection.

"The average country storekeeper draws an imaginary circle close round his home town and settles it with himself that he cannot draw trade from the territory beyond. The result is that in most cases he makes good on the limitations he has established. There is no doubt whatever that it takes mighty good merchandising to pull country trade, at least in a well-settled community, twenty or thirty miles across country; but it can be done—if it could not this store would be very much smaller than it is.

"A whole lot of the pulling power required to draw trade from a long distance must come from the lure of the bargain—not the fake bargain but the real one. There is truth in the old saying that 'Goods well bought are half sold.' If you amend the conditions to read, 'Goods well bought and well advertised,' you may safely say they are three-quarters sold. Time and again my father thought that my reckless buying was sure to land the store on the rocks.

"For example, one day in scouting about in the city I came across a wonderful stock of neckwear—thousands of ties of every sort, from the most fashionable things worn by the young man of the city to the conventional black and white strings. The merchant dared me to make him an offer for the whole assortment. I named a figure of forty dollars and he laughed me to scorn—but later in the day accepted. When these goods arrived father happened to be about and almost swooned as the packing cases were opened up. He declared that I had gone cravat crazy, and that I had spent my money for enough neckties to outfit the whole state. I confess that, as we took out the ties and started in to price them, it began to dawn on me that perhaps father was more than half right. However, I was thoroughly convinced of the soundness of the principle that there are mighty few things that cannot be sold if you can offer them at a low-enough price, and make the price and the value known to enough people.

"After doing a little figuring on the back of an envelope I found we could sort these ties into bundles of forty-three, sell them for twenty-five cents a bundle and make a good, fair profit on the turnover after deducting the cost of the special advertising involved. Of course we sowed the whole community for miles round with circulars and handbills about the biggest neckwear sale ever known in that section of the state. The store was a sight on the morning when the sale opened, and we cleaned out that job lot of neckties in less time than one would think possible. The ordinary retail price of those ties ran from five cents to fifty cents, and the idea of getting forty-three ties of this kind for twenty-five cents seemed to fire the imagination of the whole male population. Of course we made quite as much money from the incidental trade of the customers attracted by this special bargain as from the necktie traffic itself."

Bargains in Suits and Ginghams

"ANOTHER occasion on which father nearly had heart failure was when I went to the city and bought a hundred and twenty-five ladies' suits at three dollars apiece. These suits would naturally have sold at retail for from ten to eighteen dollars, and the whole line was wonderfully attractive. Of course I didn't get hold of that line by following father's custom of going into the most conservative jobbing house and allowing a member of the firm to make up a list for me at his own prices. Not much! I simply scouted everywhere for bargains that could be bought at almost unbelievably low prices—they are always to be found if you go after them hard enough.

"Well, when we unpacked those suits I think father felt that the end was in sight. The look of grief which overspread his countenance as he saw us piling those suits on a long table said more plainly than words that I had gone bargain mad. I didn't attempt to say anything cheering to him, for I knew that only substantial results could do anything to lift his spirits. That was early in our experience; and we worked the little old lever press overtime in order to print enough handbills on the offering of suits to cover the country for about thirty-five miles round.

"After the advertising was on its way we separated those suits into five lots, all marked in odd figures. For the cheapest suits we asked three dollars and eighty-nine cents, and for the dearest, seven-eighty-nine. It is hardly too much to say that on the Saturday morning of the sale the street in front of the store looked as though we were holding a grand political rally. When the last customer had gone that night we found that seventy-six suits had been sold since morning. The remaining forty-nine went quickly; and this reckless plunge in suits, which father thought was going to ruin us, left with us a profit of fully fifty per cent above all expenses. We had scored the biggest sale ever reached in the dry-goods department.

"Another experience which taught me that the way to dispose of a big line of goods of any kind is to use the quantity price: Once I bought ten thousand yards of gingham. That looked like a tremendous quantity of gingham for a town of one thousand inhabitants. Those ginghams, at normal retail prices, were worth from 12½ to 15 cents a yard; but we determined to move them by offering them at eighteen yards for one dollar. It seemed as though every woman in eight counties suddenly developed a desire for gingham, and the ten thousand yards were gone before we could realize it. Incidentally many new customers had been attracted to the store.

"I have an even more convincing demonstration of the fact that almost any kind of goods can be moved in big quantities if the price is right and if an attractive quantity

(Continued on Page 30)

Rudy Was Given an Orphan Lamb

THE GRAY DAWN

By Stewart Edward White

ILLUSTRATED BY HARVEY DUNN

"I Live Just Near Here. If You Will Honor Me ——"

XXIX

IN THIS eager, fast-living, nervous, high-strung man's world Keith took to himself a prominent part. He was so fully occupied in other directions that his practice did not lead him into criminal law, so he missed an influence that must have ended by either blunting or repelling him. He corresponded to what nowadays would be called a corporation lawyer. His clients were few, but wealthy, powerful and remunerative; his cases were subtle and hard-fought. He enjoyed the intricate game for its own sake, and he enjoyed his success in it. In the inevitable give and take of a complicated world he knew, of course, of shady doings beneath, but he was not personally involved; he accepted them as part of the make-up of society, human nature, the medium of work.

But Nan was necessarily left more and more to her own devices. And, further, she was left alone without even the preoccupation furnished her domestic side by such an affair as that with Mrs. Morrell. She knew that Keith was wholly absorbed in his business. She was loyal to his unexpressed idea that in these propitious beginnings he must devote all his energies to his career. She was loyal to his preoccupation. It was the only way in which she could help. And yet, without being given cause for grievance, she was temporarily thrust outside his life, put in cold storage, as it were, until she should be wanted. He bolted immediately after breakfast; often he did not come home to lunch; was quite likely to go out again in the evening.

It followed that Nan had to make her own life out of the materials at hand. This was at first difficult, for all the materials were novel to her. Gradually, however, she fitted herself into the social transformation that was taking place.

Heretofore society had not existed. Now vaguely it was beginning to take coherence and form. A transition period was on. The "nobs" were evolving from chaos. People of the fast Morrell type were losing their influence and ascendancy, were being pushed aside to the fringes by the more solid elements. Wealth and arrogant dignity were coming into their innings. Formal functions, often on an elaborate scale, were taking the place of the harum-scarum, informal parties. There came up some questions of social leadership. In short, social life was developing into the usual game. Lacking other interests, Nan found it amused her to play at it, to contend with the leaders, to form alliances, to declare war, to assume by right and talent her place among the best.

This pleased Keith. Social standing helped him in business; and he enjoyed the sight of his beautiful young wife queening it serenely over the city's best. He was always eager to advance money for new gowns or expensive parties. At first he went out with her, but soon found that three o'clock in the morning meant a next day's brain dulled of its keenest edge. He would not, however, hear of her staying at home on his account.

"I'm tired and I'm going to bed right away," he told her. "You go and uphold the splendor of the family. Get Ben to take you."

Ben Sansome was to Keith a tremendous convenience. He was the only idle man in town, always on tap, ready to stay out any and every night until the cocks crew. Why shouldn't he? He had nothing to do all the next day, except perhaps to decide which stick he should carry! With a busy man's good-humored contempt for the mere idler, Keith looked upon Sansome as a harmless, household-pet sort of person, good-natured, accommodating, pleasant to talk to, good-looking, foppish in dress, but beneath any serious human being's notice. Sansome was on easy terms of intimacy with the Keiths. It was mighty good of him to look out for Nan. If he did not Keith would have to.

In this formative period Ben Sansome was, however, a very important figure in the woman's world. Social construction was a ticklish matter. There were so many things to be decided, small items of etiquette—the "proper thing"—procedure, decorations, good form; larger matters as to whether So-and-So should be received, and if so, how extensively. Ben Sansome was past master of such things. He was the only man in town who knew—or cared—how to draw lines. He became truly a modern *arbiter elegantiæ*. For San Francisco had begun in real earnest to draw lines.

They were rather strange lines at times. Of course such people as the Brannans, Montgomerys, Terrys, Bushes, Bakers, Caldwells, and other "old families"—three or four years old—went without saying. Also, were included the greater merchants and their feminine representatives, such as Palmer, Cook, Adams, Wilkins, and the like. Also, there seemed to be a solid foundation of those respectable and powerful with plenty of wealth—"But hopeless, my dear, absolutely hopeless!" according to some of the livelier members.

Lightning struck capriciously at those on whom this new society might frown, on those who as lately as last year had ridden the crest of the wave. For example, it spared Sally Warner, with her spotted veils drawn close round her face, her red belts, and her red tufts on her small toques, but it blasted the Morrells. Mrs. Morrell clung tenaciously to the outskirts; but she knew only too well that she did not belong. In her heart she ascribed the fact to Mrs. Keith. This was unjust, but it added to her bitterness against her neighbors.

Perhaps her suspicions were not unnatural, for Nan won easily in this game. She was undoubtedly the social leader. It seemed eminently fitting that, lacking her husband, she should go out much with Ben Sansome. Most women thought her lucky to have acquired so valuable a social acquisition. Some people, like fat, coarse, sensible Mrs. Dick Blatchford, were a little doubtful.

"Shucks!" snorted Sally Warner, slapping her little riding boot dashingly with her latest novelty, an English hunting crop. "Nan Keith impresses me as one who knows her way about. And, anyway, as long as Mr. Keith is satisfied I'm sure we should be!"

XXX

TO HIS surprise Ben Sansome found himself warming to what he considered a real passion. At least it was as real a passion as he was capable of feeling. Sansome had always been spoiled. Accustomed as he was to easy conquests, especially of late among the faster San Francisco women of the early days, Nan Keith's very aloofness attracted him. She dwelt in a serene atmosphere of unsuspicion, going about freely with him, taking their right relations for granted and not thinking about them.

Contemplating this, Sansome was clever enough to see that a false move at the wrong time would do for him. Therefore he occupied himself at first merely in making himself useful. He accepted Keith's rôle for him, becoming the friend of the family, dropping in often and informally, happening on the spot at just the right time to relieve Keith of the necessity of escorting Nan to this or that tea or ball. So well did he play his part that at last there came a time when Keith said:

"I'm dead tired, Nan. Seems as if I couldn't stand chatter. Can't you send a note round to Ben and see if he can't get you there and back?"

This came to be a regular thing. If Sansome did not happen to be there, he was sent for. And his engagements were never such that he failed to accept.

He and Keith called each other by their given names; but even after a close intimacy had been established, he never addressed Nan by hers.

"You sound very formal," she hinted to him at last.

"To me the privilege of calling you by your 'little name' is so great an evidence of friendship that it actually seems like flaunting that friendship to call you so before others," he replied.

Always after that he called her "Nan" when they were alone together, but "Mrs. Keith" when a third, even Keith himself, was present. In that way their tête-à-têtes were marked off a little. When alone with her he maintained the pose of a man struggling manfully against tremendous temptations, held back only by her sweet influence. But he never overdid it. As they came to know each other better he talked ever the more freely of men's mysterious temptations. Nan could not define to herself exactly what they might be.

"Yesterday I couldn't see you," he told her. "I struggled with myself all day. What does a woman like you know of a man's weaknesses and temptations! But I conquered."

Nan was uneasy. She did not know quite what it was all about, but her instincts warned her.

"I am glad," she replied, and went on hastily: "But you must tell me what you think about having the tea served in the arbor on the seventh. I've been dying to ask you."

With an obvious effort to be cheerful about this new subject, he wrenched himself into a new mood. They consulted on the party for the seventh. He broke off abruptly to say: "Do you know you're an extraordinary person but you are!" He overrode her protests. "Don't I know the ordinary kind! Women have a deep strength of their own that men cannot understand!"

He stayed only a few minutes after that. On parting he for the first time permitted himself a lingering gaze into her eyes as he reluctantly relinquished her hand. She turned away, distinctly uneasy. Yet so skillfully had he woven his illusion of dependence on her that she shook off her uneasiness with a tender and maternal smile.

"Poor boy!" she murmured. "He is so unhappy and alone!"

Sansome was an accomplished equestrian. Discovering that Nan knew nothing whatever about riding, he found her a gentle horse, and took the greatest trouble and pleasure in teaching her. She proved apt, for she had good natural control of her body. After the first uncertainty and the first stiffness had worn off she delighted in long rides toward different parts of the peninsula. Gringo, now a full-grown dog inclining toward the shepherd more than

anything else, delighted in them too. He ranged far and wide in front of the horses, exploring every ditch and thicket, wallowing happily in every mudhole, returning every once in a while to roll his comical eyes at them as though to say: "Aren't we having a good time!" For Gringo was a dog with a sense of humor.

On these excursions she renewed acquaintance with the sand dunes, and the little cañons with birds, and the broad beach at low tide, on which it was glorious to gallop. Once or twice they even stopped at the little ranch where the Keiths had lunched. There Nan, through Sansome, who talked Spanish, was able to communicate with her kindly hosts; and Gringo met his honored but rather snappy mother. The mother disowned him utterly. As the days grew shorter they often rode on the Presidio Hills, watching the sunset beyond the Golden Gate.

One such evening they had reined up their horses atop one of the hills next the Gate. The sun had set somewhere beyond the headlands. The foothills of Tamalpais were deep pink with the glow; the water in the Gate was pale lilac; the sky close to the horizon burned orange, but above turned to a pale green that made with its lucent color alone infinite depths and spaces. Below the darker waters twisted and turned with the tide. The western headlands were black silhouettes.

"Oh, but it is beautiful!" she said at last.

"Yes, it is beautiful," he agreed somberly; "but when one is lonely somehow it hurts."

There ensued a short, tense silence, broken only by the soft rolling of the bit wheels in the horses' mouths.

"Yes," she agreed softly after a moment, "I feel that too. Yet sometimes I wonder if one doesn't see and feel more keenly when one is not too happy." She hesitated.

"Yes, yes, go on!" he urged in a low voice. His tone, his attitude suddenly seemed to envelop her with understanding. He appeared to offer her aid, chivalrous aid, although no word was spoken. She had not quite meant it that way, in fact her thought was to offer him sympathy. But somehow it was grateful. It would do no harm to enjoy it secretly for a moment. His unexpressed sympathy—for what she would have been unable to say—was attractive to her isolation.

Often on returning from these rides she asked him in for a cup of tea. Occasionally when she was overheated, or damp from the fog, she would excuse herself and slip into a soft negligée. With a lamp and fire lit they made a very cozy tête-à-tête. He smoked contemplatively; she stitched at the inevitable embroidery of the period. Occasionally they talked animatedly; quite as frequently they sat in sociable silence. Gringo slept by the fire, dreaming of rabbits and things, his hind legs twitching as he triumphantly ran them down. One evening she caught sight of a rip in the sewing of his tobacco pouch. In spite of his protests she insisted on sewing it up for him. She was conscious of his eyes on her while she plied the needle, and felt somehow very feminine and sure of her power.

"There!" she cried when she had finished. "You certainly do need somebody to take care of you!"

He took it without spoken thanks, and put it slowly away in his pocket as though he would have kissed it. A pregnant silence followed, he sitting staring at her, she jabbing the needle idly into the arm of her chair. Suddenly, as though taking a tremendous resolution, he spoke:

"Nan, I am going to ask you a question. You must not be offended. Do you really love your husband?" At her hasty movement he hurried on: "I imagine I feel something unsatisfied about you. Besides, lots of women don't."

As he probably expected, her indignation was thoroughly aroused. He took his castigation and dismissal meekly, and found some interest in the ensuing negotiations toward reconciliation. No one knew better than he how to sue for forgiveness. But he was quite satisfied to have implanted the idea.

For Ben Sansome was content with slow, coral-insect progresses. A busy man, engaged in men's occupations, would never have had the patience for this slow establishment of atmosphere and influence; his impatience or passion would have betrayed him to an early outbreak. But with Sansome this was the practice of a fine art. He knew just how far to go. No one could more skilfully ingratiate himself in small ways. He always knew what gown she should wear or had worn, and always commented appreciatively on what she had on. Keith merely knew vaguely whether she looked well or ill. Sansome noticed and praised little things—her well-shod feet, the red lights in her hair, an unusual flower in her belt. He knew every hat she owned, and he had his well-marked preferences. He never made direct love, nor attempted to touch her. She felt the growing attraction, enjoyed it, but did not analyze it. She merely considered Ben Sansome as "nice," as needing guidance, as romantic.

Occasionally, after seeing more than usual of him, some feeling of reaction or some faint stirring of conscience would impel her—perhaps to convince herself of the harmlessness of it all—to make an especial effort to draw her husband out of his preoccupation into more human relations. She dressed with great care, earlier than usual; she gathered flowers for the vases; she fussed about, lighting lamps, placing ash trays and chairs, generally arranging the setting for his welcome home. The preparations kindled her own enthusiasm.

When she heard his step she ran to meet him in the hall.

Keith happened to be tired to the point of exhaustion.

"Good heavens!" was his comment. "Are we having company to-night? Why all the clothes and illumination?"

His relaxed, dispirited manner of removing and hanging up his coat reacted upon her instantly. Her high spirits sank to the depths. Nan could not help visualizing Sansome's appreciation of such an occasion.

Nan Was Left More and More to Her Own Devices

xxxi

THE new coherence in society began to manifest itself in one important way: public gambling declined. In the "Old Days" it was said that everybody but clergymen frequented the big gambling halls. They were a sort of club; but now the most influential citizens began to stay away. Probably they gambled as much as ever, but they took such pleasures in private. Two or three only of the larger places remained in business. Save for them, open gambling was confined to the dives. There was no definite movement against the practice; it merely fell off gradually.

During these busy years the Sherwoods had quite methodically continued to lead their customary lives. He read his morning paper on the veranda of the Bella Union, talked his leisurely politics, drove his horses and in the evening attended to his business. She drove abroad, received her men friends, gave them impartial advice and help in their difficulties, dressed well and carried on a life of many small activities. The Sherwoods were always an attractive-looking and imposing couple whenever they appeared. About three or four times a year they drove into the residential part of town and made half a dozen formal calls—on the Keiths among others. Probably their lives were more nearly ordered on a routine than those of any other people in the new city.

One evening Sherwood came in at the usual hour, deposited his high hat carefully on the table, flicked the dust off his boots and remarked casually:

"Patsy, I've sold the business."

Mrs. Sherwood was pinning on her hat. She stopped short, her hand halfway to her head, as though turned to marble. After a moment she asked quickly: "What do you mean?"

"Well," replied Sherwood, continuing methodically to readjust his dress, "I've been thinking for some time that times were changing. The gambling business is losing tone. I don't see the same class of people I used to see. Public sentiment—of the very best people, I mean—is drifting away from it. In the future, in my judgment, it's not going to pay as it ought. I've been thinking these things for some time. So when a bona-fide purchaser came along ——"

But he got no further. With a smothered cry she let her arms drop. Her customary poise had vanished. She flung herself on him, laughing, crying, gasping.

"Why, Patsy! Patsy!" he cried, patting her small, sleek head as it pressed against his shoulder. "What is it, dearie? Tell me, what's wrong?"

He was vastly perturbed and anxious, for she was not at all the type that loses control readily.

"Nothing! Nothing!" she gasped. "I'll be all right in a minute. Don't mind me; just let me alone. Only you told me so suddenly ——"

"Don't you want me to sell?" he asked, utterly bewildered.

Gradually he gathered from her disjointed exclamations that this was just the one thing she had wanted, secretly, for years; the thing she had schooled herself not to hope for; the last thing in the world she had expected. And to his astonishment he gathered further that now she was free, she could take her place with the other women.

"But I hadn't the slightest idea you wanted to!" he interrupted at this point. "You've never shown any signs of paying the slightest attention to them before!"

She was drying her eyes and looking a little happily foolish.

"I knew better than to give them a chance to snub me," she told him. "Now I'm respectable."

But at this Sherwood reared his crest.

"Respectable!" he snorted. "What do you mean? Haven't you always been respectable? I'd like to see anybody who would hint ——"

"You're a dear, but you're a man," she broke in more calmly. "Don't you know that a gambler's wife isn't respectable—in their sense of the word?"

"But every mother's son of them gambles!" cried Sherwood. "It's a perfectly legal and legitimate occupation!"

"The men do; and we'd always get along if it was only a question of the men. But the women make distinctions ——"

"Look here!" he broke out wrathfully. "There's Dick Blatchford, mixed up in dirty work for dirty money I wouldn't lay my fingers on; and Terry, and Brannan, and McGowan, and all the rest of the boodling, land-grabbing,

"Why, Patsy! Patsy! What is it, Dearie? Tell Me, What's Wrong?"

pettifogging crew. Why, if I made my living or spare cash the way that gang of pirates and cut-throats do I'd carry a pair of handcuffs for myself. Honest! Respectable! I've got no kick on their methods, it's none of my business. But their wives are all right. I don't see it!"

"It's all names, I acknowledge," she soothed, "just names. I attach no more weight to them than you do. Don't you suppose I'd have said something if I had thought you were doing anything wrong? But that's the way they play the game, and it is their game. If we play it we've got to accept their rules, don't you see?"

"Well, it's a mighty poor game," grumbled Sherwood, "and they strike me as an exceptionally stupid lot of women. They'd drive me to drink. I don't see what you want to bother with them for."

"They are," she agreed. "They won't amuse me much—you couldn't understand—it's just the idea of it. But I won't be looked down on by people who are my inferiors! Tell me, Jack, when we sell the business are we going to be wealthy? Shall we have plenty of money?"

A hurt look came into his fine, straightforward eyes.

"Haven't you always had all you wanted, Patsy?" he inquired.

"Of course I have, you old goose! But I want to know what our resources are before I plan my campaign."

"Going in up to your neck, are you?" he commented ruefully.

She nodded. Her eyes were bright and a spot of color glowed in either cheek.

"Course I am. What can I spend?"

"You can have whatever you want."

"That's too vague, too indefinite. How rich—or poor are we going to be?"

"We'll be rich enough."

"Very?"

"Well—yes, very. The business has paid, investments have panned out, and I got a good cash purchase price."

"How much can I spend a year?" she persisted. "It doesn't matter whether it's much or little, but I want to know."

"What a mercenary little creature!" he cried facetiously; then sobered as he saw by the expression of her face that this apparently trivial thing meant a great deal to her. "Oh, fifty thousand or so won't cripple us."

"A year?" she breathed, awed.

He nodded.

"Oh!" she cried rapidly. "Then we'll have a house—a house built for our very own selves from our very own plans!"

"Why, I thought we were very comfortable here!" he protested, a little dismayed. "Haven't we room enough? I'll have a door cut——"

"No, no, no, a house of my own!" She was on fire with excitement, walking restlessly up and down. He watched her a moment or so. His slower imagination was kindling. He was beginning to grasp the symbolism of it, what it meant to her, the release of long-pent, secret desires. As she passed him he seized her and drew her gently to his knee.

"Patsy!" he cried contritely. "I didn't realize! I didn't guess you weren't perfectly contented here!"

She brushed his cheek with hers.

"Of course you didn't," she reassured him.

"If you'd made the slightest sign ——"

She threw her head back proudly and her breast swelled.

"I married you to lead your life, Jack, whatever it was," she told him; "to be your helpmate."

"You're the gamest little sportsman in this town!" he cried. "And if you want to make those flubdubs crawl, you go at it. I'll back you!"

Ten minutes later she asked him: "What are you going to do yourself, Jack? Somehow I can't imagine you idle

"Well," said Sherwood, "the boys are organizing a stock exchange, and it struck me that it might be a good idea if I went into that."

She began to laugh softly in affectionate amusement.

"Stop it!" he commanded indignantly. "I know that laugh. What have I done now?"

"I was just thinking what a nice, respectable gambler you are going to be now," she said. "It's in your blood, Jack, and I love it—but it's funny!"

XXXII

BUT now at the very sources the full flood of the somewhat turbid tide of prosperity was beginning to fail. The ebb had not yet reached the civic consciousness. It would have required a philosopher, and a detached philosopher at that, to connect cause and effect, to have forecast the inevitable trend of events. If there were any philosophers they were not detached!

Nobody had discovered the simple truth that extravagance, graft, waste cost money, and that the money must come from somewhere. Realization on its property, and taxes, were the twin sources of the city's revenues. The property was now about all sold or swindled away. Remained the taxes. And it is a self-evident truth that people will pay high taxes cheerfully only as long as they themselves are making plenty of money easily.

Up to this period such had been the case. Prices had been high, wages had been high, opportunities had been many. Enormous profits had been the rule. Everybody had invariably made money. These conditions upset the mental balance of the shipping merchants back East. A madness seemed to obsess them for sending goods to California. The mere rumor of a want or a lack was answered by immense shipments of that particular commodity. The first cargo to arrive supplied the want; all the rest simply broke the market. It was a gamble as to who should get there first. The immediate and picturesque consequence was a fleet of beautiful clipper ships, built like racing yachts, with long, clean lines and snowy sails. They made extraordinarily fast voyages, and they promptly condemned to death the old-fashioned slow freight carriers. Indeed, four-hundred-odd of them actually rotted at anchor in the Bay; it had not paid to move them! Some of these clippers gained vast reputations—the Flying Cloud, the White Squall, the Typhoon, the Trade Wind. The markets were continually in a state of glut with goods sold at auction. This condition tightened the money market, which in turn reacted on many branches of industry. Again, the great fires of '49–'53 resulted in the erection of too many fireproof buildings. Storage was needed and rentals were high, so everybody plunged on storehouses. By '54 many hundreds of them stood vacant, representing loss. At that period the first abundance of the placers began to fall off.

Agriculture was beginning to be undertaken seriously; and though this would be an ultimate source of wealth, its immediate effect was to diminish the demand for imported foodstuffs—another blow to a purely mercantile city.

All this made for excitement, some immediate gain, but a sure ultimate loss. Markets fluctuated wildly. A ship in sight threw operators into a fever. No one knew what she might be carrying or how she would affect prices. It was, therefore, positively unsafe to keep many goods in stock. Quick, immediate sales were the rule, and failures were many.

Now in these middle fifties the pinch was beginning at last to make itself felt. Everybody was a little vague about it all, and nobody had gone so far as to formulate his dissatisfactions or his remedies. The tangible results were two as yet inchoate elements, representing the extremes of ideas and of interest.

The first of these elements that can with equal justice be called the parasitic or the middleman class—consisted in itself of several sorts of people The nucleus was a small, intellectually honest set of men who believed in the law *per se*, in the sacredness of formal institutions, in the constitution, and in the subservience of the individual to the institution This was temperamental. Behind them were many much larger groups of those who needed either the interpretation or the protection of the law for their private interests. These were of all sorts, from honest but literal-minded dealers, through shady contractors and operators, down to grafters and the very lowest type of strong-arm bullies. The tone and respectability came from the first; the practical results from the second. The first class had a genuine intellectual contempt for men whose minds could not see—or would not accept—the same subtleties that they did. They were fond of such phrases as the "lawless mob," or the "subversion of time-honored institutions." This small, subjectively honest, conservative, specially trained element must not be forgotten in the final estimate of what later came to be known as the Law and Order Party.

On the other hand was first of all an equally small nucleus of thinking men whose respect for the law, merely as law, was not so profound; men who were reluctantly willing to admit that when law completely broke down in encompassing justice individualism was justified in stepping in. Behind them was a vast body of more or less unthinking men who recognized the facts that the law had become a farce, that justice had degenerated to tricks, and who were, therefore, instinctively against law, lawyers and everybody who had anything to do with them.

Strangely enough, this made for lawlessness on both sides. Those who believed in law and order committed

(Continued on Page 52)

"Yes, It Is Beautiful; But When One Is Lonely Somehow It Hurts"

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PHILADELPHIA, SEPTEMBER 18, 1915

Some Real Profit Sharing

A GREAT deal of so-called profit sharing is bogus in fact. Much of it, also, is bogus in intention. Usually it means that employees of a concern are given some small advantages that outsiders do not enjoy in the matter of investing their savings in the concern's stock. If they have no savings to invest they get no stock. So far as they do invest, whatever profits they receive come to them as investors, not as workmen—except that their investment may have been facilitated a bit by permitting them to pay for the stock in installments, or at a price somewhat under that at which outsiders could buy it. In its influence on the relations between capital and labor that sort of profit sharing is quite negligible.

Often, too, the big profits have been skimmed off before employees come in, even as investors. In the case of the Steel Corporation the capitalization was multiplied by two or three before shares were offered to persons on the pay roll.

A powder company affords an interesting exception. Besides the typical—and bogus—profit sharing, which consists simply in permitting employees to invest on favorable terms, it distributed stock among employees as a bonus for valuable suggestions or especially important work. This was when the stock was selling round par; but the fortunes of war have sent it up to seven hundred dollars a share, or thereabouts; and we read with astonishment—slightly tinged with incredulity, in spite of the excellent source of the information—that a good many employees can now count their fortunes in five figures, while even six are not unknown. In its way this is almost as extraordinary as the war that caused it.

Bipartisan Investigating

AFTER a number of years the United States Commission on Industrial Relations has reported. On a broad view the report leaves the problems which the commission investigated pretty much where it found them. The main problem, of course, concerns the relations between capital and labor. What the country especially wished from the commission was light on that broad subject. It was familiar enough with the conflicting claims of both sides. It wanted, so far as that was humanly possible, an unprejudiced, authoritative statement. That alone would have really justified a Federal investigation on this scale.

The commission was formed on the familiar and foolish bipartisan plan, however. There were so many representatives of capital, or of employers, and so many representatives of labor, or of employees. Anybody should have been able to tell Congress or President Taft that persons selected specifically because they represented capital or labor would most likely carry the prejudices of their respective sides of the controversy into the investigation. As a result of the bipartisan plan, we have two main and quite sharply divergent reports, which largely tend to cancel each other—and then some further divergencies of individual opinion.

For an investigation of this sort a man who represented capital or one who represented labor should have been ineligible, as a matter of course. In a general way the bipartisan plan, by its very nature, tends simply to produce a nullity. Instead of one impartial authoritative statement, to which a candid seeker after truth can turn with confidence, we have at least three more or less conflicting statements.

The commission has, of course, adduced valuable testimony. In spite of any partisan bias, it throws an enduring light on the rotten conditions in the Colorado coal strike; but partisanship mostly nullifies its own conclusions.

Inheritance Taxes

BOTH main reports of the Commission on Industrial Relations recommend a Federal inheritance tax. The Walsh report would make it virtually confiscatory of large fortunes—or "so graded that, while making generous provision for the support of dependents and the education of minor children, it shall leave no large accumulation of wealth to pass into hands that had no share in its production." The idea seems to be, in part, to remove that discontent which arises from the contemplation of great inherited fortunes.

The Commons report would tax all estates above twenty-five thousand dollars on a graduated scale, rising to fifteen per cent on amounts over a million dollars going to wife, children or parents, with a higher rate for more remote heirs, the state to receive a share of the tax and the Federal Government's share being invested for the benefit of a Federal Fund for Social Welfare—in short, a sort of Uncle Sam's Rockefeller or Carnegie Foundation.

We should be well pleased to see the Astor, Vanderbilt, Rockefeller, Marshall Field, and like fortunes broken up. Formerly it was rather the rule that a big commercial fortune was derived from a particular business, which was handed down to the founders' sons, who had been specially trained to carry it on. The Rothschilds are a rather modern instance—Armour and Swift are still more modern ones; but, with the extension of the corporate form, such instances tend to become rare; business becomes more impersonal. The big fortune tends to produce loafers, whose extravagance disturbs the social balance.

The big fortunes, however, do supply a good deal of capital for useful investment, and in that respect are serviceable. If the alternative is simply to dump the money into the treasury of an inefficient, extravagant, pork-barreling Government that will mostly squander it for the ends of partisan politics, we prefer the big fortunes. If there is a better alternative we are ready to embrace it.

The Sentimentalist

WHENEVER we hear anybody talking about women like a Mary J. Holmes novel, we wonder whether he has been committing murder, or in what other crime his undeveloped brain has involved him. Intellectually your sloppy sentimentalist is in the twelfth century. If he does not believe in witchcraft and astrology it is simply because other superstitions come handier to him. Reasoning is for him impossible, because the stuff in the top of his head has no penetration. It simply spatters, like warm mush, on the surface of any phenomenon that confronts him.

Naturally he is a great admirer of all cowardly assassinations under the "unwritten law," and of the most brutal lynchings in which there is any trace of sex interest. Regarding a good many lynchings the inevitable sentimentalist bobs up with the apology that they were, after all, an effect of the peculiar sanctity in which women were held by the lynchers.

If you should inquire a little you would find that this sentimental sanctity does not in the least involve an effort to make life in any way brighter for women. It does not involve trying to get shorter hours or higher wages for her if she is a breadwinner, or greater security for her rights if she is a wife, or the protection of the ballot. A community of true sentimentalists would never let women vote.

This sentimental sanctity means holding women fast as a masculine possession. The man who assassinates or lynches is never protecting or avenging women. He is always protecting and avenging his own masculine pride of possession, because, with his poor mushy head, he is utterly unable to understand woman except as an object of that masculine pride of possession.

The sentimentalist is not at all interested in lightening woman's work, improving her political status, or doing anything else that tends to make her freer. He wants her to be dependent on him. In that condition he will make her some slobbery phrases and cheerfully murder whoever shocks his sentimental instincts—provided he feels quite sure he can do it with perfect safety to himself.

Gold Goes Begging

RECENTLY—and for the first time, we suppose, since Spain tried to monopolize the output of precious metal from American mines—a great quantity of gold moved from a country that wanted and needed it to one that did not want it and had no use for it. The gold was shipped from London to New York to steady exchange between the two cities. It utterly failed. Soon after its arrival sterling exchange dropped to the lowest level ever known. And now we have the disconcerting report that England, for herself and allies, will ship two hundred million dollars or so more gold to New York.

We do not want it. We have not the least use for it. It would be a detriment to us. National banks alone now hold more than one billion and three-quarters of reserves—far the greatest amount ever held and more than three-quarters of a billion dollars above their legal requirements. Gold imports would simply swell this unwieldy—and always more or less dangerous—fund of idle money. Under normal conditions its existence would almost inevitably lead to rampant speculation, price inflation, overextension and trouble.

We would much rather the Allies kept their gold at home. And they need every dollar of it to support the big increase in paper currency that has occurred since August, 1914.

The possibility that they may force it on us when they need it and we do not, illustrates the extraordinary state of our trade relations with them. We are selling them vast quantities of goods, but they cannot pay us for the goods in things we really want. After taking all their goods we can use, there is still a great surplus. We owe them—or their citizens—probably at least two billion dollars, represented by the American securities they hold. Of course we want to use the surplus to pay our debts to them—in other words, to buy back the American securities they hold; but the American securities are owned by individuals who, so far, have stuck to them with notable tenacity.

As we can take no more of their goods and they will not let us buy back our own securities, a big surplus piles up in our favor, and the currency of every country in Europe has fallen to a sharp discount in American money—which discount simply increases the difficulty of settling the score with us.

The Ribboned Lambs

WHEN war begins, thinking stops and emotion rules. We should not be surprised that people in the warring countries see red and abjure reason, for we in the United States have already built up a great myth about the war—or, rather, a major and a minor myth.

According to the major myth, the Allies were milk-white bleating lambs, with blue ribbons round their necks and no thought in their innocent little hearts more violent than that of stepping on a cricket; while Germany was a ravening wolf, waiting for a chance to devour them. The minor myth transfers the blue ribbon and the halo to Germany.

We ought to know that both these views are false; that the war, in fact, is a product of the collective mind of Europe. All Europe thought it and shaped it. True, Germany is responsible for beginning it, and from the beginning has conducted it with savage ruthlessness; but that is simply the German reaction to the state of mind round it. Germany alone was physically prepared for war; but her neighbors were mentally prepared.

The Oriental Brother

WHEN we get our domestic yellow peril down to cold figures it looks decidedly pindling. In the United States proper there are, in fact, a hundred and fifty thousand Chinese and Japanese—about half of each. In the four years from 1910 to 1914 more Chinese departed than arrived, while the arrivals of Japanese exceeded the departures by only a few thousand.

California in 1910 had thirty-six thousand Chinese and forty-one thousand Japanese, out of a total population of about two million four hundred thousand. The present number cannot much exceed those figures and may be even less, as in many parts of the state the small brown brother is not especially admired. Contrasted with ten million negroes this does not look like much of a race problem.

The Finish

SINCE the Middle Ages, Europe has been struggling for a balance of power. Spain, Austria, France under Louis XIV, and France again under Napoleon, achieved a preponderant weight, with pretty constant fighting to maintain it. The Napoleonic preponderance was the greatest and the shortest-lived. It is improbable that Europe will ever rest in the shadow of a preponderant state. Too many states are too powerful for that.

A peace on the basis of the *status quo* would give Germany, with her Hapsburg appendage, a weight equal to that of the remainder of the Continent. No such peace could be lasting. There may be another Napoleonic era, with peaces that are little more than truces, enduring only a few years; but it is most probable there will be no lasting peace until Germany's military power is so reduced that much less than a combination of all other European states can measure up to her.

THE CRUCIBLE OF PEACE

Twice a Month Rajab, a Trusted Turkoman, Caravaned From Mere With Water, Food and the Mail

By Thomas H. Uzzell

ILLUSTRATED BY STANLEY M. ARTHURS

ON THE uttermost rim of the world two men faced death in the interest of science. Their daring exile was unheralded and unknown; yet the neglect of a preoccupied world did not perturb them. They were content to forsake their laboratories, disappear into unknown Asia, gather their data, return home, and publish a few learned monographs for the archives of scientific libraries. Soldiers, travelers and diplomats might make paths of glory along the trail they had broken; their sole passion was to extend the limits of human knowledge. It was enough for them that they were the first of mankind to explore the heart of the Turkestan Desert.

One was Russian; the other, German. All differences of race and temperament, however, were merged in their kindred purposes and their constant dependence on each other. At night, as they lay side by side on the summit of a dune, resting and gazing contentedly at the cooling stars, they sometimes spoke of the unfathomable mysteries enveloping them.

"Surely the conquest of Nature has had much to do in leading man from barbarism to civilization," one consoled the other.

"Yes," he was answered; "and the completed mastery of Nature will one day destroy all barriers of geography, race and commercial rivalry, and create a citizenship of the world."

"In the presence of the elemental majesty of the desert, how futile and childish seem the jealousies, enmities and warrings of mankind!"

"Ah, how true, my friend! At this distance from one's fellows one's point of view becomes almost godlike."

"It is like gazing on the earth from the moon."

On the rare occasions when the scientists spoke of cities, laws and kings, their spirits flagged and sighs of weariness escaped them. But when the talk turned on wind currents, the anchoring of dunes, or on a new species of Coleoptera, their eyes brightened, their voices mingled in animated dialogue, and their Russian and German merged into the international jargon of science.

They had each other's presence to save them from the madness that is so often a tragic accompaniment of the desert's awful solitude. Their search for truth united them; but it was their humanity that made them brothers.

During four intolerable summer months Professor Andrai Nicolievitch Petroff, curator of the Imperial Zoological Garden in Petrograd, and Doctor Zelheim, the noted German authority on the geology of deserts, had labored amicably together in this unmapped region of sand, sun and silence. They were the selected emissaries of Czar Nicholas.

"Gentlemen," the Czar had said, "our ministers tell us that Turkestan, our newest empire, is a white elephant; that in conquering her we have made a futile expenditure of blood and treasure. We wish to know whether the Kara-Kum sands can ever be reclaimed, and especially whether there is any way to lessen the terror of poisonous insects that keep our people from colonizing there."

The jungles of India have their tigers; the tropical swamps of Brazil have their snakes; California and Italy, their earthquakes; Europe, her diplomats; and the Kara-Kum, its scorpions, tarantulas and karakurts. The invariably cool nights of Turkestan are an antidote for her burning sunlight; the new military railroad, with its endless caravans of dripping tub cars, coöperating with armies of camels, has alleviated the torment of thirst; but no ingenuity of foreign science or native cunning has been able to remove the terror that darts about by night on the hideous, nimble legs of poison-bearing insectivora.

A small *stanzia* was built at the intersection of the thirtieth meridian and the fortieth parallel, at the center of a shallow amphitheater of sand. Explorers characterize this untraveled section of the Kara-Kum, once the bottom of a glacial sea, as the hottest, most arid and inhospitable reach of sand in the world. Oases it has none. The natives along the Amur River call it The Tomb of the Caravans. An aviator flying overhead would liken it to a telescopic view of the moon.

From the nearest settlement at Merv, two hundred miles to the south, toward the Afghan frontier, stone had been brought on the backs of camels and stout walls constructed to afford a protection against entombment by sand. Twice a month Rajab, a trusted Turkoman, caravaned from Merv with water, food and the mail.

It was a scorching mid-August morning. Professor Petroff and Doctor Zelheim waded down the long slope of blazing sand toward the stone cabin. Further work in the sun was impossible.

The German, having a less rugged physique than his Russian colleague, had been seized with an attack of vertigo, which dotted the horizon with placid lakes and left his gaunt frame trembling with weakness. The stout professor had shouldered the doctor's heavy transit, topography camera and measuring chain, which, together with his own butterfly net, huge oilcloth sack, full of sand, lizards and jars of beetles and spiders, gave him the appearance of a Tartar bearing away the loot of a city. He steadied the tottering steps of his companion by circling the latter's hips with one arm, which he somehow managed to free.

"*Noo*," exclaimed the Russian as they reached the *stanzia*, "a good long pull at that oozy water bag and you'll find your legs again—eh, *batinka*?"

When a Russian calls you by your last name he makes you an acquaintance; when he couples your first name with that of your father he has numbered you among his friends; when he greets you as *batinka* he has admitted you to the sacred arcanum of his heart. Professor Petroff and Doctor Zelheim had been conferees together at many scientific congresses; had collaborated on a textbook on deserts; had, by innumerable colloquies among the Russian's crumpled plants and pickled insects, cemented a close professional friendship. In Asia the solitude, the common dangers and the sufferings endured together had created a bond of human sympathy at once touching, manly and heroic. The *Herren Professoren* became "dear old fellows"—*batinkas*.

"In the Kara-Kum," the veteran Russian explorer had announced as their dust-powdered military train plunged away from the blue Caspian into the furnace of the desert heat, "the affectations of polite society fall away from one, and fancied dignities and morbid ambitions melt under the rays of this merciless sun. The world we are leaving behind will soon seem like a dumb show of noise and childish pretensions."

"Well," replied the German, "I shall be only too glad for a season to forget religion, patriotism and the ritual of college halls. *Lieber Professor*, I propose a *Brüderschaft*."

They uncorked two bottles of Crimean wine and drank, while their little high-wheeled caboose danced and thuttered on its springless trucks.

Two windows and two doors punctured the thick stone walls of the *stanzia*. One of the doors opened into a smaller room, which served as kitchen and storehouse for chests of "salted" beetles and a colony of live spiders. A workbench of pine boards reached along one wall of the laboratory. Against the opposite wall stood a glittering heliostat, a wind gauge, a shovel with a polished blade, two folded army cots, and a large black roll of insect-proof felt. A bag of water, wallowing in the doorway, cooled itself by evaporating the moisture oozing from its canvas pores.

The Russian deposited his burdens against the white-plastered wall of the laboratory, threw his helmet on the floor, mopped his dripping cheeks and sparse black whiskers with a dangling sleeve, and swung the water bag on the table. He removed the German's helmet, led him to the workbench, pulled out the wooden stopper of the water bag, squeezed its damp sides, and exclaimed cheerily:

"Drink, *batinka*, to your health, and many years!"

The doctor bent over, took a few eager gulps and paused, gasping:

"That'll do, Andrai Nicoli'tch; this is our last bag—it's got to last until the caravan arrives to-morrow."

"*Foo, foo, batinka!* Drink! Drink your fill—see, you're stronger already. Water is the blood of the desert. There—so! Besides, there's still a beakerful of water heating for tea on the sand."

The German drank until he reeled. The Russian arranged a cot for him, helped him to lie down, slipped an air cushion under his head and shoulders, and pulled off his boots. The doctor feebly wiggled the sand from his long toes, folded his arms over his pink-rimmed brow and sweat-beaded bald head, and murmured:

"Thanks, *batinka*—a big Russian thanks. Water! What a blessing! It exhilarates like wine. Now if those damned lakes would only cease chasing each other ——"

The entomologist removed his own boots and trousers, took three or four swallows from the water bag, rinsed out his mouth, poured a cup of water over his head, and began to take the live lizards and insects from the black sack. Soon he was absorbedly occupied with his litter of delicate lancets, needles, wadding, wires, jars of snakes and hairy spiders submerged in cloudy spirits. Against the wall a row of stuffed lizards, the mottled skins of which glistened with varnish, balanced themselves on wires in antic attitudes; their round black eyes stared at the collector in glassy supplication. A few dexterous motions, a faint expiring gasp or two, and a row of lizards lay freshly skewered to the cleaning board. The pungent odor of camphor filled the room.

The doctor sniffed, sat up and drawled:

"Thank God, the killing's over. *Batinka*, if you only could teach them to die quietly! It's the noises, the confounded little noises of your pets, that give me the horrors. But no matter; I should be ashamed to—now I suppose you want to unload. *Noo*; come along! Courage, Germany—courage! What luck to-day?"

"Two scorpions and a karakurt," replied the dripping entomologist absent-mindedly as he took a wide-mouthed jar from its leather casing at his belt and held it up to the light. A black, gray-spotted spider, the size of a dollar, stood over the contorted bodies of the scorpions. Suddenly, with invisible rapidity, it flitted madly up and down the sides of the jar. "*Ach!* There's the capable little devil for you!" he commented fondly. "I put the scorpions in with the karakurt by mistake, and the scorpions—poor fellows!—probably died within a second of each other. One stab of that yellow saberlike tooth ——"

"Enough! *Mein Gott!*" interrupted the doctor, who pressed his fingers under his glasses as though to keep out distressing images. The doctor's antipathy to live spiders

had, entirely unknown to his companion, grown to be almost a pathological mania.

The Kara-Kum tries to kill white men in various ways. A great Russian painter, after spending months trying to reproduce the incandescent brilliance of the noonday sun, lost his mind. An American irrigation engineer, venturing up the Murghab River, collapsed from nausea caused by native tea made from the saline water of the wells, and was sent back to Krasnovodsk on a stretcher. Professor Petroff, however, was a veteran desert traveler, knew the Turkoman tongue, lived like a Turkoman, and loved the desert in all its majestic and awful moods.

The desert discovered the German's weak points in his tenuous nerves and queasy stomach. He had seen Rajab, that super-camel-driver, kneel on his *khalat*, facing Mecca, before departing for Merv, and beseech Allah to preserve him from the demon karakurt. Once he saw a flock of sheep, bleating with terror, rush on a scorpion and trample it to death with their hoofs. He never recovered from the shock of seeing his first live tarantula.

One evening the two men sat silently drinking tea, as usual, in the living room, when a tarantula as big as a basin crept up the stone wall of the cabin, paused on the window sill beside the lamp, and stared straight at the German with its lacquered eyes. The entomologist was elated.

"*Noo-ka*—our first visitor!" he rejoiced. "Excellent! Get the big forceps, *batinka*, and collect him!"

But the German's jaw sagged and he gasped:

"Collect him? *Mein Gott!* Get the ax!"

That night the doctor, sleeping under the stars, leaped from his sandy couch, screaming with fear, and fled, as though pursued by an army of Gargantuan spiders, down the long, wind-hardened, moonlit side of the dune. His fear of the poisonous insects caused him endless torment.

Had the entomologist known the nervous torture the daily performance of unloading the live spiders caused his companion, he would have found some way to spare him; but he did not know. The German never protested; and so the Russian continued to meet the doctor's perturbation with good-natured banter.

Professor Petroff passed into the kitchen and dragged the glass case into a stream of sunlight pouring in from the window. The karakurts were separated from the other spiders and the scorpions by a glass partition. The glass top was weighted down by a heavy ax. Within could be seen a moving mass of leaves, twigs, hairy legs and bodies, and the white, dry bones of lizards. The searching claws and mandibles squeaked against the glass. The insects, being cryptozoic and nocturnal, were stunned by the bright light and soon lay motionless.

The men knelt beside the case. The shuddering geologist removed the ax and lifted the lid quickly, while the professor dexterously transferred the karakurts, writhing at the end of his slender forceps, into the proper compartment.

"Imprisonment by order of the Czar and for the sake of humanity," said the Russian solemnly. "And many, many thanks, *batinka*."

"That's all right, Andrai Nicoli'tch," replied the German, rising and shaking beads of perspiration from his long nose and chin. "As your soldiers report at parade, 'All is well, Your Excellency, and very glad indeed to serve you.' "

The German, on returning to the laboratory, worked for a few moments before his neatly arranged rows of shining beakers, test tubes, thermometers, barometers, and canvas bags of sand, carefully tied and labeled, like hoarded gold. While replacing the water bag in the doorway, he noticed that the Russian had not drunk his morning's allowance.

"*Was ist?*" he inquired. "You have not drunk, *batinka?*"

"*Nitchevo*, Karl Karl'itch; no matter," explained the Russian. "I'll drink tea. You'll need a sprinkle to-day to get to sleep, with that head of yours. It's all right. I once caravaned three days on a single flask." The professor possessed a camel's capacity for liquids and the German knew it.

"There's only one remedy for you, *batinka*," said the Russian, "when you begin to see lakes chasing round among the dunes—and that is sleep. A wet sheet will do it."

By this time in the huge shallow crucible in which scientific theories and human endurance were alike being severely tested the hot winds were leaping through the door and windows of the *stanzia* like tongues of flame, and both men were driven to seek the anæsthesia of their noonday siesta. The Russian brought in the flat beaker of water from the sand, sprinkled in tea leaves, stirred the mixture with a test tube and poured it into two tin pails. These were tossed off without a gasp. Another cot was unfolded and the two placed side by side, each with a sheet over it. The men removed their clothes. The German lay down and the Russian drew the sheet over his cadaverous frame. The Russian then soaked his companion from head to foot with the water he had denied himself from the water bag. The doctor gasped with comfort and composed himself for slumber. The professor crawled under his own sheet.

"You're a real Christian, Andrai Nicoli'tch!" murmured the German. "Confound it! You Russians will some day teach the world ——"

"Sleep, *batinka*—for the love of Allah!" retorted the Russian. "Your sheet will dry in three minutes."

A few seconds of silence and again the doctor spoke:

"Why do those accursed things have to have bristles on their legs? If only they didn't have bristles ——"

"Peace, *batinka!*" pleaded the professor. "Try to sleep. Count sheep; say your prayers backward—anything—but sleep. You'll be all right by evening. And Rajab is due at sunrise with water."

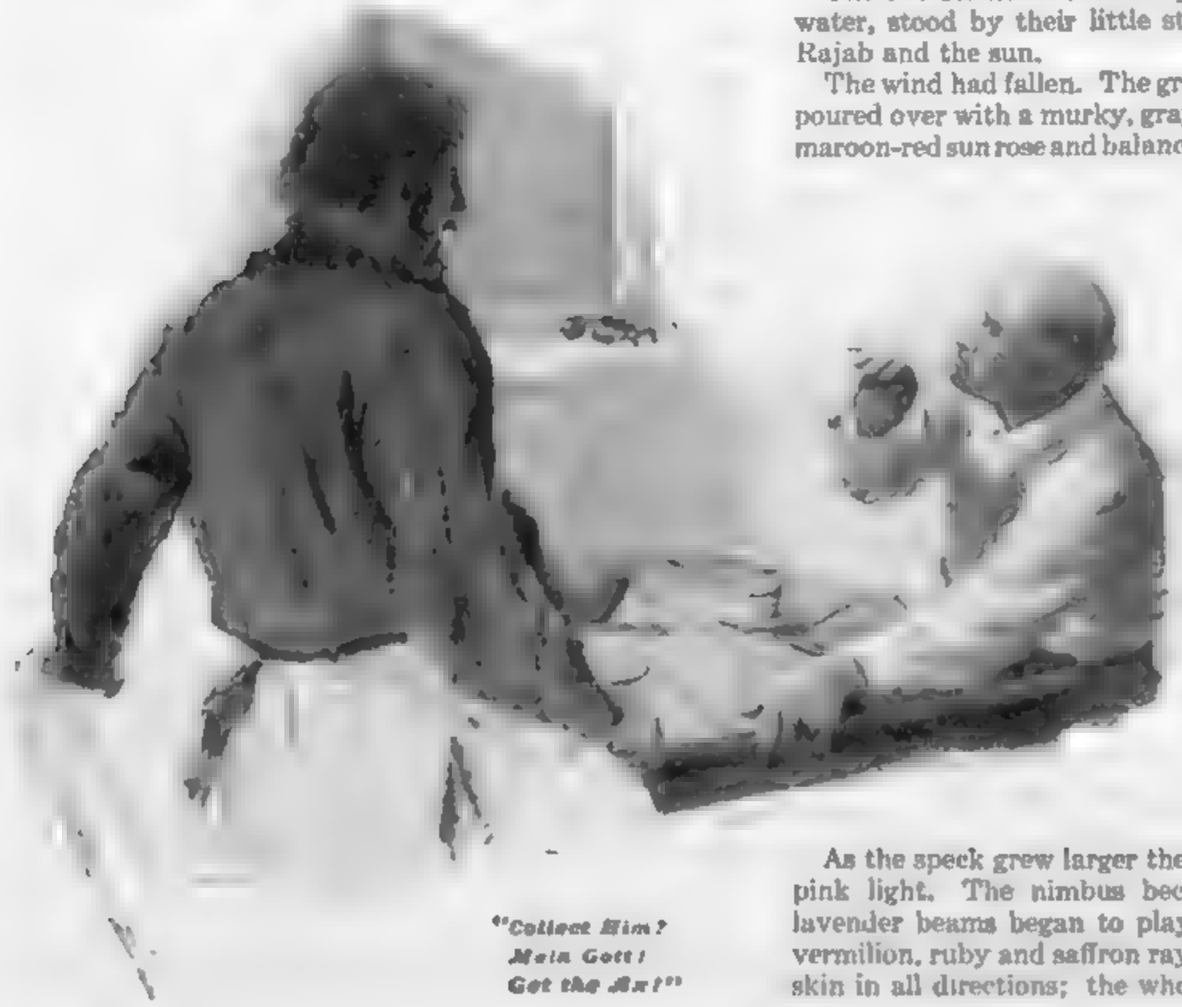
Another silence, which was broken once more by the doctor's "*Nun*, damn the desert!" After which their talking ceased.

Soon the two friends were snoring rhythmically to the symphonic accompaniment of the wind. The desert moaned like the faint, distant thunder of crashing seas. The wind demons, shrieking and wailing, chased each other over the foaming summits of the surrounding dunes, swooped with demoniac glee down into the great saucer, and bombarded the little cabin with multitudinous grains of sand. Through the purgatory of heat, until the cool of the evening, the two explorers slept.

That night they were further cooled and strengthened by several hours' slumber on the sand under the luminous sky. By morning the doctor was again fit—again eager to continue his work of collecting the geologic facts of the Kara-Kum.

The two scientists rose early and, being almost without water, stood by their little stone cabin and watched for Rajab and the sun.

The wind had fallen. The great saucer of naked sand was poured over with a murky, gray mist. Suddenly a gigantic, maroon-red sun rose and balanced itself on the rim of the saucer, half a mile away. To the anxious watchers it seemed like a transparent bag of squirming flames, slightly flattened at the top and bottom from the lateral pressure of its liquid contents. Not a ray of light was emitted when Rajab and his two camels appeared—a black speck—at the point where the bag touched the earth. Momentarily it seemed as though the flames would burst from their envelope and spill over the smooth declivity of tawny sand.



"Collect Him? Mein Gott! Get the Ax!"

As the speck grew larger the bag developed a nimbus of pink light. The nimbus became a thin scarlet flame; lavender beams began to play about the adjacent sand; vermilion, ruby and saffron rays gushed from the straining skin in all directions; the whole mass took fire. And, as the bag rose ponderously and with almost visible rapidity, a pathway of effulgent beauty was thrown before the swaying dromedaries, like a lane of moonlight on a summer sea.

"*Batinka*—the Kara-Kum!" announced the professor solemnly, as though awed by the contemplation of a divine mystery.

Exalted, thrilled with wonder, their clothes and bronzed faces splashed with ruddy reflections, the men looked at each other and silently clasped hands.

"*Schön! Schön!*" acquiesced the German. "What has Europe to offer in comparison with a sight like that?"

An instant later the huge bag was drained pale of all its colors; its outline was obliterated; the golden pathway melted; and, before the camels had reached the waiting explorers, the sun was lost in the illimitable reaches of a blinding, white-hot sky.

Rajab salaamed, hissed his great shaggy beasts to earth, spread green chunks of compressed cottonseed on a strip of tarpaulin beneath their noses, loosened the pack ropes, collapsed—exhausted—beside the wall of the station, and slept. Doctor Zelheim circled about the camels and lifted each sweating keg to see that none of the precious water had escaped. Professor Petroff rummaged in a sandproof sack of desiccated vegetables for the mail, remarking:

"*Noo*, let's see what's happening on the earth. If we don't glance at these papers now they'll lie untouched, like the last lot, and never be read."

He ran through all his pockets for his penknife, only to find that he had been passing it from one hand to the other.

"Well," he continued as he split open the cylinders of newspapers, "who cares about the idle prattle of diplomats and kings? *Nicht wahr?* If these journalists would only write about desert soils or insects, then we'd read them willingly—eh, *batinka?* But these precious empires, this childish pageantry of gilded thrones and—— *Postói!* What's this? 'Austria declares war against Servia—Germany at war with France and Russia—Belgium invaded by the Kaiser's troops—England about to——' Karl Karl'itch, *Bozhe moi!* Look at this! It isn't possible!"

The German removed his cork helmet, pushed his huge, round green glasses over his bare, learned dome, skimmed the black headlines, and muttered in dismay:

"*Mein Gott! Mein Gott im Himmel!*"

"This is war, my friend—war! And your nation and mine are throttling each other!" exclaimed the professor, shifting his position to escape the sun, which already scorched his shoulder. "Well, it's not our fault," he continued, mopping his glistening cheeks with a soiled handkerchief. "Why should we worry about the senseless and murderous ravages of another world? Surely we are far enough away—let them fight it out alone. And yet ——"

"Yet we are human, Andrai Nicoli'tch," interposed the German. "If your Fatherland and mine are in danger—— But wait! You are right. Why should a war make any difference in our relations—our emperors setting our peasants to murder each other! No; I do not believe in that congenital disease of diplomacy—that spawn of hate and ignorance called patriotism. Have you read your letters, Andrai Nicoli'tch?"

The men gathered up their mail and entered the laboratory. The geologist selected a letter from his home in Westphalia and began to read. His hands dropped to his sides. He stared at his companion, awed and incredulous.

"This is War, My Friend—War! And Your Nation and Mine are Throttling Each Other!"

"Oscar," he whispered intensely—"my son—Oscar has already left the university and gone to the front."

The German father, plunged in melancholy meditation, reluctant to finish the letter, gazed through the tiny prison-like window at the air, quivering with colorless tongues of flame.

The silence was soon broken by the Russian:

"Well, well! Kolya, my young brother-in-law—the rascal—has left the Corps of Pages and has volunteered! An aid's secretary! *Ech!* A bit wild that lad; he's out to see the fun."

The militant and exultant tone of the home letters filled the explorers too full of confused emotions for further speech. They ate their breakfast of sun-dried crusts, drank a pail of tea each, gathered up their instruments and trudged to the dunes in opposite directions.

Far out on a wind-threshed crest of swirling sand the geologist knelt by a row of thermometers, which gleamed in the brilliant sun like a row of polished daggers. The green underside of his helmet, his green glasses and blue army shirt made violent spots of color amid the ashen desolation. He jotted down a few figures in a leather-covered notebook taken from his hip pocket, sank into the yielding sand, and pressed his hands to his thin seal-brown cheeks to protect them from the pain of the wind. He gazed over the desert, plunged in thought.

War! While suffering the agonies of desert exile the doctor had kept ever in the background of his mind the cool, green picture of the cottage home, in picturesque Minden, which framed the personalities of his invalid wife and his stalwart, high-spirited son. He had braved the blasting heat, the torturing, unslakable thirst and the terrors of insects that he might minister to that wife; that he might pay for the schooling of that son. How often he had yearned to return to them, to rest, to study at home in peace and security! Now the Fatherland had entered on a career of death and destruction, and his own son was one of the first——

The desert never seemed to him so terrible as it did that morning while waiting for the second reading of his instruments. He stared gloomily at the endless ranks of sand hills and felt himself lost on a shipless, sculptured sea, the tawny, cycle-like combers of which were halted in their mad haste to reach the distant white horizon. He thought with horror of the numberless caravans that had been shipwrecked on those uncharted waves and whelmed in a ponderous and awful burial. "If only there was a bit of color—a tree—a bush!" he thought.

The hot, mica-laden wind smote his cheeks, turning them to sandpaper. It blew foaming clouds from the racing crests and loosened tons of sand, which slid in avalanches to the gullies below. Perspiration poured from his gaunt body, draining it of its strength, and dried instantly in his sweat-stiffened clothes. At this last appalling intimation of his danger a panic of fear that he should never escape from the desert alive laid hold of him; he recalled that he had engaged in the mad adventure at the invitation of his colleague, and found himself nourishing his first enmity toward him.

Death stalked about him everywhere in visible forms. Dropping his eyes to the rippled surface of the sand he followed the delicate tracings left by the claws, tails and integuments of lizards and insects. His eye traced the curious windings of an erratic line stippled on each side with a pretty pattern of tiny footprints. The trail of a huge lizard! He shuddered. The windings suddenly became more acute; the line disappeared, showing that the tail had been raised in flight; the footprints deepened and were separated by wide intervals—evidence that the lizard had been fleeing.

The geologist grew morbidly curious to read to the end of the record written so vividly in the sand. He rose and followed the trail of the lizard's flight. With a thrill of horror he detected a lane of scattered stipple marks, twelve inches across, approaching the crazy markings left by the lizard. A tarantula in pursuit of its prey! Farther along the two trails met, and all the tiny footprints were commingled in inextricable and tragic confusion.

The doctor pictured in his heated brain the scene of that miniature battle of the desert. As he imagined the long, steel-blue fangs sinking into the lizard's flabby neck and discharging their poisoned mucus, he sprang to his feet, exclaiming aloud: "Petroff's spiders must be killed! Why should we add another risk to our lives by having those cursed insects scratching and crawling about?"

The geologist returned to the cabin. He lifted his legs smartly in a goose step; the sand was now stove-hot and burned through the soles of his boots. Rajab, waiting for night to begin his return journey to Merv, lay, like a bundle of colored rags, asleep between the bellies of his two camels, over whose humps he had stretched a strip of canvas. Professor Petroff, already returned, stood trouserless before his dissecting table, pouring a dipper of water over his head, soaking his clothes, and emitting porcine grunts of comfort. The reek of chemicals rose from freshly skewered lizards on the table.

As the German witnessed this ceremony of ablution he was for the first time sensible of a feeling of disgust. The sight of the water bedraggling the unshorn hair, plastering the faded *rubashka* against the obese outlines, and trickling down the thin, hairy shanks into the unlaced shoes, forced him to say to himself: "How uncouth of him!" He recalled the "War Against the Barbarians!" proclaimed in the headlines read that morning.

"Well, even the best of these Russians are but barbaric children at heart," he thought; "and I am living with a Tartar after all." He knelt by the water bag, squeezed up a long draught, pulled off his boots, and reported mechanically: "Maximum in sun to-day one hundred and sixty-five—a record!"

"*Ach*, so!" replied the dripping professor, bending over his lizards. "Caught three karakurts this morning!"

The doctor sank on a stool, mopped his streaming head and face, and complained: "Andrai Nicoli'tch, we've got to get rid of those insects. *Ved*, I'm afraid of them. I really am. That colony will get loose on us yet. It's the one contingency we're not prepared for."

The professor turned his streaming countenance on his colleague and explained petulantly: "*Mein lieber Doktor*, in the preservation of that colony rest the peace and security of five million subjects of the Czar. What time have I to experiment with them here? I've got to take them home. They can't eat through the glass, can they? Don't be a damned coward! Still, if you wish, here is a jar of aconite."

He proceeded with his work, grunting contemptuously. A sense of pity for his companion's timorousness arose within him. That morning he unloaded his spiders alone.

Rajab was dispatched at nightfall on his long journey to the railroad after being ordered to return with water and the mail. Two days were allowed him to rest in Merv.

The scientists that evening drank tea, as usual, in the cool breeze by the window in the bare living room, and pored over their newspapers. The Russian passed the German papers to his companion; the German reciprocated. They read for three hours. The occasional rustling of the papers, the water thumping convulsively against the sides of the samovar, and the intermittent scratching and scurrying of the insects alone varied the plangent booming of the desert.

The dim yellow light from the oil lamp set on the stone window ledge made Rembrandt portraits of the two men. The Russian's small, fat, sun-blackened head and peasant shirt, unbuttoned over the hairy chest, gave him a truculent and piratical look. By his plate lay a long, gleaming pair of delicate nippers. These he used from time to time to capture a beetle or scarab that blundered against the lamp chimney and dropped, stunned and kicking, on the sill. These gratuitous specimens he mechanically deposited in an aconite jar hanging at his belt.

The Russian Struggled to Reach the German's Throat

The light illumined the German's smooth-shaved face, made lean, delicate and melancholy by a life of intellectual toil. A three-cornered saber cut showed red under his right eye. He wore a clean silk shirt, open at the neck. The smoke from his evening cigar drifted lazily in clouds from his lips toward the lamp and whisked upward in its hot draft.

The ringing challenge contained in the phrasing of the dispatches recording the preliminary feats of arms; the perfervid editorials couched in the forgotten patriotic phrases of school histories; the eloquent philippics inciting to hate and revenge by a one-sided recital of suffering endured and crimes committed—absorbed perusal of these intellectual atrocities infected the explorers with their hellebore of blind prejudice.

Doctor Zelheim finally laid aside his paper, gazed moodily into the purple profundity of the night and mused, half to himself: "*Ach!* To think that Germany has inspired and educated the world only to be rewarded with the hate of jealous enemies! To think that civilized peoples interpret her struggle for a place in the sun as a determination to subjugate the world!"

The professor glanced up uneasily, pulled his clothes up about his stomach, combed his scraggly beard thoughtfully with his fat fingers, and retorted:

"*Noo*, Karl Karl'itch; one must use such words with caution. Germany has had many inspirations—some good; some of questionable value. Take militarism, for example."

The newspapers had provoked a desire for argument. The passionate poison of patriotism, which dissolves international friendships—that dearest social achievement of modern life—unhinges the intellects of veteran philosophers and makes a heathen mockery of God, had entered the peaceful and friendly souls of the old comrades serving the Czar in the Kara-Kum. They began with professions of neutrality.

"*Da, da*, my dear Andrai Nicoli'tch!" retorted the doctor uneasily. He observed the courtesy they often affected of addressing each other in the other's tongue. He rose and began pacing the floor in his bare feet. "Militarism—you may well demand an explanation of Germany's militarism; but, *ved*, what is the good of raising these problems here? Let us be neutral. These issues, though supported by millions of soldiery, cannot affect us. We are separated from yonder scenes of blood by an empire, a sea, and a thousand miles of uninhabitable desert. No! Our home is here. We cannot hate each other.

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"*Das ist recht*," acquiesced the professor. "*Ja;* we are neutral. With all its torments I have learned to love the desert. The spectacular sunrises; the secrets of insect life subtly written on the palimpsest surface of the dunes; the hircine smell of the camels; the weird music of the Sart shepherds by night along the Amur—this is my kingdom, my country. And you, Karl Karl'itch, are my fellow citizen and brother. Why, in heaven's name, should I hate you because you were born in Germany and I in Russia? *Ach, Unfug!* I shall forget what your emperor has done; let him draw his sword to dispel the dear and just dreams of millions of Slavs. I tell you, such unholy and criminal —— *Bozhe moi!* What am I saying? These papers have scattered my wits."

The German ceased his pacing, clasped his hands behind his back, and gazed at his companion. "Childlike as ever!" he thought to himself pityingly. He turned on his bare heel and continued to walk to and fro, his steps growing faster as his pity gave way to genuine indignation.

After a few moments of tense silence Professor Petroff continued. He felt laid on him a sacred duty to defend something. He yearned to explain why millions of his countrymen were marching, singing, to their deaths. He knew! Alas, that the Motherland should be so misunderstood! He told how that morning he had wandered aimlessly over the dunes meditating on the scenes of rapine and murder on which the curtain had rung up in Belgium and Serbia.

"Men will be slaughtered under the shadow of universities and to the ringing of cathedral bells," he declared. "Thousands of women and children will be left to starve and freeze and weep—Karl Karl'itch, your son has gone out to slay my brother-in-law! If only we did not know! If only these cursed papers had not come! We are human; and when our native lands are in danger ——"

"All friendly ties, except those of patriotism, crumble to dust," concluded the German.

"But," pursued the Russian, "surely you will agree with me that it is Germany's militarism and her warlike emperor that have created this danger to Europe."

"*Mein lieber Herr Professor*," said the German, "you do not understand. Germany's army, I assure you, is merely a defensive one. The Kaiser is the most peaceful ruler in Europe. But look at Russia's rapacity and lust for empire, as illustrated in the Balkans, Persia, Mongolia and the Far East. Her early mobilization showed distinctly ——"

"Early mobilization—*pfui!*" laughed the Russian. "Pure sophistry, my friend—a silly assumption. For forty years Germany has been mobilizing to force this war down the throats of peaceful nations!"

Thus the arguments continued through the night. Nothing was settled. The minds and sympathies of the debaters grew farther and farther apart.

Toward morning the Russian scooped up an armful of Russian papers, hurled them at his companion and challenged:

"There! Read and learn the truth!"

"The truth? Pah!" scorned the German as he swept the newspapers to the floor, a plate and saucer crashing along with them. "Those papers are a pack of lies! Lies! Do you hear, sir? There's no truth in a Russian. The whole world knows that."

"And I suppose those sheets of yours are documents of incontestable accuracy—eh?" leered the Russian. "Here! Give me one of the damned things." He seized a paper from under his companion's hand, jerked it to shreds and hurled it out the window. "Some more scraps of paper for your precious, cowardly diplomats!" he challenged. He worked his fat fingers with rage, leaned belligerently over the table, and exploded: "To hell with Germany!"

During the ensuing ten days' wait for the caravan mannerisms that had hitherto been ignored or kindly indulged began to embitter the explorers. Their words stung with sarcasm.

The Russian's dangling sleeves exasperated the German until he yearned to seize them and cut them off with a knife. The unshorn black hair covering the Russian's ears, and the bedraggled mustache, curving into his mouth and interfering with his eating and drinking, fascinated the German with a mania of disgust.

"Why, the man is a pig!" he kept repeating to himself. "No wonder he can't understand anything. He is a pig."

The Russian, well aware now of the German's hysterical fear of the spiders, handled them sullenly without the other's assistance.

"I never dreamed I had come into the desert with an old woman," he commiserated himself. Indulging a fiendish desire to frighten his companion, he left jars of live spiders, as though by accident, on the German's cot or beside his plate at table. "I'll give him a good scare," he consoled himself; "perhaps it will cure him. I shall certainly have to cure the old fool."

The two friends had become enemies.

The ten days were up. Again Rajab led his dromedaries over the rim of the great saucer, anchored them before the *stanzia*, sank exhausted in the shade, and slept. The explorers sullenly searched for their mail. A letter tumbled out on the sand. The German picked it up and glanced at the address. It was for him! He tore open the envelope and glanced at the writing. His narrow shoulders sank forward as though a bullet had flicked through his lungs; his neck bones rose and fell convulsively; he reeled, gasping:

"My son—my son Oscar is wounded; my wife begs me to return!"

Without replying, the professor ran anxiously through his letters. He learned that his brother-in-law had lost a leg at Eydtkuhnen.

The explorers decided to return to Merv the following evening.

That night, between the lamp and the samovar, they reread their letters and newspapers. Each brooded over the dispatches from his own country in silence. The conjurations to patriotism and the countless justifications for hatred filled each with a sense of peculiar superiority. They wearied of the newspapers and cast them aside. They yearned to talk, yet feared to begin. Desire for sleep fled. The minutes slipped by. The German's thin lips trembled against his cigar; the Russian sipped endless glasses of hot tea.

The doctor thought to himself, as he heard the entomologist drink his tea, that human endurance could no longer tolerate such an indecent and disgusting performance. The Russian drank his beloved beverage after the manner of his countrymen. He flooded his saucer, bit off a piece of sugar, raised the saucer, shoved his elbows among the dishes, and sucked up the tea audibly through his bedraggled mustache, allowing it to become sweetened as it passed over his tongue. The doctor heard saucer after saucer disappear in this fashion until he could endure it no longer. He snorted.

Professor Petroff looked up sharply. The men gazed into each other's eyes in challenging solemnity. They were vibrant with unrelieved passions—choking with a desire to cry out their grief, galled with a sense of being offended, secretly maligned, basely misunderstood. Their heat-weakened, poorly nourished bodies could offer no effective resistance to the disintegrating tide of passions that was engulfing them.

"One would scarcely think," said the professor with a show of dignity, "that a father who had a son wounded in as noble a cause as Germany's would indulge in merriment."

"You are hopeless, Andrai Nicoli'tch—absolutely hopeless!" retorted the German. With an angry gesture he hurled a half-smoked cigar out the window. Its yellow glow traced a graceful parabola in the dark and struck the sand with a tiny explosion of sparks. "Why, in heaven's name, do you drink tea in that unspeakably barbarous fashion?"

"Barbarous!" exclaimed the Russian, bristling. "Well, look at those obscene toes of yours sticking above the table! I suppose you call that the refinement of courtly elegance—eh?"

The doctor, as was his custom, had pulled off his Russian boots, leaned against the window sill so that the cool night breeze might fan his blistered neck, and crossed his legs. One naked foot showed above the tabletop. The German returned to the attack.

"This unique spiritual culture which Russia is to give to the world, Herr Professor—do you suppose it can in any way possibly increase the number of barbers in your country or in any way stimulate its laundry business? Tell me that!"

"Well, Russians may be unshaven and dirty; but I can inform you, sir, they are not cowards. No Russian would tremble like a schoolgirl at sight of a spider. *Ech*, thou German! Ho, ho!" The Russian's avoirdupois shook with forced, ugly laughter.

"Laugh if you must," said the doctor as though in pain; "but, for God's sake, not like that. Oh, how savage you are!"

"If I am savage, *Mein Herr*, you have made me so. Your blood-and-iron Germany, too, has turned our God-fearing, gentle peasants into savages. *Ja, ja!* And, with their faith in God and the Czar to inspire them, these same simple peasants will sweep your dastard Germany ——"

"*Herr!* Stop!" The German sucked in his cheeks, clenched his fists and towered over the Russian. "You are going too far."

Again the Russian chuckled commiseratingly.

"Hee-hee! The old Kaiserite is afraid of me!" he said, half to himself.

"You spider fiend!"

"You—femule!"

The quarrel proceeded. Midnight came and went. Weaknesses and temperamental failings which each hugged to his soul in shame were dragged into the light and ridiculed with sarcastic elaborations. Reason gave way to a mania of enmity. They could not bring their talk to an end.

The German finally drew off his clothes, it being his custom to dampen his skin before going to sleep. Professor Petroff's little eyes viewed the lank, white, big-boned figure of the geologist with utter contempt.

"A skeleton like that is scarcely worth washing," he chuckled.

"Well," retorted the doctor, hopping about on one leg, with the other caught in his trousers, "I can't exactly—imagine you—rivaling—Venus—with that ——"

He collided with a small wooden tub, lost his balance, and dropped into it.

The Russian roared his amusement. The German picked himself up, banged the tub into the middle of the floor, and swore at his tormentor:

"*Du Rindskopf!*" The insult gushed ominously through his clenched teeth.

He fetched a bag of water, brought that morning from Merv, and began to pour its contents into the tub. Recalling that they were to return on the morrow and, judging that there was no reason for economizing with the water, he decided to have a real bath.

"Enough there, old woman!" commanded the professor sharply. "We'll need that water to wash the glass apparatus. Stop!"

The doctor continued defiantly to empty the bag. Mad with rage, the entomologist lurched to his feet, strode to the center of the little room and shoved the German backward sprawling on the floor. The bag dropped, upset the tub and gurgled out its precious contents.

The doctor scrambled to his feet. Scarlet flushes of excitement and anger stained his pale chest.

"*Herr!*" he roared. "*Um Gotteswillen*, have a care!"

The two men faced each other like beasts. The tendons of the spare, wasted body of the German jerked taut as though shocked by electricity; his head was drawn erect; his eyes flashed with wounded pride; his cheeks purpled with mingled colors and sank against his teeth; the scar beneath his right eye whitened.

As he beheld the crouching figure of the Russian his soul, as naked as his body, filled with mounting ferocity.

The Russian's small, twinkling eyes, perspiring black skin, glistening beneath the sparse hair, and dangling sleeves, making the arms seem preternaturally long, gave him the aspect of an ape.

With loathing and terror the German struck out with his huge, bony fist, crying:

"*Du Schwein! Du Schwein!*"

They grappled. The Russian, who, like most of his race, was capable of an effort of supreme energy when roused, lifted his assailant from the floor and attempted to break his back over the tub. He slipped on the wet boards, and together Russian and German dropped, kicking and clutching, to the floor. Over and over they rolled toward the inner wall of the cabin. The Russian struggled to reach the German's throat; but the naked man's body was so slippery with the water and perspiration that he found himself clinging desperately to but one leg.

The German half rose and attempted to kick his leg free, but slipped again and crashed, groaning, to the floor. Whining piteously and inarticulately, like a wounded

animal, the Russian strove to break the German's toes with his hairy fingers.

The naked scientist screamed with pain, crashed his head against the wall, flung out his arms in agony and touched the ax which was resting on the insect colony in a dark corner. Instantly he seized the ax, lifted its red blade in the dark, deliberately aimed it at the head of the Russian, and struck. The Russian saw his danger and dodged. The weapon thudded into the soft floor, half an inch from his ear.

Both men rose, clinched savagely, tripped, and fell crashing against the glass case containing the insects. The case was overturned and spilled its hideous contents on the floor.

The entomologist first sensed the new danger. He loosed his grasp of the German and scrambled to his feet, crying out like a man finding his house in flames:

"The insects! The insects! *Dolói!*"

Seeing the German still on his back, he instinctively seized one of his arms and jerked him to his feet. Both leaped into the far corner of the room and faced about.

The sight they beheld affrighted their souls. Chills coursed up and down their legs; their jaws hung with horror; their sinews petrified, leaving them paralyzed.

In the dim light they beheld the terrorized colony of spiders and scorpions racing madly hither and thither over the floor and white-plastered walls and ceilings. The great black falangas and tarantulas, pausing here and there in their flight, made the white walls leprous with revolting eruptions. The yellow-white scorpions in the obscurity of the corners, brandishing their flexible, fang-tipped tails, hungrily investigated cracks and knotholes. The deadly karakurts flitted about invisibly in the dark.

The entomologist gradually collected his wits. The helpless plight of his nude companion roused him to action.

"Never mind the tarantulas—look out for the karakurts! You can't see them—the small, black, gray-spotted fellows. Keep moving, *batinka!*"

The doctor groaned, bent over, and began frantically to lay about his feet and fan his bald head with his hands. The professor seized a chair from the table, placed it in the middle of the room, cried, "Here; this chair—up, quick!" and leaped to the door.

Too late. In their first fright they had forgotten the door. Now it was alive with the searching, white bodies of the scorpions, and the entomologist knew that the human odor about the knob had drawn the karakurts.

Scarcely had the professor realized their tragic predicament when his blood was curdled by a piteous moan from the doctor. Facing about, he beheld the geologist leaning over, gazing fixedly at a giant tarantula which was inspecting him from the edge of the table beside the lamp. The insect was twice the size of a dinner plate. Its black body, as large as a rat, was hairless, succulent, and maculated with fiery red spots. Its steely eyes glittered from a monkey face of fur. By turns it lifted its bristled, spreading legs as meditating a spring.

Spider and doctor hypnotically contemplated each other. The Russian instantly understood the German's mental paralysis of fear. He must save him—the geologist was naked and helpless. He must do what he could, and that quickly. If a karakurt should attack either of them ——

He detected another tarantula hanging from the ceiling directly over the doctor's bare back. He saw it loosening its legs as though to drop.

"*Batinka!*" he cried sharply, smiling in spite of himself. "For the love of Allah, what are you doing? This is no time to make eyes—look out! Overhead!"

The warning came too late. The tarantula fell and struck, with a thump, on the doctor's naked shoulders. Before it could right itself, however, the professor swept it to the floor. The doctor's knees collapsed and he tottered, moaning.

The professor presented his back and the German toppled over on him. The rescuer pinched the German's flesh to rouse him, cried to him to hold tight, staggered across the floor with his awkward burden, picked up the ax, swung it over his shoulder and crashed it against the door.

The Russian danced about on his short legs to keep off the insects. Grunting with each blow, he drove the heavy red ax blade against the door again and again. The naked German clung desperately to his neck, shut his eyes against the flitting insects, and worked his long legs in the air like the prongs of a mechanical hayrake.

The catch was finally torn from the molding, and the Russian with his human burden reeled through the laboratory and out on the moonlit desert. He staggered several yards from the cabin and plunged precipitately into a drift of sand.

Both men sat up and gazed at each other, panting, stupefied from the astonishment of their miraculous delivery.

Suddenly the Russian clasped his right arm with his left hand. He rubbed it frantically with his fingers. He bent over it. Then, in a voice compounded of terror and failing consciousness, he announced:

"Karl Karl'itch, I'm bit—here—my forearm. A karakurt must have run up the ax handle ——"

"Andrai! Andrai, what are you saying? A karakurt?"

"Yes, a karakurt, *batinka*—a karakurt!"

The German seized his companion's arm in an agony of concern.

"It can't be!" he cried. "It can't—here; let me see!"

The geologist grasped the infected arm. A little mound of swelling just below the elbow was clearly visible. He glanced despairingly at the dark blot of the cabin. He had no time to get a knife. Instant removal of the infected part was the only antidote for a karakurt's mortal bite.

"Here—right here, *batinka*," moaned the wounded man. "In Christ's name, *batinka*, help me! Can't you get a knife? Can't you ——"

"Andrai—Andrai, there isn't time. *Mein Gott! Mein Gott*, what shall I ——"

"Your teeth, *batinka*," whispered the sufferer—"your —— Oh, my dear, don't let me—die! Don't let me ——"

The first convulsions of tetanic spasm cut short his words. The German saw his companion's head and spine arch slowly backward, his limbs grow rigid. The staring eyes pleaded dumbly with him to save his life. Soon his companion would be a corpse, swollen beyond recognition, unless—there was left this one possible remedy. If he should braise his lips or the membrane of his mouth this remedy would mean death to himself. He never hesitated. He bent over his comrade in the spectral moonlight and laid his teeth to the wound.

The pain disrupted the temporary trance of the sufferer and relaxed his tortured muscles. He sat up and beheld the doctor clasping his right elbow with his left hand, wiping his lips on his naked biceps. He held up his own arm and saw the clean wound, bleeding freely, pouring out the poison from his veins.

Weak from the strain he had passed through, soothed by the voluptuous, narcotic effect of the poison, the Russian, delirious with gratitude at finding himself alive and safe, fell on the neck of his German companion, passionately kissed his shoulders and chest, and murmured, with hysterical sobs of emotion:

"Christ save thee, Karl Karl'itch! Thanks! Thanks, Karl Kar —— Oh, my darling, I'm alive!"

Myriads of stars, trembling like yellow candleflames, diapered the low vault of the bright sky. From a thousand miles away, faintly scented winds, drifting from sea and from forest, soothed the weary explorers. The great cathedral of the Kara-Kum was filled with the soundless music of an immutable and sublime peace.

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MARRYING A MEAL TICKET

(Continued from Page 15)

Notwithstanding all this the Kid well knew that he was in no position to make any overt assault on the strong box; and he had daydreams, particularly on those sultry August afternoons, when visions of the big race meeting at Saratoga would not down. Instead of eating at the long table in the cook tent the Kid could not help picturing the spectacle of Paragon Pete and himself discussing the merits of broiled black bass out at the Indians' Resort or reveling in a banquet of the succulent softshells down at the Bay.

It was well enough to say that the show was all his, but the Kid could never bring himself into a state of mind where he regarded his proprietary interest as an available asset. Certainly it was nothing to the free-and-easy, haphazard way of living he had been used to, with the marvelous possibilities ever before him that some day a boob would walk through the race-track gate with more money than gorgeous Midas ever dreamed of, and spread the coin with the reckless abandon of a drunken sailor!

And then, after the meeting at the Spa there would be Futurity Day at the Bay, with thirty thousand possible subscribers piling through the gates and elbowing each other about the betting ring. What a harvest it usually was for the Singin' Kid and Paragon Pete! He had not seen the latter since the fateful happening of his wedding day, and he wondered what old Paragon was doing and how fared the battle with his sometime partner.

Every day of his life the Kid borrowed or bought a metropolitan paper. Horses that he liked and jockeys that he had followed since their maiden efforts were winning races. Long shots that he would have supported to the extent of his available funds were cantering home in front; and stories of big winnings at the Clubhouse seemed to be part and parcel of each morning's literary output.

The Singin' Kid could not help calling to mind the hosts of tired city business men he had seen sitting for hours battling with the tiger, or pushing important stacks of yellow chips all over the roulette layout. As compared with these things purgatory had no terrors for the Kid. In body, of course, he sat round the front door of the circus and watched the patrons of tented attractions filtering through; but in spirit he was far, far away, where the swift rataplan of racers' hoofs was making the only melody that stood for classic accomplishment to the Kid's ears.

Occasionally a little excitement broke the monotony. Some optimistic backwoods farmer would back his team against the strong woman; but the wagers were usually small and did not come up to anything like what was expected when Mademoiselle Mazurka was traveling with the bigger show and playing towns where the possibilities were greater.

But the Kid pondered and pondered until his brain evolved a scheme and his education in many other respects was progressing rapidly. It was impossible for his wife to stay round the front door at all times. She took part herself in more than half the acts that were staged, and it was necessary that she be on hand to perform her professional duties. Whenever she was absent the Kid pocketed as much of the receipts as he thought he could purloin with safety; and, in order to take no chances of discovery, he buried the results of his looting under the straw in the hippopotamus' cage.

The latter was probably the only animal carried by the show for which Mademoiselle Mazurka had an aversion. The blood-sweating behemoth of Holy Writ, therefore, became the custodian of the Kid's stepping-stones to liberty. Many a night he feigned slumber while he furtively watched the wife of his bosom making an inventory of the goods, chattels and valuables to be found in the pockets of his wearing apparel. So far as that lady was concerned, it was love's labor lost.

But in an evil hour, and as he would say himself, the Kid stubbed his toe. One of the canvas men had rolled a rube for a big yellow diamond. The Kid regarded it with envy and finally became its possessor, exchanging therefor two hundred dollars. He was standing at the front door taking tickets when Mademoiselle Mazurka came along. With hypnotic eye she took swift cognizance of the jewel decorating his shirt bosom. Then she snapped out, and it seemed as though her words were bitten off by a rat trap.

"Where'd you get that rock, Kid?" she queried with hostile demonstrations. "No lyin' now, you pink-eyed misfit! Come clean!"

"I f-f-found it," stammered the Kid, sparring for second wind.

"Yep," she retorted; "you found it all right, all right—didn't you, Kid? Sure you did! If them shifty eyes of yours was set wider apart in your head you could find something you wasn't lookin' fer at all, at all. Why, Kid, do you know what I think about you?"

"You're liable to think most anything, Maudie," hazarded the Kid, manifesting for the first time a spirit of resentment.

"You bet I am!" responded the lady firmly. "I think you're such a boob that if you was put in a boat at th' Golden Gate you couldn't find th' ocean! You jus' stick round and see what happens to you. I suppose you're getting hep to them wise Mikes an' graven images that's trailin' th' show. Why ——"

But the Singin' Kid had stiffened up; it dawned on him that if he was ever going to assert himself the psychological moment had arrived.

"Go on, woman!" he growled with all the dignity he could muster. "Get on back where you belong in th' dressin' tent, an' come out an' do your turn when th' equestrian director blows his whistle. I want you to know here an' now that I'm the owner of every hair in every horse's tail in this outfit; and, what's more, after I let you take every jitney that come through th' main entrance"—this latter with a manifestation of righteous indignation—"after all that, just because I was lucky enough to find a little old yellow rock that some hick left on th' lot, yer bawl me out as if I was a towner that couldn't spell horse!"

The Singin' Kid wheeled round and folded his arms, assuming the air of a man who had been the innocent victim of calumny; but here again Mademoiselle Mazurka demonstrated her ability to meet any condition that might arise.

"That's all right, all right, Kid," she purred, and her voice trailed away into what real story-writers call soft cadences. "If you say so, it's all right, Kid. And you're my man, Kid, and don't you never think I'm a-goin' to let a little old yeller headlight come between us. Anything you say goes, Kid—you betcher! I was only talkin' for your own good."

Right there and then the strongest woman in the world, the female Hercules, the mastodonic and marvelous Junoesque female Samson, walked right over and put both arms round the Kid's neck and kissed him.

It may have been mere fancy, but it seemed to the latter that he felt a tear of contrition trickling down his wishbone; and the incident left him floundering deeper than ever amid the contradictions and crotchets and quavers of the eternal feminine.

IV

AS THE circus journeyed through the Middle Western States business continued to prosper; and, notwithstanding the fact that the Singin' Kid had, in various ways, depleted the daily receipts to the total extent of something over two thousand dollars, the profit balance on hand was sufficient to warrant Mademoiselle Mazurka in purchasing a brace of baby elephants.

The latter addition to the entourage of the show was accomplished in the face of strenuous objection from the Kid.

"Them bulls will eat as much as a whole stable of race horses, won't they, Maudie?" he protested. "An' when we go into winter quarters they'll be a terrible drag on th' bank roll. Supposin' we pass 'em up?"

The Kid had other designs, which he was not confiding to anyone, much less to the forceful Mademoiselle Mazurka.

"There never was nor never will be a real circus without elephants," replied the lady in a manner indicating that she had thoroughly made up her mind on the subject irrespective of anything her husband might say. "Fred Hutchinson used to say that you could run a circus without elephants just the same as you could run it without clowns; but don't forget, Kid, that a elephant grows into money, even if he does eat. Ten years from now them baby bulls,

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broke to a fast act, will be worth five thousand dollars apiece."

"Uh-huh!" droned the Singin' Kid sourly. Profits to be taken ten years from date had no charms for him.

But at Nodville, Iowa, the Fates seemed to have arranged matters so that the Kid could see the dawn of a to-morrow. It was early morning and the canvas men were still at work on the big top when a shock-headed individual with blue jeans stuffed into a pair of cowhide boots, and clearly of the farmer type, made his appearance and sought the manager.

"Where's that strong woman?" he inquired. "Is she still challengin' th' world when it comes to pullin' agin a pair of hosses?"

"Sure!" chortled the Kid. "You betcher she is! Anything goes, money or marbles; th' limit from th' sidewalk to th' ceilin'."

"Well," drawled the farmer, "I hev a team here that ain't never been outpulled. Them hosses hev win every contest at every logrollin' bee an' barnraisin' in this section of Ioway."

"You got th' chance of a lifetime now," bantered the Kid; "an' it's a good time to climb aboard an pull in th' gangplank, brother. How much did you say you was willin' to gamble on them goats of yours?"

The farmer scratched his head.

"I dunno," he returned. "I don't want to scare you circus folks to death, but I've got lots of confidence in my horses an' I ain't no piker. How would any part of ten thousand suit you?"

"Hush up, man! Hush up! Don't be so liberal with your language," parried the Kid, who was for the moment nonplused. The man spoke with considerable earnestness, but at the same time the Kid could not realize that so willing a victim, with so much real money, would be prepared to bet it. It all seemed too good to be true. "I'm busy this mornin'," he continued. "When we get th' big top up I'll have plenty of time to play round. Come and see me—if you ain't as crazy as you are now."

"I thought as much," shot back the farmer. "Everybody told me that the challenge you published in th' papers wuz all bunko; they said I'd be just wastin' my time comin' round to try to get a match. An', from th' way you talk, I know now that I was rightly informed. I'd be lucky if I could win enough off of you folks to buy horsefeed while I'm in town. But if you think I ain't got it, what does this look like?"

The man dug down in the deep pocket of his blue-jean overalls and drew forth a roll of bank notes. It was a display of affluence that would have made a sensation anywhere, much more in the vicinity of the Singin' Kid. With careless thumb he turned them over. They were all of large denominations—hundreds, fifties, and a few five-hundred-dollar bills. The Kid's fingers itched; and a panoramic view of a table crowned with soft-shell crabs, of head-and-head finishes, and of a real summer of roses and wine flitted by in rapid review.

"I didn't know there was that much money in Ioway!" he exclaimed. "Did you make it yourself, brother?"

"Every dollar of it!" retorted the other. "Every dollar of it—made it out of fat cattle, and corn that broke records to the acre. Do you feel like as though you want to gather any of it? If so, help yourself."

"You're the kind of sport I like to see," attested the Singin' Kid; "but I don't carry that kind of money round with me before breakfast. Wait till we open up th' wagon and I'll give you a run for it. You can stick round a little, can't you?"

"Ain't got nothin' to do that I know of," acquiesced the other. "I'll stay here till you holler enough; but don't go to foolin' me. I mean business"

"No danger! No danger! You just wait a little while," returned the Kid as he hurried away. "I'll be back just as soon as I can get my wife to open up th' safe."

He darted into the dressing tent, where Mademoiselle Mazurka was just arranging her wardrobe.

"Say, Maudie," he exclaimed excitedly, "there's an angel out there in front of th' horse tent. He flew right into th' coop his own self, Maudie, an' he's got ten thousand dollars; I seen it—real money! He wants to bet that his team can pull you all over th' lot. Hurry up, Maudie, and slip me th' roll before His Craziness flies away. Honest to Gawd! I can't believe it. If you think I'm dreamin' stick a pin in me an' wake me up."

Mademoiselle Mazurka sat down.

"Have you been drinkin' again, Kid?" she interrogated pessimistically. "You talk like a man who's either full of red liquor or has discovered a new brand of dope."

"Dope nothin'!" flung back the Kid. "I tell you this simp has ten thousand dollars of th' In-God-We-Trust stuff; an' I'm a Chinaman if he don't want to bet it. Slip me th' kale quick till I go out an' nail him."

"Why, Kid, you know we haven't got that kind of money on hand," remonstrated the lady. "Them elephants cost us five thousand –not to mention other stuff we bought. If I can dig up four thousand I'll be lucky."

"It's a cryin' shame!" lamented the Singin' Kid. "Didn't I tell you we ought to have kept that change on hand instead of buyin' them hay destroyers? Here's the chance of a lifetime to clean up! It's like pickin' a cherry off a tree."

"I know it, Kid," she returned with apparent contrition. "And I'm sorry; but that's th' best I can do. You know I never figured on anything like this comin' up." Her tones were soft and tender, and her manner wholly apologetic. "I'm awful sorry, Kid," she concluded, "but that's the very best we can do."

"Couldn't we raise the money somewhere?" hazarded the Kid, who was now wholly obsessed by the old-time gambling spirit. "I'll never forgive myself if I don't tear this gink off."

For a moment or two the woman was lost in deep thought; then she spoke as one to whom had come a revelation.

"When I was with the old Regal Show," she exclaimed, "we went on th' rocks in this very town; an' I remember there was an old Shylock named Zeke Christiansen who loaned th' boss th' money to take th' show away from th' sheriff. He wasn't a bad kind of guy, though he was in th' note-shavin' business; and he treated us pretty square. If he is still workin' at th' old stand you might be able to raise th' money from him. I'm for anything you do, Kid. If I was you I'd stall that gink till I could get over to town and hock th' show.

"I'd be agin it," continued Mademoiselle Mazurka, "if we was a-goin' to take any chances; but we ain't. And if you offer this feller a hundred or so for the use of th' money for a few hours, why, he'll think it's like finding it. Just jump on a horse and light out for town. I'll keep th' farmer corralled till you come back; an' if he gets nervous, why, we can put up a forfeit big enough to lock the door an' throw th' key away."

The Singin' Kid leaned over with intense appreciation and kissed the woman.

"You're an ace, Maudie," he chirped—"a reg'lar royal flush! I know'd you wouldn't let this money get away from you. Just play th' hand while I do the scribble act with His Moneybags. I'll give him a first mortgage on me right arm—or anything else, so long as I get it."

In one hour thereafter the Singin' Kid was back on the lot, triumphantly exhibiting the results of his pilgrimage.

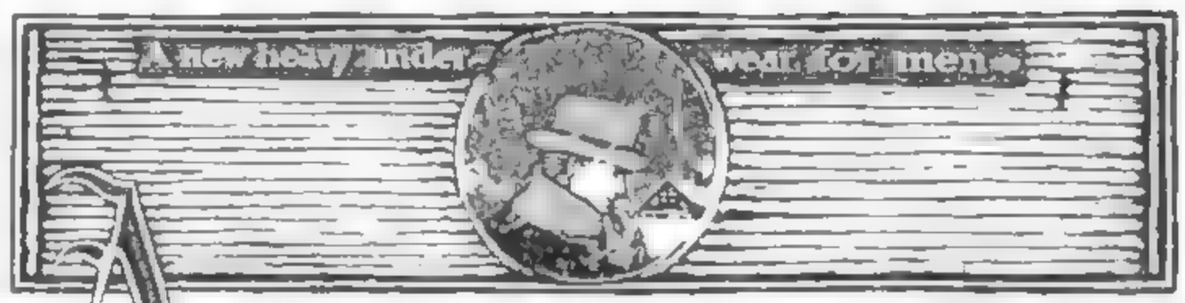
"Didn't have no trouble at all, Maudie," he whispered as he drew his wife aside. "Th' old feller let me have six thousand an' I gave him a plaster on th' whole show. All we need now is a stakeholder and we'll take this hayseed a sudden death for th' savin's of a lifetime."

The Singin' Kid forgot to mention that he had also paid a visit to the hippopotamus cage and abstracted therefrom the hidden treasure, which he intended betting on the outside should any other of the local enthusiasts display a desire to back their townsman.

All the preliminaries were arranged with celerity. It was agreed that the match should take place immediately after the matinée, and the Kid fairly walked on air as he moved restlessly about.

"Here's where I get hunk with everybody," he soliloquized. "If anybody ever thinks I'm goin' to take this show out of hock again, they're bettin' on a lobster! It'll be me for Coney Island with that bank roll; an' this day next week I'll be watchin' th' oysters playin' round in the roarin' surf, an' throwin' kisses at soubrette row. It's one of them extra-riveted strangle holds an' half nelsons on Opportunity; an'—believe me!—that wife of mine will find out that th' Kid hasn't lost all his speed. If I once get my hands on that money, an' she catches me again, she can cut me into small pieces and feed me to th' fishes!"

Immediately after the matinée Mademoiselle Mazurka made her appearance on the



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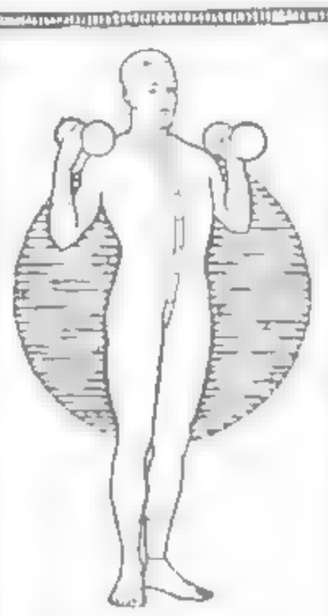

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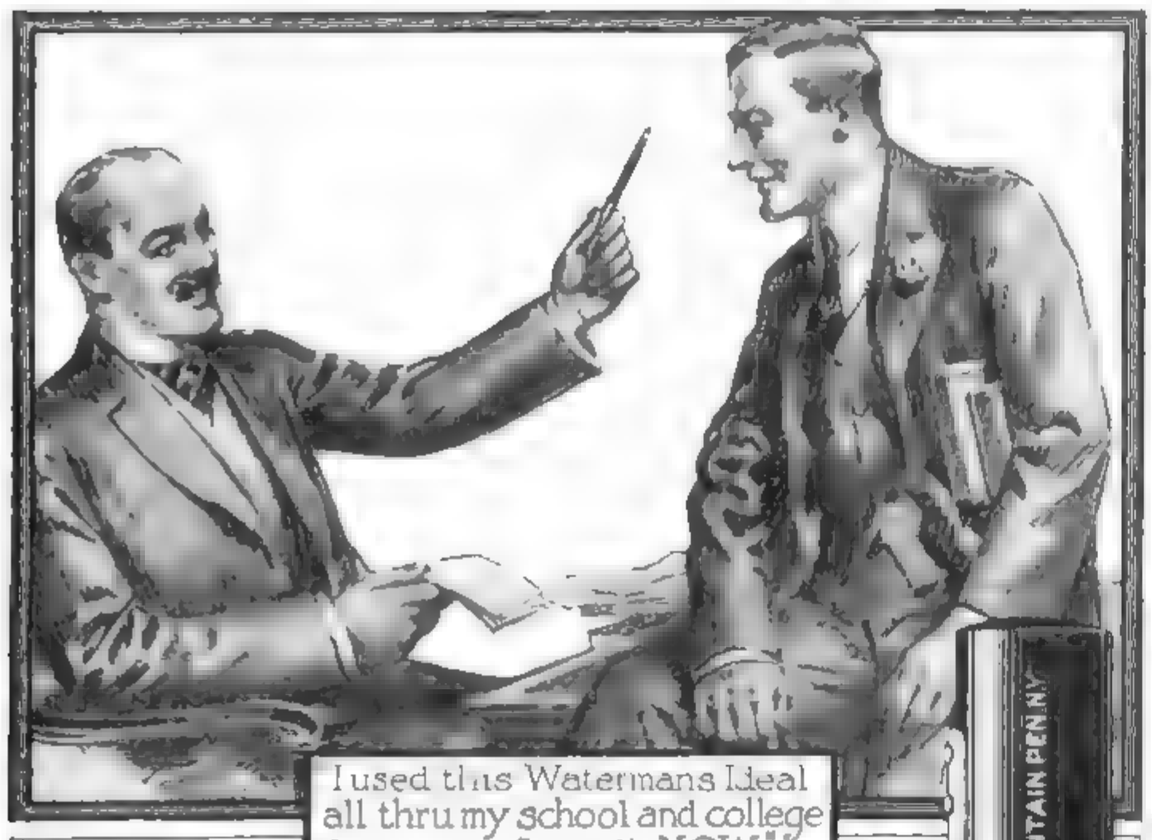

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hippodrome track, the farmer lined up his team; and, while the preliminaries were being arranged, the Singin' Kid found a couple of accommodating individuals in the crowd with whom he wagered the major part of his own private bank roll. Then the referee came forward and gave the word.

But the unforeseen thing happened, because, no sooner had the horses straightened out than Mademoiselle Mazurka emitted a shriek that pierced the atmosphere and sent thrills of terror to the heart of the Singin' Kid. As she did so the red silk blouse she wore split into a thousand shreds and the air about her seemed full of flying leather straps. The harness had broken, and amid the cheers and jeers of the assembled bucolics she was forced to let go her hold on the straps attached to the whiffletrees.

Before the Singin' Kid could realize the tremendous import of the catastrophe the referee had given his decision and the stakeholder had counted out the winnings to the jubilant farmer. When he came to himself he moved over to where his wife stood sobbing; but that lady waved him off peremptorily.

"You're a hoodoo," she shrilled accusingly. "a rank hoodoo! And you'd put th' jinks on a jubilee! Go on away from me! I don't want never to see you again."

With hands thrust deep in his pockets and head bent low the Singin' Kid strolled aimlessly toward the town, where he sought surcease from sorrow in the nearest saloon. It was late in the afternoon when he emerged from that haven; and, as he looked up and down the dusty street, his eyes rested on the familiar form of his wife.

As he watched her somewhat hasty progress he was astonished to note that she paused before the office of Zeke Christiansen, the money lender, and entered the open doorway.

Swiftly the Kid followed, wondering what her mission could be. As he reached the spot where the lady had disappeared he made a hasty reconnoissance. The front office was empty and the door to the back room closed. The Kid stepped inside. Through the thin partition he could hear every word uttered and he recognized the voice of his wife. The latter was speaking in jubilant tones.

"Here's the six thousand, Uncle Zeke," she was saying. "You can indorse th' bill of sale over to me, because I'm agoin' to run th' show in my own name after this. Why, Uncle Zeke, that pie-faced husband of mine was cheating me out of everythin' I had in th' world! He'd 'a' walked off with th' band wagon if I hadn't framed for him But he never got wise to th' fact that this was my home town and that all my folks lived here. If he know'd that Brother Jim played th' farmer he'd 'a' choked hisself to death. Th' only bad play I made was in cuttin' th' fake harness so deep it wouldn't hardly hold together until the horses got hitched on!"

The old money lender cackled as he counted the money.

"They'll have to get up early in the mornin' before they trim us Ioway folks, Maudie," said he—"early in the mornin'-bright an' early in the mornin'!"

"And say, Uncle Zeke," she continued, "you jest keep them writin's in case he was to make a squawk. He won't, of course, because he dassent; and I'll tell him I'm just managin' th' show for you on a salary and that you didn't hire him—so he'd better get out. I wanted to do it reg'lar and legal-like; so I did what you advised an' put everything in his name, so's he couldn't blow back again. An' another thing——"

But the Singin' Kid had heard enough; he knew now the answer to all the mystifying problems regarding the contradictory workings of the feminine mind, and he tiptoed softly away.

"To think of me dyin' such a horrible death in a tank town!" he groaned mournfully. "Me gettin' a rawhide deal like this—huh! That woman gathered me as if I was a ripe tomato. What'll Pete say?"

The Singin' Kid stopped suddenly in his tracks, because before his mind's eye flashed a composite picture of a man standing against a bar, and the voice of bibulous prophecy was issuing a manifesto. The recollection perhaps might better have been buried in the past, but to the Kid the words of wisdom and warning came back with added potency and force.

"You got sawdust in your soup," intoned a still small voice. "Poor li'l' old Kid—sawdust in th' soup!"

A CORNFIELD EMPORIUM

(Continued from Page 18)

offering is made. About the deadest thing in fabrics imaginable in these days is a kind of cottonade, or covert cloth, of which overalls were formerly made. Once I ran across a big stock of this, which was offered to me at a most absurd figure. According to all the rules of better merchandising this stuff should have been considered unsalable at any price. I realized that very few of the back-country women made overalls or work garments for their men-folks, but bought these rough clothes ready made.

"On the other hand, I reasoned that in the community from which we drew trade were several quite extensive settlements of people who dressed with extreme plainness, practiced the most rigorous thrift, and to whom a bargain in this kind of cloth would make an appeal which a still greater bargain in a finer fabric would not make. On this line of logic I made the venture, bought the big stock of 2500 yards of cottonade, and advertised it at sixteen yards for a dollar.

"As a result I saw the big stock of a fabric that had practically gone out of use instantly absorbed by the very communities I had in mind when making the purchase. If any country storekeeper reading this needs a further hint to keep constantly in mind the individual characteristics of the various groups of people in his territory, and the changes that are imminent in those communities, he can get that hint from my little venture in axes.

"Some ten or twelve miles from here was a large tract of splendid timber that had been untouched since the settlement of that region. One of my good correspondents in that part of his report devoted to neighborhood news and gossip made mention of the fact that, at last, the community had decided to sell the timber, and it was understood cutting operations would soon begin. This little item spelled axes to me and I immediately put out a drag-net for the biggest bargain in axes to be obtained in the United States. It was not merely a question of selling axes to the settlers of this region rather distant from our town, but of attracting those people into the store and getting acquainted with them.

"I finally found a large quantity of axes of a standard make, ordinarily retailing at one dollar, which I was able to sell at thirty-nine cents and still make a good profit. This venture turned out entirely as I had planned it; the whole stock of axes was disposed of and many new customers from far away were introduced to the store."

When the father put up the two-story building, before the business was turned over to the boys, he felt that the country store had reached the height of all reasonable aspirations; and he retired, on eighteen dollars a week, to take up the study of French, with the natural assurance that, however well the boys might do, they would never need to build a larger store! In the best year of his business he had sold about ten thousand dollars' worth of goods, and he nourished an unspoken suspicion that the boys would have occasion to think mighty well of themselves if they were able to beat that record.

Both the boys, however, secretly held a big vision, and that was to have the business grow to a volume of fifty thousand dollars and to see another story added to the country store. To-day the store that shelters this remarkable business is not only three stories high but is a handsome brick structure containing thirty-six thousand square feet of salesfloor space. The reserve stocks occupy six warehouses in the town. The business done by this country store in the last fiscal year fell only a few dollars short of four hundred thousand dollars.

Perhaps the most important element in the upbuilding of this remarkable country store trade has been the mailing list of more than twelve thousand names. Every one of those families receives a printed communication from the store at least once each month, and often more frequently, when special sales are advertised. The work of addressing these circulars is given to the local Ladies' Aid Society; and

therein lies a hint of the shrewdness that seems to have entered into almost every relationship between this country storekeeper and his community.

The most metropolitan department store in existence does not carry out the department idea in a more clean-cut way than does this Cornfield Emporium. Each department is treated as a separate unit—a distinct store, having its responsible head. In one particular, at least, many a large metropolitan store might learn something from this rural institution, which issues from the counting room each morning a set of daily bulletins that, according to the management, have done almost as much for the growth of the business as the big mailing list.

The main bulletin, which is conspicuously posted and may be read by every person entering the store, is a wonder of completeness. First, it gives the amount of the sales for that particular day and compares it with the sales on the corresponding day of the year previous, noting the loss or gain. Next, the average of sales for the month is given, followed by what the daily average should be, and the resulting loss or gain. Then follows a record of the amount of sales made by each department and by each clerk for that day.

The names of the three highest leaders in sales are prominently displayed on the bulletin. The loss or gain of each department on the day's sales as compared with that of the same day of the previous year is given. The bulletin concludes with remarks by the management, mostly personal advice to the individual clerks, and instructions in courtesy and salesmanship. It reads:

"Sales for Saturday were better than expected. The weather in the afternoon and evening was stormy, and a heavy rain fell just about the time the most country people would come in. Departments G and H show splendid gains for Saturday. The others did not sell as much as was sold a year ago. John C. came very near reaching three hundred dollars. Jesse came close to two hundred dollars. Herbert, Adam, Eber, Mrs. O., Mrs. E., Orpah, Grover, Mrs. G., Margaret & Company, all reached and passed a hundred dollars. All departments are now showing gains except Departments E and M. The month's average is not yet up to where it should be.

"Though some may be indifferent as to whether or not our customers get good service, there are others who are anxious to look after our interests. On Saturday one of the girls had no supper at all because she wanted to see customers served first. One of the girls stayed by a customer until after ten o'clock and saw that the customer was waited on in departments not her own. It is pleasing to see such zeal, devotion and loyalty once in a while. Let us imitate such an example."

The Yellow Ticket

In addition to this general bulletin, each clerk is given an individual report of standing, commonly called the Yellow Ticket. This enumerates all the information for the individual given in the daily bulletin for the entire store.

The fact that the daily bulletin is posted where all may see it inspires a good-natured rivalry between the members of the salesforce.

The visitor to this store is sure to be impressed with two things—the compact and orderly arrangement of stock, and the inexpensive simplicity of the furnishings. In the Furniture Department, for example, are lines of chairs reaching nearly the full length of the big display floor. These chairs are samples, and the line begins with the cheapest and runs up to the most expensive. The row is straight and true; and this plan is carried out not only with every article of furniture, as far as possible, but with every kind of stock in the entire establishment. Not only is this orderliness pleasing to the eye but it indicates a system that permeates every part of the store, saves time and avoids confusion.

Though some of the first-floor departments are handsomely equipped with the appointments of a city store, there is a general absence of expensive or showy equipment; and in many departments it is entirely evident that the counters and drapings are of the homemade sort. The effect is neither unpleasant nor cheap, and may be said to give the place something of a homelike atmosphere.

A novel feature of the store is the lunchroom on the second floor.

"This," declares the head of the Cornfield Emporium, "explains in a measure how a force as small as ours is able to handle so large a volume of business. Perhaps most of our customers come here with no desire or intention of hurrying back home; they plan to put in a good part of the day in doing their shopping and consequently they take their time. This lunch and rest room helps to make them in less haste than they would feel if they were not provided with a place in which to eat, rest and visit. It is the ordinary thing for a woman customer who has come from a distance to go to the various departments as soon as she arrives, and arrange a series of appointments to meet the convenience of the particular clerks accustomed to wait on her. Or the customer will say to the trimmer in the Millinery Department: 'When you have a little time for me send to the Shoe Department for me, please.'

"This lunchroom was really founded by my mother, but it very soon outgrew her ability to meet its demands. In the beginning of our venture she was eager to do everything to help along with the store; and when a woman came from a considerable distance, to stay all day, mother would take her to the house for dinner. Naturally this kind of treatment didn't remain unappreciated, and the woman who partook of mother's hospitality at the home table would tell her friends and bring some of them along with her when she came again. In this way mother contributed mightily to the building of the business; but in a very short time the growth was so great that we had to meet the problem of a noonday luncheon for customers in another way—by fitting up a plain but comfortable room, with chairs, tables and stoves, where our customers might prepare their own luncheons. We furnished the tea, coffee, milk and sandwiches."

Developing Men

Much of the growth of this store has been a matter of evolution. The Plumbing Department is an example of this. In selling kitchen and bathroom fixtures it was found that customers who bought these supplies were placed at a decided disadvantage when they called on their home plumber to install them. In order to protect their customers in this particular it became necessary for them to go into the plumbing business.

The Furniture Department began with a little job lot of rocking chairs, bought against the protest of both the father and mother, who felt that their boys ought not to go into a line of trade in which their good neighbor had long enjoyed a monopoly. The boys solved this problem by employing the veteran furniture dealer and cabinetmaker to do the repair and finishing work at a wage greater than his little furniture business had ever brought him, and who, although over eighty years of age, is still in their employ.

In much the same way the other retail businesses of the burg were gradually absorbed by the big store, which now employs about seventy persons. The delivery system of the store uses both motors and teams, and puts the goods of this country store into the near-by towns and cities as well as into the farm homes of the entire surrounding country. The delivery schedules are arranged to accommodate the widest possible territory at the lowest cost.

Apparently developing men is as much a part of the day's work at the Cornfield Emporium as the development of trade. The president, for example—a brother-in-law of G. A. and Rudy—was the first employee of the store, and his duty then was to deliver packages about the town. The manager of the clothing department was first employed as a shipping-room clerk. The head of the grocery department first found a place on the payroll as an errand boy. While the present manager of the house-furnishing department was working his way up from freight hustling, the roustabout in the furniture department was climbing toward the coveted position of that important section.

When G. A. takes a stranger through the store he is almost constantly exclaiming: "There's a man who grew up with us. He has learned the business here."

In illustrating the main policy that has built this country store to such striking proportions, certain experiences of the World's Fair year throw a vivid light on the subject. That year was quite as notable

(Concluded on Page 34)

WINCHESTER

RIFLES AND CARTRIDGES

The call of the woods is the call for a Winchester. There are more Winchester rifles used for hunting than all other American makes combined. That is because they are so generally satisfactory. Experience-taught hunters know that Winchester rifles can be depended upon absolutely. Then, again, they are made in all calibers and styles, suitable for shooting any kind of game. For a good reliable rifle, one that shoots strong and accurately and gives years of service, there is none better than the Winchester.

WINCHESTER CARTRIDGES: The most accurate shooting rifle, revolver or pistol made will do unsatisfactory work, unless the cartridges used in it are as accurate as the arm. For that reason, it is important when buying to get cartridges that have an established reputation for quality. Winchester—the W brand—cartridges, in all calibers, from .22 to .50, are unexcelled for accuracy, penetration and uniform shooting qualities. When you buy, ask for and insist upon having Winchester make, and look for the bold W on the box.

THE GRAND PRIX—the highest possible honor—was awarded to Winchester Guns and Ammunition at the Panama-Pacific International Exposition.

EVERY GOOD GUN STORE IS A HEADQUARTERS FOR WINCHESTER GUNS AND AMMUNITION.

A Big Roomy Six—A

WHEN you think of a "*Six*" at *$1145* you naturally think of a much smaller car.

So, to fully appreciate the remarkable value you get in this car you must grasp the full significance of its *size*.

The wheelbase is longer, *125 inches*.

That gives plenty of room to carry its full quota of *seven* passengers *in real comfort*.

The tires are bigger, *35 x 4½*.

That further emphasizes the generous size of this new Six.

But it is not only a big car at a remarkably low price for its size.

Its 45 horsepower six-cylinder motor gives it ample

Specifications

Seven passenger touring
125-inch wheelbase
45 horsepower motor
High-tension magneto ignition
Two-unit electric starter
Electrically lighted
Headlight dimmers
Full streamline body design
Genuine leather upholstery
One-man to
Pockets in
Rain-vision, type windo
Extra long springs
Full floating
35 x 4½ inc tread in rear

Model 83, four-cylinder, five passenger Touring, $750 f. o. b. Toledo
Also Manufacturers of the Willys-Knight Automobiles

Catalogue on request.

The Willys-Overland C

A Very Moderate Price

of Model 86

ll doors
ventilating
hield, built in
nderslung rear

rear axle
h tires, smooth
ront, non-skid

Left-hand drive
Center control
Demountable rims
One extra rim
High-grade magnetic speedometer
Electric horn
Electric control buttons on steering column

power—it is efficiently lubricated and economical in gasoline consumption.

It has that certainty of ignition provided only by high-tension magneto. The starting and lighting system is of the two-unit electric type.

Electric control buttons are located right at your hand on the steering column—a convenience found only in very much higher priced cars.

Its specifications throughout are those of a thoroughly high-grade car.

See the Overland dealer in your town and ask him to show you the 1916 Overland Six and demonstrate it to you.

Deliveries now.

"Made in U. S. A."

Address Dept. 404
ompany, Toledo, Ohio

Canadian Price, Model 86, $1600 f. o. b. Hamilton
The Willys-Overland of Canada, Limited, Hamilton, Ont.

Price $200

A Full, Rich, Glorious Volume of Sound

The **PATHÉ PATHÉPHONE** pours forth its melodies and orchestrations *with the identical expression and tone-shading of the original artists.*

Every detail of technique and human feeling is masterfully *duplicated.*

But the **PATHÉ PATHÉPHONE** does more than this—**it clarifies the tones,** *accentuating resonance and purity.*

The **PATHÉ PATHÉPHONE never gives a "muffled" sound reproduction.** Its *softest, most delicate renderings are always perfect.*

The **PATHÉ Method** is to control the volume at its inception.

The **PATHÉ Sound Chamber** is made of *wood,* forming a perfect vibrating path for the amplification of the music. Wood is the most elastic and resonant material known to the Science of Sound. It accommodates itself to every intensity, reflection and refraction of sound.

The **PATHÉ PATHÉPHONE** therefore is *built upon the principle of the violin,* or the 'cello—distinctly home instruments that softly lull the senses. Hence the **PATHÉ PATHÉPHONE'S** marvelous *"singing qualities."*

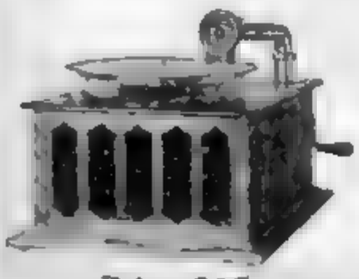
If You Want *Real* Music—Own a

Pathéphone

NO NEEDLES TO CHANGE

The PATHÉ PATHÉPHONE
PLAYS ALL MAKES OF DISC RECORDS

PATHÉ PATHÉPHONE prices, $15 to $200
PATHÉ Double Disc Records, 75c to $2.50



Price $15

Dealers can now make exceptionally advantageous connections with us for exclusive privileges.

PATHÉ FRÈRES PHONOGRAPH CO.
29 West 38th St., New York City

(Concluded from Page 31)

for the general business stagnation which prevailed all over the United States as it was for the great Exposition at Chicago. Apparently the only people who did not feel the full force of the money stringency were the farmers—a fact that this shrewd merchant did not overlook! He wanted to go with his neighbors and friends to the Fair at Chicago; but after giving careful study to the economic situation he decided that, as a bargain hunter, he might much more profitably turn his steps in the opposite direction from that seemingly taken by the whole traveling public.

He reasoned that the financial depression was felt with special keenness in the East and that the nation's available spending money was going mainly to the great Exposition at Chicago; therefore, the depressed and deserted East would be good territory in which to look for bargains.

In the first city at which he stopped he found a large jobbing house loaded down with a big stock of shoes that threatened to be a permanent investment. They were good shoes, thoroughly up to the standard in quality and staple in style. After much negotiating the owner of the country store made an offer for a stock more than sufficient to shoe the whole township in which his store was located. The price paid was twenty cents a pair for children's shoes, thirty cents for misses', forty cents for women's.

A letter giving minute instructions as to the advertising and special sale preparations to move these shoes, and the prices at which they should be sold, was immediately dispatched. Group or quantity prices calculated to stimulate practically wholesale family buying were arranged; and the result was that the entire stock of shoes passed into the hands of the Cornfield Emporium's customers in an astonishingly short period. On the opening day of the sale the demand for the shoes was so great that practically no attempt was made to wrap them, but they were loaded into farmers' wagons by half dozens and dozens, without any paper about them.

A little later the bargain hunter from the little burg made his appearance in the clothing auction rooms of Philadelphia. There he saw large offerings of suits for men and boys going begging at prices absurdly low, even for a time of general financial depression.

He was able to buy these at his own figures; and he bought to an extent that carried consternation throughout the country store when the goods were unpacked. The ordinary counters were removed from the salesroom; the floor was scrubbed into a condition of spotless cleanliness; and then the trousers, coats and overcoats were stacked in piles that reached from the floor well-nigh to the ceiling, and required the use of a stepladder to reach their tops.

"Permanent Patrons"

As suits and overcoats are about the most important and expensive articles to the ordinary family which is unable to indulge in the luxuries of life, the pulling power of this special sale was evidently greater than that of any other in the history of the store. Certainly it brought wagon customers from a radius of forty miles. Altogether, the partner's gum-shoe bargain hunt in the stagnant centers of trade accomplished wonders for the Cornfield Emporium and added hundreds of customers to its list of permanent patrons.

The phrase "permanent patrons" may probably be used with as much accuracy in connection with this remarkable country store as with almost any other commercial institution, because the fact that a customer removes from Ohio does not put him beyond the reach of this persistent enterprise. The family that goes out from the normal territory of the Cornfield Emporium to try its fortunes in some other state, no sooner is comfortably settled in its new home than the mails bring to the sitting-room table circulars and samples of dress goods from the irrepressible country store "back home." In regard to this phase of the business its present manager says:

"A long time ago we adopted as a working motto the phrase, 'Once a customer, always a customer!' And we try to make good along this line. In one way this policy was the natural outgrowth of mail-order competition. After we had repeatedly demonstrated that we could draw trade from larger centers of population and from a distance of thirty-five or forty miles—and draw it in a good large volume too—it did not seem as though we were warranted in conceding any foothold in our local territory to catalogue houses.

"And by the same token I could see no reason why a customer who happened to move anywhere in the United States should not continue to buy of us. Though, of course, our main trade is within a radius of fifty miles from the store, we do ship goods into many other states; and we find it is hard to lose our old customers—or perhaps they would say that they find it hard to lose us. Anyhow, we not only keep much of their trade, but in perhaps several hundred cases we sell goods to their new neighbors. This emphasizes the fact that a country storekeeper is not really obliged to recognize any distance reached by Uncle Sam's mail as actually out of his territory—provided, of course, he is a real merchant and can make low prices because he buys right and operates at a low cost."

Some Daring Innovations

At various periods in the development of this unique country store new lines of policy were adopted that the ablest critics in the community declared would speedily land the ambitious enterprise in bankruptcy. This sentence was pronounced on the store by its founder when the boys, in an advertisement, made the statement that they would refund the money for goods found to be unsatisfactory.

"It'll ruin you!" declared the parental prophet. "They'll bring back more goods than you sell."

But they did not! Instead, the volume of returned goods was very small. On the other hand, this policy—then not so general as at present, even in city stores—did much to attract custom.

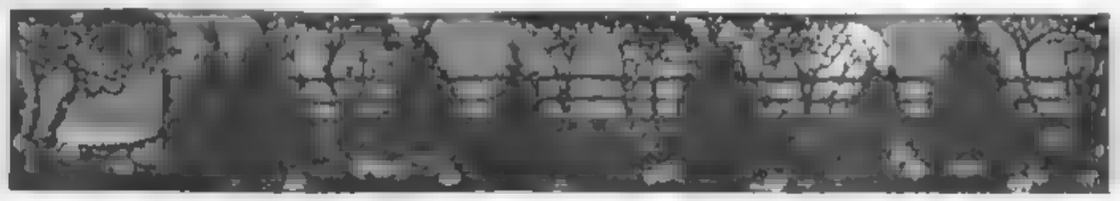
Another innovation that the founder of the business declared would invite ruin was the marking of goods in plain figures and the establishment of the one-price-to-all policy. This eliminated one of the chief functions of a country storekeeper—that of playing favorites in order to appease friends and capture difficult trade. His definition of a good country storekeeper was: "A man amart on the dicker." And, with one price to all, dickering became impossible.

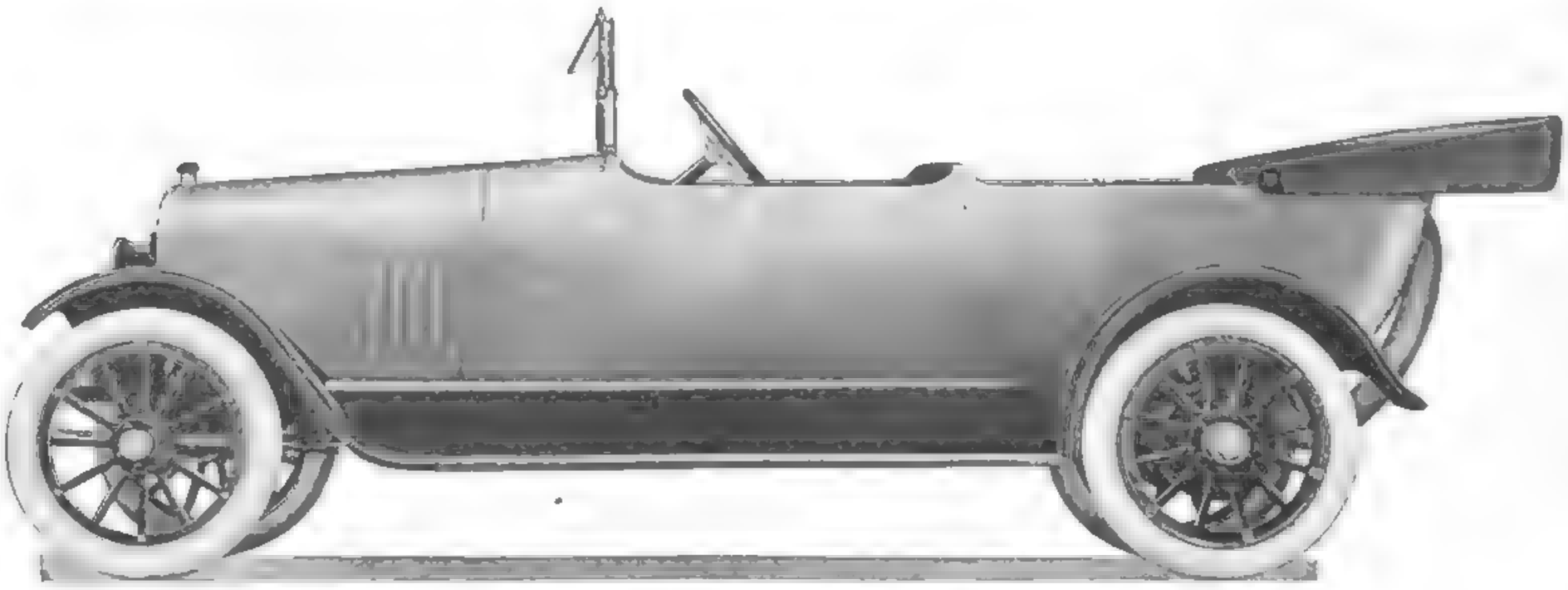
Still another departure from the safe line of precedent which was characterized as freakish and hairsplitting was the selling of goods at an odd-cent price.

These perils, together with the constant purchasing of job lots of goods in "reckless" quantities, have marked the revolt of this country store from the beaten path of established precedent. The calamities so generally predicted as the result of these departures have not only failed to materialize, but this institution has perhaps done more than any other in America to demonstrate how far the country store can go when managed with the same courage, initiative and skill that have made the success of most of the great metropolitan merchandising concerns.

Lately the largest special sale ever pulled off by the Cornfield Emporium resulted in disposing of almost eighty thousand dollars' worth of goods in three days. This merchandise was the stock of a big dry-goods house that was forced into liquidation.

This shows that the faith of the merchandising head of the Cornfield Emporium is still strong in his ability to swing a bargain sale with comparatively little regard to the size of the stock involved or of the town in which the sale is held. He has found no reason to revise the conviction that he formed when he was scarcely more than a boy: That almost any quantity of goods can be sold to the country community if bought at the right price, advertised in the right way, and sold at the right price. The Cornfield Emporium has certainly traveled some distance in the way of trail breaking for rural trade!





ENGER TWIN SIX

12 Cylinders

$1095

Here is a twelve-cylinder motor car for $1095!

It has a 2⅝ inch bore by a 3½ inch stroke.

It is of the highly efficient and accessible valve-in-the-head type.

It has an unusually long wheelbase—115 inches.

Demonstrations are going on at the factory now. Deliveries shortly.

Wire, without further delay, for your appointment.

We Want Dealers Everywhere

Pick out the smoothest and most quiet car that you have ever driven and compare it with an Enger Twin Six.

Here you have a fast pick up; great flexibility and a perfectly balanced flow of abundant power.

In short, here is a degree of silence, smoothness, speed and power which we believe is only obtained in a Twelve-Cylinder car.

And the price is only $1095!

Understand, when we put a car on the market we stand behind it—we are financially responsible. We have the financial strength to back this up. Refer to Dun or Bradstreet and you'll probably be surprised to find that we are rated at 1,000,000 AAA-1.

This model is the direct result of a long period of careful preparation, designing, testing and experimenting.

Nor are we announcing a car, as other manufacturers have done, that is only in the blue print stage.

We are tuned up and tooled up to do business.

Production is already under way.

Brief Specifications

Motor	Twin Six (12 cylinders) cast en bloc. Angle of cylinders, 60 degrees. 2⅝ bore, 3½ stroke Valve-in-the head motor
Ignition	Automatic and manual advance, Atwater-Kent.
Wheelbase	115". Road clearance, 10".
Electric Starting and Lighting System	Electric motor meshing in flywheel gear for starting. Generator—direct drive.
Carburation	Double entrance carburetor with manifold hot-water jacketed.
Springs	Cantilever.
Clutch	Multiple disc. Dry plate.
Rear Axle	Pressed steel housing. Spiral bevel gears. Withdrawable wheel shaft.
Cooling System	Thermo-syphon.
Control	Center.
Tires	Wheels equipped with demountable rims and 32 x 4 tires, non-skid on rear.
Weight of Car	2485 lbs., fully equipped with top, windshield, battery, lamps, starter, magnetic speedometer, tools and extra rim.
Color	Body is dark Brewster green
Price	$1095 f. o. b. Cincinnati.

Material has been purchased for a large production.

Demonstrators can be delivered to dealers in a few weeks. Cars in quantities will follow shortly.

But first we are allotting territory. We want substantial and financially sound dealers in every city.

We have a marketable product, which we can start deliveries on shortly and are in a position to do immediate business with responsible men.

Nor is the sole feature of this car the twelve-cylinder motor. We have not taken an old chassis and body and dropped a new motor in it.

This model is a brand new design from start to finish.

Remember—a thoroughly high-grade twelve-cylinder car for only $1095!

Come down and drive this car yourself.

Quick action is imperative if you want early deliveries. Telegraph us *now*.

Literature on request

The Enger Motor Car Company . . . Cincinnati, Ohio

It Can Be Done— *But Do You Car Owners Want It?*

Suppose the maker of the car you drive, or the car you intend to buy, had been willing to put in a cheap imitation of a Willard battery whose *outside looked* just the same.

Then suppose, after a few months' driving, things began to happen to the *inside* of that battery. Soft lead plates and poor oxides parted company; defective rubber jars cracked when you drove over a bad bump; acid leaked out and corroded screws, handles and terminals; your car was defaced; your starting and lighting system made useless; and before you could locate the trouble the battery box fell apart at the corners—*how would you like it?*

Willard Batteries Are Built for *You*, Not to Save Money for Some One Else

No wonder 85% of the makers of electrically equipped cars have adopted Willard Batteries. They could buy batteries at less cost, but they realize what it means to have *you*, the car owner, satisfied. That's why they appreciate Willard standards of manufacture. These standards mean longer life and more dependable lighting and starting. Adherence to them *costs us more*, but it pays both you and us in the long run.

That's why three different Willard laboratories—physical, chemical and electrical—are kept busy testing every lot of material, every lot of oxides, plates, rubber jars and other parts, as well as the finished batteries.

That's why a double set of trained Willard inspectors watch every man, machine and operation to prevent the least deviation from Willard standards.

The lead oxides—source of the electric energy—must be chemically pure to start with, mixed in perfect proportion, and of exactly the right "granular" structure so that they hold together like well made concrete.

Our wood separators are candled like eggs—only the perfect ones are good enough for *your* battery.

Rubber jars must have a *minimum* tensile strength of 3000 pounds to the square inch and must resist the force of an electric current of 24,000 volts.

Handles, screws—all metal parts—are lead coated to prevent corrosion. Boxes are made of the hardest oak obtainable, elements are sealed into the jars and jars into the box by the impenetrable Willard Duplex Sealing.

Backing up this care in construction are over 150 Willard Service Stations in charge of experts, ready to help you get permanent, every-day starting and lighting satisfaction. Ask for the list.

How to Tell a Good Battery

Don't go by looks—they are easy to counterfeit. But *there's a way to know*. Send for our pamphlet, "Truth Telling Tests."

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Sole European Representative:
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Chalmers, Model 32
Chandler
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These cars represent 85% of the makes equipped with electric starting and lighting.

RUINS

(Concluded from Page 4)

encyclopedias and plans; but it has escaped me—withdrawn and lost, for me, in the depths of history.

The street had suffered not at all on its own account, but because it happened to be in the line of fire with the Town Hall. It merely received some portion of the blessings which were intended for the Town Hall, but which overshot their mark. The Town Hall—like the Cathedrals here and at Rheims—had no military interest or value, but it was the finest thing in Arras, the most loved thing, an irreplaceable thing.

When we had walked round to the front of the Town Hall we were able to judge to what extent the beautiful building had monopolized the interest of the Germans. The Town Hall stands at the head of a magnificent and enormous arcaded square, uniform in architecture and no doubt dating from the Spanish occupation. Seeing this square, and its scarcely smaller sister a little farther on, you realize that you are indeed in a noble city. The square had hardly been touched by the bombardment. There had been no shells to waste on the square while the more precious Town Hall had one stone left on another.

From the lower end of the square, sheltered from the rain by the arcade, I made a rough sketch of what remains of the Town Hall. Comparing this sketch with an engraved view taken from exactly the same spot, one can see graphically what had occurred. A few arches of the ground-floor colonnade had survived in outline. Of the upper part of the façade nothing was left save a fragment of wall showing two window holes. The rest of the façade and the whole roof were abolished. The later building attached to the left of the façade had completely disappeared. The carved masonry of the earlier building to the right of the façade had survived in a state of severe mutilation.

The belfry, which, rising immediately behind the Town Hall, was once the highest belfry in France—nearly two hundred and fifty feet—had vanished. The stump of it, jagged like the stump of a broken tooth, obstinately persisted, sticking itself up to a level a few feet higher than the former level of the crest of the roof. The vast ruin was heaped about with refuse.

Arras is not in Germany. It is in France. I mention this fact because it is notorious that Germany is engaged in a defensive war, and in a war for the upholding of the highest civilization. The Germans came all the way across Belgium, and thus far into France, in order to defend themselves against attack. They defaced and destroyed all the beauties of Arras and transformed it into a scene of desolation unsurpassed in France, so that the highest civilization might remain secure and their own hearths intact.

One wonders what the Germans would have done had they been fighting, not a war of defense and civilization, but a war of conquest! The conjecture may perhaps legitimately occupy the brains of citizens. In any case the French Government would do well to invite to such places as Arras, Soissons and Senlis groups of mayors of the cities of all countries, so that these august magistrates may behold for themselves and realize in their souls what defensive war and the highest civilization actually do mean when they come to the point.

Personally I am against a policy of reprisals, and yet I do not see how Germany can truly appreciate what she has done unless an object lesson is created for her out of one of her own cities. And emphatically she ought to appreciate what she has done. One city would suffice. If at the end of the war Cologne were left as Arras was when I visited it, a definite process of education would have been accomplished in the Teutonic mind. The event would be hard on Cologne, but not harder than the other event has been on Arras.

Moreover, it is held, I believe, that the misfortunes of war bring out all that is finest in the character of a nation; and that, therefore, war, with its sweet accompaniments, is a good and necessary thing. I am against a policy of reprisals, and yet—such is human nature—having seen Arras, I would honestly give a year's income to see Cologne in the same condition. And, to the end of my life, I shall feel cheated if Cologne or some similar German town is not, in fact, ultimately reduced to the same condition. This state of mind comes of seeing things with your own eyes.

Proceeding, we walked through a mile or two of streets in which not one house was inhabited or undamaged. Some of these streets had been swept, so that at the first glance they seemed to be streets where all the citizens were indoors, reflecting behind drawn blinds and closed shutters on some incredible happening. But there was nobody indoors. There was nobody in the whole quarter—only ourselves; and we were very unhappy and unquiet in the solitude. Almost every window was broken; every wall was chipped; chunks had been knocked out of walls, and at intervals there was no wall. One house showed the different paperings of six rooms, all completely exposed to the gaze. The proprietor evidently had a passion for anthracite stoves—in each of the six fireplaces was an anthracite stove, and none had fallen. The post office was shattered.

Then the railroad station of Arras! A comparatively new railroad station, built by the Compagnie du Nord in 1898. A rather impressive railroad station. The great paved *place* in front of it was pitted with shell holes of various sizes. A shell had just grazed the elaborate façade, slicing ornaments and moldings off it. Every pane of glass in it was smashed. All the ironwork had a rich brown rust. The indications for passengers were plainly visible: here you must take your ticket; here you must register your baggage; here you must wait. We could look through the station as through the ribs of a skeleton. The stillness of it, under the rain and under the echoes of the tireless artillery, was horrible.

As within the station, so on the platforms: all the glass of the shelters for passengers was broken to little bits, the ironwork thickly incrusted. The signals were unutterably forlorn in their ruin. And on the lines themselves rampant vegetation had grown four feet high—a conquering jungle. The defense of German soil is a mighty and a far-reaching affair!

This was on the seventh of July, 1915.

HIGH SPY IN RUSSIA

(Continued from Page 13)

policemen and detectives the military has a large number of secret agents. They tell me the police have been increased greatly in number; and that is probable, but there are no figures at hand. In order that the extent of the interior police-and-official-spy and surveillance departments of Russia, as constituted before the war, may be appreciated in their full magnitude, let me say that the ordinary police in Russia number close to two hundred thousand, not including the *sotsky* and the *diassiatsky*, which are rural police officials.

In addition to these ordinary police, there is the special corps of gendarmes, called the Ossobyi Korpuss Gendarmov, of which there are eight hundred officers and fifty thousand men. This is a political police, but it is not the only political police, for there is a third arm of the service, called the Okhrana, which is the dreaded and corrupt secret political police of Russia, the official spies. These sweet-scented officials not only examine into political crimes and look after suspects, but they frequently provoke and organize political offenses in order that they may suppress them. They terrorize not only the Czar, whose father created them, but the government itself and the agencies that operate against the government.

The gendarmes are supposed to have the special function of operating against every antigovernmental organization, and in reality are used to suppress liberal speech and thought. They spy on the men who have advanced ideas and, like the Okhrana, do not hesitate to go to the extremes of torture and inquisition to get what they are after. Then, too, there are in Russia many factors contributory to espionage. One of the largest is made up of the doormen. Every important building in Russia, and especially every apartment house or commercial building, has a uniformed doorman at every entrance or exit. These doormen are all agents of the

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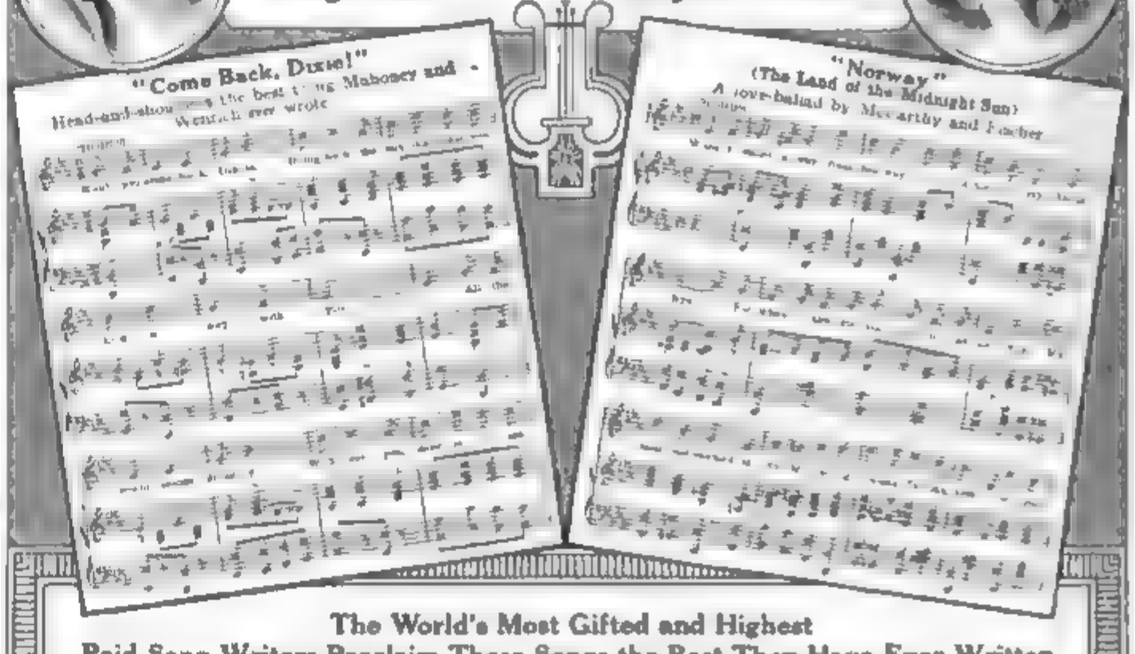

The World's Most Gifted and Highest Paid Song Writers Proclaim These Songs the Best They Have Ever Written

"Come Back, Dixie!" Never was melody more haunting. Play it, sing it quick; you will find a warm spot for it "in the orchard 'way down in your heart."

"When You're In Love With Someone Who Is Not In Love With You" is so good you don't need the expression marks to guide you. You don't have to coax and tease the melody—it's there—instinctively you feel its charm.

"Norway" (The Land of the Midnight Sun) is a ballad far more bewitching than the average. Both lyrics and melody are beautiful beyond description.

"All I Can Do Is Just Love You!" If you were an artist, a sculptor, a poet—how would you describe "the glance of your eye"? "All I Can Do" tells how. The lyrics are entrancing, the music gayly dancing.

We wanted to start the Fall Season with a BANG!

We wanted to fire a shot that would be heard around the world. We needed a quartette of world beaters. We called a conference of our song writers—the highest paid staff in the world. We told them our plan. They were enthusiastic. They said, "We will not only excel our every past success but we will go on public record over our own signatures that these songs are the best we have ever written." You have the authors' own unreserved statements that these songs are their masterpieces. *Read what the world's foremost writers of these best four songs say over their own signatures:*

"'When You're In Love With Someone' is by all means our greatest bid for a place in the Hall of Music Fame."

Grant Clark
Al Piantadosi

"'Norway' puts our every other song success completely in the shade. It touches the highest spot yet."

Joe McCarthy
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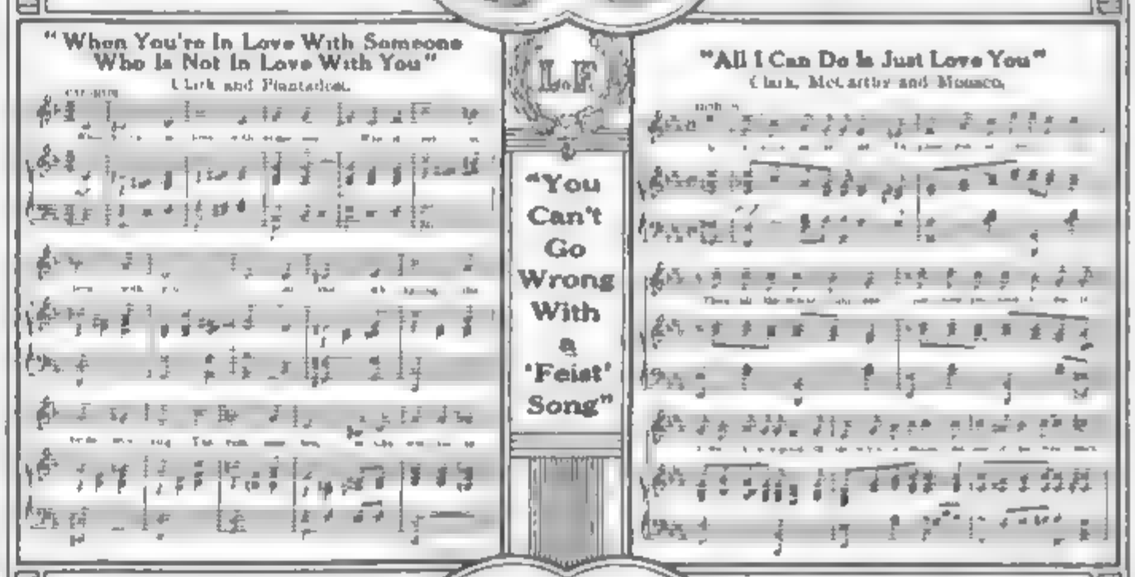
"When You're In Love With Someone Who Is Not In Love With You"
Clark and Piantadosi.
"All I Can Do Is Just Love You"
Clark, McCarthy and Monaco.
"You Can't Go Wrong With a 'Feist' Song"

"We will live or die on the success of 'Come Back, Dixie!' It is the supreme effort of our lives."

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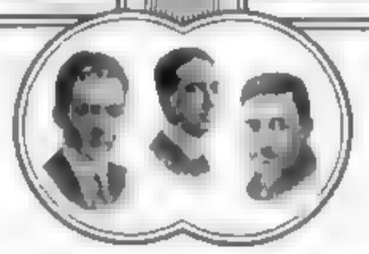

"The Muses never worked so well for us before. 'All I Can Do' is our best bet ever."

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Other Popular "FEIST" Songs:

"I Want to Go to Tokio."
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"If We Can't Be the Same Old Sweethearts"
"I Didn't Raise My Boy to Be a Soldier"
"My Pretty Firefly"
"Beautiful Roses"
"My Own Venetian Rose"
"There's a Little Spark of Love Still Burning."
"In My Dreams of You."
"We'll Build a Little Home in the U. S. A. (Ziegfeld's [illegible])"
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SPECIAL NOTE: You should get all these songs from your dealer. Please do so. If your dealer cannot supply you, order direct at 15c each—or any eight for $1.00

If you want to hear the very latest hits of the season, be sure to request any leader to play the "Feist" hits for you. You can get them for your Talking Machine or Player Piano. Published also for Band or Orchestra, price 15c each.

SOMETHING NEW! For four cents we will send a booklet of the latest songs, with a chorus, photos and "story" of each writer. Also a set of Souvenir Post Cards. Or the above will be sent FREE with each mail order amounting to $1.00 or over.

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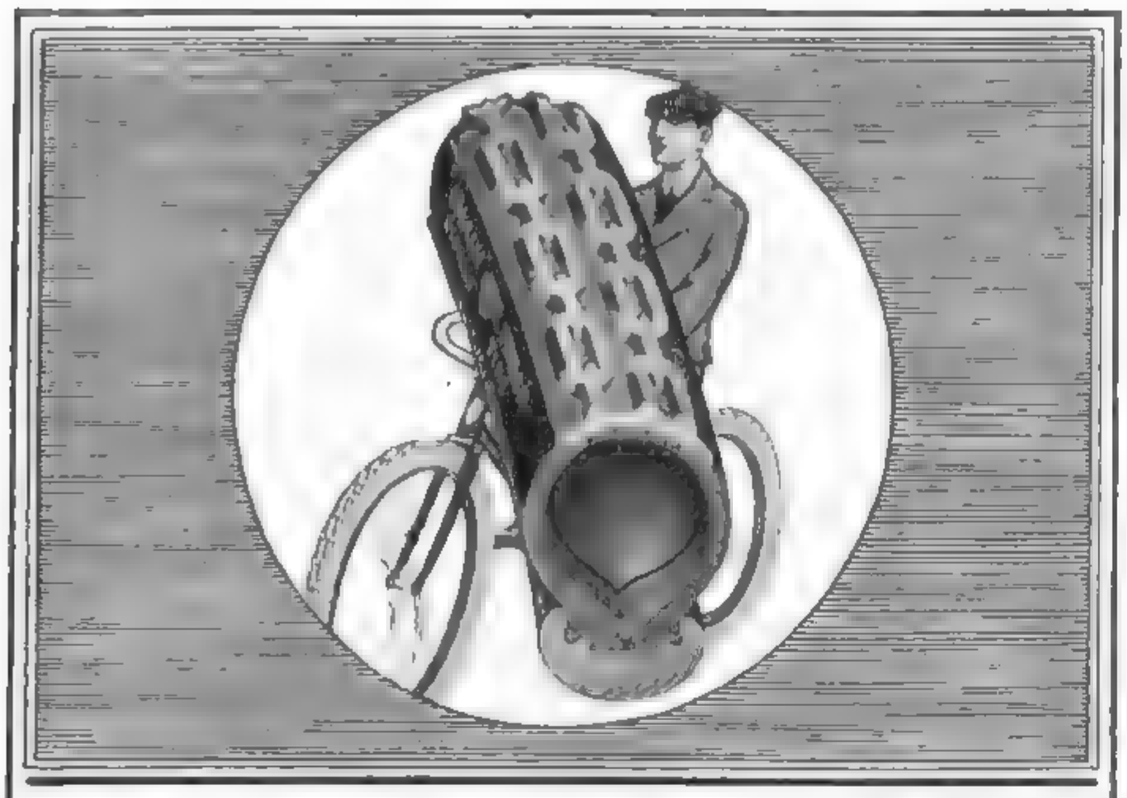

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G & J "INDIANAPOLIS BRAND" "CHAIN TREAD" BICYCLE TIRES

WHEN any product is a leader in its field continuously from the date of its invention, there can be no question about its merit. Pneumatic tires for bicycles came into use more than 20 years ago.

From then until now, the G & J "Indianapolis Brand" Bicycle Tire has been acknowledged by bicycle experts to be unexcelled for mileage and puncture-resisting strength.

Today the G & J "Indianapolis Brand" Bicycle Tire is made with the famous "Chain Tread." This is a favorite anti-skid tread for automobile tires, for motorcycle tires and for bicycle tires It not only practically prevents skidding, but also adds many miles to the life of the tire

Be sure that any bicycle tire you buy has the G & J trade-mark, and the famous "Chain Tread"

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Security in Your Home

Electricity is one of man's greatest friends and benefactors.

The first requirement for using electricity is a wire to carry the current. Properly insulated wire, put in right, makes your house and its contents safe against all dangers that come from short circuit or leaking current.

ECCO Insulated Wire

is safe and saves money.

Electricity is measured through a meter placed in your house by the Electric Light Company. If your meter runs too fast, you are paying for electricity that leaks. If your lights are dim in wet weather, your wire is leaking. If your fuses blow out continually, your wire is leaking badly—and that means danger.

A bad leak anywhere on the wire is apt to cause fire at any time and a small leak may develop into a bad leak over night—*cheap* wire is apt to leak from the day it is installed.

Investigate before you build or re-wire

You ought to know about your wiring, how it is made, put in, how to have it absolutely safe. You ought to know about ECCO Wire, because *it is safe*. Every foot of it is tested—you can have the test on your particular wire if you want it.

ECCO Wire costs little more than ordinary wire.

Send for Book about good wire and how to have it put in right.

Electric Cable Company 17 Battery Place New York City

police. They are spies that spy on the people who live in the house or apartments, or who do business in the buildings. They report on all persons who come into the building. For example, if you live in an apartment in Russia the doorman reports to the police not only what visitors you have and who they are, but gives all details of your own goings and comings. It is so with the porters at the hotels. Half of Russia is engaged in spying on the other half.

That is what makes this situation in Russia so remarkable. Here is a nation that is organized on a spy basis, where espionage is a fine art; here is a nation that maintains more permanent secret police and other secret agents than all the rest of Europe combined, and has built up a vast and complex machine for finding out things and reporting them; but when this nation gets into war this complex machine has not been able to keep out the hordes of spies who have done so much to make Russia most unhappy in her conduct of her part in the war.

Powder manufactories have been blown up, when Russia needs ammunition more than any other one thing. Bridges have been destroyed at the exact moment when trains loaded with ammunition were on them. Many similar things have happened that all of Russia's vast spy system has not been able to hinder.

However, though Russia had not until recently done anything much to prevent spying, save the perfectly familiar things, had not made it much more difficult than it was before the war for the enemy to find out what was happening in Russia, the Russian officials, unsuspicious—except in the regular and accepted manner—of the alien enemy who might wander within the borders, became most suspicious of the Russian people themselves. The old drastic censorship had lapsed to some degree in 1905, but it was revived for war purposes in even more severe form. Russian papers were forbidden to print anything about the war that was not official, and the bureau for caviaring newspapers and publications of all sorts was revived. When the Russians black out a section of a newspaper or a book they say they caviar it. They use a thick black ink combined with sand for the purpose, and it effectually conceals what they think the people should not read. They censor everything that is printed in the Russian newspapers, of course, before the matter is put on the press, but they are obliged to caviar foreign newspapers. About the only uncensored persons in Russia are the German spies. The censors do not seem to be able to find them.

An Unhealthful Occupation

At that, a great many persons who were suspected of being in the pay of Germany or of getting information for Germany and a great many who have been proved to be spies have been dealt with according to the usual manner.

It doesn't take much to secure a noose or a bullet for a suspect in Russia. Fine distinctions between guilt and innocence are not drawn. This is not remarkable when the vast army of spies that moved into Russia as soon as the war was declared and the great advance guard already there are taken into consideration. An incriminating circumstance does the trick, for the Russians have neither time nor disposition to go into details nor to examine closely into the character or stability of the evidence presented against the suspect.

Also, the general detestation of spies and the wide authority a military government has in dealing with them have their great advantages in the work of ridding the war zone of undesirables and dangerous characters.

The truth of it is that though Russia has caught and dealt with many spies, Russia has suffered more than any other country because of them, owing to the fact that official Russia rests on a foundation of spying and that the very familiarity with that system made Russia not so keen about detecting outsiders, who, therefore, were given great opportunities. Russia thought she knew all about spying and she knew a lot—but not about German spying. The kind of spying Russia knew about was Russian spying. The Germans introduced several new ideas, and it took the Russians almost a year to evolve methods of prevention.

However, they know much more now than they did, and no person is advised to try any espionage in that country with the idea that it is still an easy or profitable employment. Those Russians are certainly prompt with their firing squads!

This Building Owner Faces:

1—Cost of new pipe.
2—Destruction of interior finish.
3—Exposed pipe, meaning 2d class building.
4—Bills from plumbers, carpenters, plasterers and decorators.
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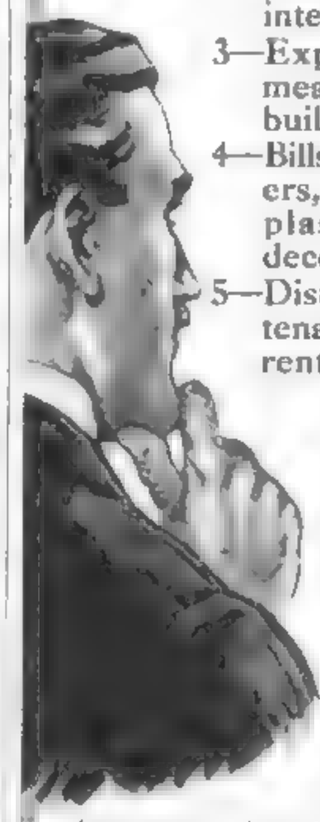

IN New York and Chicago the managers of several large modern buildings are right now facing the expense of re-piping. Tens of thousands of feet of pipe are so honeycombed with rust—*after less than ten years* of service—that entire replacement has become unavoidable.

A fortune would have been saved if these installations had in the first place been made with

BYERS GENUINE WROUGHT IRON FULL WEIGHT GUARANTEED PIPE

The superior rust resistance of Byers Pipe—black or galvanized—is proven by a service record of fifty years, entirely devoid of such failures as the above. Byers costs a little more, but this additional cost is the very part of the *whole* cost that enables us to put the very great extra value into the pipe.

All Byers Pipe is made from a uniform, high grade of pig iron, unmixed with scrap and hand puddled in small heats—exactly like the iron made a hundred years ago, which has become famous for its durability. The metal is tough and fibrous, permeated with fine layers of silicates which, being practically immune to corrosion, protect the iron.

Look into this question of pipe before you build. Remember, the cost, inconvenience and depreciation due to pipe failure are proportionately as great in *your home* as in large commercial structures.

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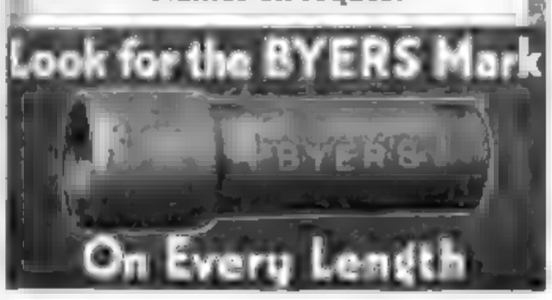


Cadillac
Standard of the World

You must surely realize, now, that the Cadillac dominates the quality class "by right of conquest."

Time was when it was surrounded by clamorous contenders for a share of Cadillac success.

Of all these ambitious aspirants, not one remains—they have all descended into a lower price-class.

The Cadillac has maintained its price and at the same time has held the loyalty and allegiance of an intelligent following which has steadily grown larger as the years advance.

It has maintained its own class, and drawn from all classes—attracting by its inimitable performance those who have paid much more than the Cadillac price and those who have paid less.

The time is at hand for the complete fulfillment of the ideal upon which this business was built.

That ideal was the production of a car of the highest quality, at a price more moderate than any then known.

We said, then, that we would demonstrate that it was not necessary to pay more for such a car than the Cadillac would ask.

Ask yourself if the Cadillac "Eight" has not brought about the consummation of that ideal.

How many cars remain which you would willingly and instinctively consider worthy of comparison with the new Cadillac "Eight"?

It is firmly established in the esteem of the nation as the highest known type of quality.

In the number of parts and operations refined to an accuracy of one-thousandth and the half of one-thousandth of an inch, it is accepted as the world's standard.

Its engineering pre-eminence is universally conceded.

It is the one car in the world which has *demonstrated* the efficiency and stability of its V-type engine to the satisfaction of more than 15,000 users.

In the opinion of tens of thousands of discriminating motorists, it represents the very uttermost in steadiness, in smoothness and quietness—the very uttermost in efficiency at high speed or low speed—the very uttermost in everything that constitutes luxurious motoring.

In announcing its purpose years ago, this Company said that the Cadillac would create a new standard of automobile values.

The very phrase itself has passed into automobile English and become a part of the language of the industry.

But the Cadillac has translated the phrase into practice and made it come true in the most literal sense of the word.

The Cadillac is in very fact the standard of the world.

Styles and Prices

Standard Seven passenger car, Five passenger Salon and Roadster, $2080. Three passenger Victoria, $2400. Five passenger Brougham, $2950. Seven passenger Limousine, $3450. Berlin, $3600. Prices include standard equipment, F. O. B. Detroit.

Cadillac Motor Car Co. Detroit, Mich.

CHALMERS UNDERWEAR

BY INVITATION MEMBER OF

This Chalmers Spring Needle Knit Underwear we announce as the *biggest* value ever offered at prices so low.

Never before have costly Spring Needle machines been used to knit underwear at our prices. These machines are not only higher in first cost than ordinary machines, but their daily operation is more expensive.

But the result is better work—better underwear. The fabric is firmly elastic. To every movement of the body it *yields*. Then it springs back into shape. So Chalmers garments keep their shape and fit. In looks, in durability, they rival garments selling for far more money.

Our percentage of profit is mighty small. But men who once wear Chalmers Underwear will demand it all their lives. That means volume of sales to us—means that we can afford to give each man (YOU) more for his (YOUR) money.

This upsets all previous underwear standards. Take advantage now—and get a remarkable 100 cents' worth of value for every dollar you spend for underwear. *Ask your dealer.*

Spring Needle Ribbed Closed Crotch Union Suits, $1.00 up.
Shirts and Drawers, 50c Each. ***Fall and Winter Weights.***

Chalmers
Underwear
MADE ON COOPER
SPRING NEEDLE MACHINE

Look for This Label

CHALMERS KNITTING COMPANY
Amsterdam
New York

Also Makers of the Famous "Prosknit"

A GUEST IN TIME

(Continued from Page 7)

wife was worth waiting five years or more to see. She looked as though she were going to faint. Twice she opened her mouth and closed it without saying anything. Hammond reflected that she looked just about as he felt most of the time when he was dining out with her.

"I suppose you saw the papers this morning?" he remarked.

"N-no. I "

"That idiot Ryder thought it was funny," he said. "He and Eddie and I had a little session after the banquet. I thought you saw it—just a paragraph or two in The Times. Dinner nearly ready?"

On his return from a forage for clean linen he found her normal in countenance but abnormal in demeanor. Her bearing toward him was curiously appreciative. She was too clever to seem apologetic, but she couldn't help revealing now and then an indication of the bewilderment in her thoughts.

"Is she really as pretty as her pictures?" she inquired once.

"Prettier," said Hammond.

Then again: "Gerald, why haven't you ever spoken of them before? Didn't you want me to meet them?"

"Oh, it sounds so much like bluffing to run through a list of celebrities," said Hammond. "The way people talk round here bores me to death."

Still later: "Why do you call her 'Pinkie'?"

"All her old friends do," said Hammond. "And it fits Cora too—as you'll see."

From that time henceforward he enjoyed a sense of equality with Evelyn which amply compensated him for the years astern. But no incident of the next three days pleased him so much as the discovery of a letter to the circulation department of The Times. He knew that she was after that clipping.

On Saturday morning, as he drove the touring car to the station, his mood impressed itself upon a number of passers-by. One excellent matron of Heathcote, who hadn't been invited to any part of the week-end, told her husband, who was on the same train, that never in her life had she beheld a more arrant tuft-hunter proud of a more snobbish conquest. Hammond, she said, leered—positively leered, my dear!—and after all, it was for nobody but a pair of mountebanks.

But the men of Heathcote, returning from town on the customary noon express, loitered on the platform and wished they had been a trifle more friendly to Hammond in days gone by.

"Well, you old hyena!" said Mr. Ellsworth, slinging two suit cases into the tonneau.

"Oh, I'm so glad to be here, Jerry!" said his wife effusively.

Certain of the men of Heathcote lingered in the vicinity; many of them bowed; all of them maintained that Mrs. Ellsworth was fully as delectable as her portraits—yes, more so. But their courtesy didn't take, for Cora was hugging Hammond's arm, and Eddie was hammering him on the back, the chauffeur was waiting patiently, the motor was chugging impatiently—and it was all but lunch time.

On the veranda Evelyn rose to greet them. She had spent the last hour in mental confusion. She didn't know whether she really expected Gerald to come home with his boasted prey or whether she believed he would come alone, with a telegram of regrets for an alibi. Yet here they were—a big, handsome, nonchalant Mr. Ellsworth and a young woman in a tailor-suit and a hat—both of them perfectly at ease, both chatting amiably with her radiant husband in the short journey from the curb to the veranda.

"By Jupiter!" exclaimed Ellsworth. "This looks like a regular place! Is that a garage or a barn? Jerry, you old farmer, you don't mean to tell me you keep chickens!"

"Rhode Island Reds."

"Show 'em to me! How do you feed 'em?"

"Middlings and green stuff—come on over."

Mrs. Ellsworth gave her hostess the best of her winning smiles.

"We've looked forward to this so much," she said. "Do you know, Mrs. Hammond, we both thought you were an invalid ——"

"An invalid!"

"Yes. Somehow we never heard of Jerry's bringing many people out here; and yet we knew you had a beautiful place ——"

Evelyn choked; but she had been a diplomat long before she was a wife. She also had a fairly developed sense of justice. Only three times had Gerald brought friends out from the city, and she recalled with some chagrin what she had afterward said about them.

But these were friends of a different stamp. Why, the man was a gentleman—and his wife! His wife was so sweet and simple and charming that Evelyn, if her intellect had ever permitted her to adore anything, would have adored her by sundown. And it was very evident that the Ellsworths thought a great deal of Gerald—it was evident first to Evelyn, and later to the numerous couples who chanced to drop in casually, and were much astonished and perturbed to find visitors on the lawn.

A select few had been asked to dine. Evelyn hadn't dared to hint of dancing, but it was Mrs. Ellsworth who insisted. To the vast disappointment of the company she said laughingly that after a whole season of dancing with practically no one but her husband, she didn't intend to spoil a party by being professional about it. And since, of course, none of the other men had the nerve to ask Cora Ellsworth to dance with him, knowing well that it would be in the nature of an exhibition, it was Hammond who was led to the sacrifice—and Mr. Ellsworth danced with Evelyn.

She had always known that Gerald danced excellently; but she was staggered to see what he could do with an expert partner.

"Why, what is that they're doing?" she demanded breathlessly of Mr. Ellsworth.

He smiled weakly. That was precisely how he had planned to smile.

"One of our own," he said. "It's wonderful how quickly Jerry picks them up—simply wonderful! Honestly, Mrs. Hammond—you may not care for this—but if Jerry weren't in business he could make his everlasting fortune in stage dancing. He gets 'em much more quickly than I can. Look at that! All she has to do is to show him just once, and he's got it!"

"You met each other out West?" she said absently.

"We were introduced—let's see —— The man who introduced us—I seem to remember Grand Rapids in '98 ——"

But it was chiefly on Sunday that Evelyn received illumination. Heretofore she hadn't considered her husband particularly modest, because she didn't know that he had ever done anything to be modest about. The Ellsworths disillusioned her. And as still more of Heathcote dropped in casually—oh, so very casually—and the society column of Ryder's newspaper stated clearly what the Ellsworths were doing over the week-end, she was inclined to be mildly demonstrative toward Gerald. Once she squeezed his hand under cover of a table, and experienced none of her former impatience because he said "Ouch!"

It was a glittering triumph for Evelyn; and not merely because she was lionizing celebrities but also because she genuinely liked them, she was sorry when they held to the original schedule and announced the necessity of taking the ten-fifty-six to the city on Monday morning. For an hour previous to train time they motored.

"For months and months," said Mr. Edward Ellsworth to Evelyn on the back seat, "I wondered what sort of girl Jerry'd marry. I think you must be extraordinarily good for him."

"Do you?"

"Oh, there's no doubt about it. He's getting to be infinitely more serious "

"Getting to be serious!"

"Why, yes, and he needed to slow up a bit. Of course I don't mean that he was too rapid—far from it! But Jerry liked excitement and people—he liked to enjoy himself in his own way; and he wasn't awfully tactful to people he didn't like. You've smoothed him down wonderfully. I tell you, Mrs. Hammond, you and I are in luck—at least, I know I am—and I'm such an old pal of Jerry's that you'll pardon my thinking you are. I mean—about Cora."

"C-Cora!" she stuttered.

"It's a fact. You know, it wasn't until the very end that I knew whether she'd be Mrs. Ellsworth—or somebody else. So it's specially nice to feel that now we can all be friends ——"

Call This a Day's Work?

An Operating Expense—Insurance—Reduced 80% and Your Investment Account $8,000 Better Off Because of Grinnell Protection

By ARTHUR ROBBINS GRISWOLD

"THOSE Grinnells save me $600 a year in fire insurance which on a 6% basis makes them worth $10,000.

"They cost me less than $2,000!

"And that's a profit of $8,000!

"Not bad for an easy turn-over! Especially as they can be paid for out of the savings if I prefer to pay that way!"

Nothing unusual about those figures! Grinnell Automatic Sprinkler Systems will figure out like that most of the time.

Therefore nearly any man who carries considerable insurance can "do a day's work" that will net him $8,000 and reduce an operating expense (fire insurance) 40% to 90% for the rest of his business life.

Twenty-five thousand men have done such a day's work. They didn't do it until they decided to really investigate the proposition instead of idly speculating about its apparent improbability. Twenty-five thousand more will do it as soon as they understand two things, namely:

First, that insurance companies can afford to insure property protected by Grinnell Automatic Sprinklers for almost nothing. And—

Second, that insurance money only pays the property loss. It won't pay for the havoc and demoralization which a fire is sure to bring down upon a business.

Both of these facts are easy enough to understand.

Fire is impossible without creating heat, and since heat always ascends, the nearest Grinnell sprinkler-head in the ceiling will snap and spurt forth a drenching, squelching downpour of water. Insurance men know that Grinnells always beat the fire. A single sprinkler-head is very often enough to extinguish the fire, but if the blaze proves obstinate, other sprinkler-heads get busy, too.

All over the country these Grinnell sprinkler-heads are on duty and three times a day on the average they are summoned abruptly into service by the presence of fire.

Sixteen Fires in One Year

THE Durham, N. C., Hosiery Mills, for instance, had no less than 16 fires during 1914. But the Grinnell System was on the job and the squelching torrent of water rained down on the heart of the blaze every time, often completing the task before other fire-fighting instruments could even be put to work. The total loss in the 16 fires was only $175.50. The high record is a total of 102 fires in a single plant, all safely and easily controlled by Grinnells.

Owing to these records of performance covering 30 years it only requires the presence of the sprinkler to cause the insurance rate to drop radically—40% to 90% off, as a rule. This saving will pay for the sprinkler in 3 to 7 years. Sometimes they pay for themselves in two years and go on yielding 50% dividends on the investment forever after. Meanwhile this "self-paying" system gives the greatest possible protection against the interruption and demoralization of business which a fire always entails, and which insurance *can not pay for.*

Comparing insurance premiums before and after the Grinnells

If your business were for sale, you would charge a good price for that intangible element in your assets known as "a going business." That asset is usually undervalued, but, at any rate, it is not insured. It stands like an uninsured building, in risk of total loss over night. Nothing but effective fire-prevention will protect that asset. "Loss fully covered by insurance" does not apply to the great *loss occasioned* by the interruption of business.

Big concerns see this. Smaller ones are coming to see it more every day.

Without Any Investment Whatever

There is no difficulty about having Grinnell Sprinklers put in for nothing. Certain construction companies will pay us cash to install a Grinnell System in your building, carry it until the savings from reduced premiums pay for it, and then deliver it free and clear. We will gladly give more information on this subject to firms whose policy is to conserve working capital.

The Grinnell is the standard sprinkler system—that is to say, it is the oldest, the pioneer, thirty-three years in service and protecting more property than all others put together. It is the product of real sprinkler engineers. Its manufacturers maintain a scientific research and testing laboratory, because they aim to ward off all possibilities of failure in the event of fire under the most trying circumstances. In short, its purpose is absolute fire-prevention. Grinnell Systems are planned to be infallibly on tip-toe when the fire comes, even if that be twenty years hence.

Before and After

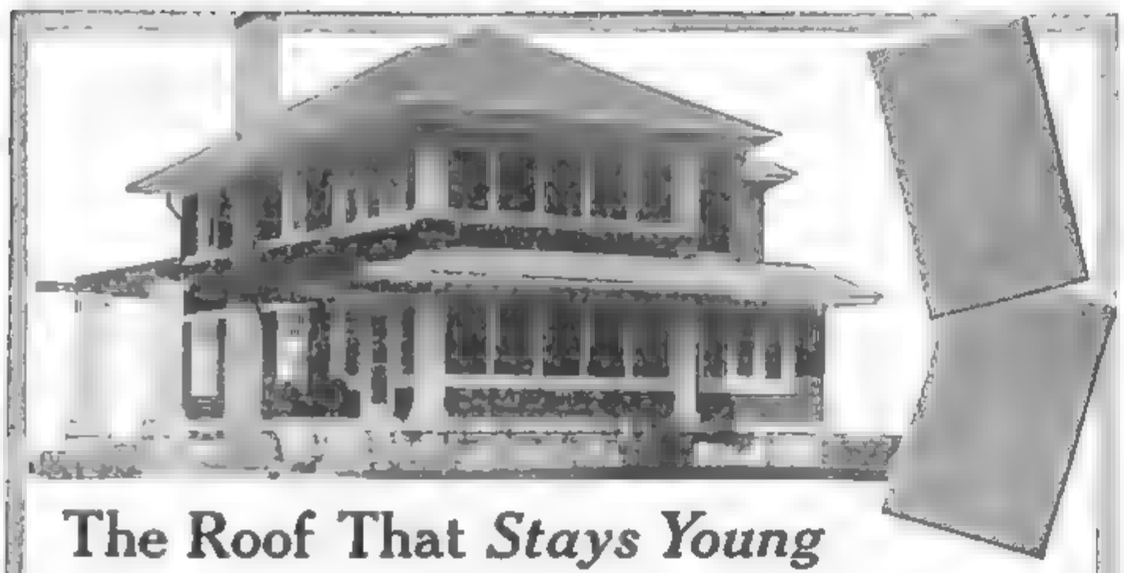
You can make this day an unusually profitable one by starting an investigation along the right lines.

Write—now—to the

General Fire Extinguisher Company

277 West Exchange St., Providence, R. I.

asking for a copy of the Grinnell Information Blank. Or, give the floor area of your building, including basement and attic, insurance carried on building, stock and machinery with insurance rates on each, and we will gladly submit estimate and proposals, without cost or obligation on your part.



The Roof That *Stays Young*

Years after it is laid the Asphalt Shingle roof is just as free from cracks and leaks, lies just as flat and smooth and looks just as beautiful as the day it was laid.

Asphalt Shingles

"Destined to Roof the Nation's Homes"

Asphalt Shingles have passed the test of hard service and have proven their claims to long life and low maintenance cost. Householders who put them on their roofs years ago are still free from repair expenses, while their neighbors have been obliged to spend more money in tinkering with their old style roofs that crack and are easily set on fire.

Asphalt Shingles not only have exceptional lasting qualities and do not blow up or curl, but they have the added charm of beauty. Their many colors make them easily adaptable with other building materials. Some of the colors are reds, greens, grays, browns, and black. Shades that are unfading because of the crushed slate or rock surfacing (in natural colors). Certainly they produce the roof distinctive.

Look for this mark on packages of Asphalt Shingles. It is your guide to dependable roofing

Booklet Free! You will want to know more about this wonderful roofing. Write for our *free* booklet, "*The Roof Distinctive*," which contains much interesting and valuable information. Tells how to make a better looking home and get more roofing satisfaction for your money. Ask your Architect, Contractor, Lumber Dealer or Builder's Supply Man about Asphalt Shingles.

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857 Marquette Bldg., Chicago, Ill.

Please send me your free book of roofing suggestions, "*The Roof Distinctive*."

Name

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857 Marquette Building, Chicago

"patrick" Vogue

THE "patrick" has become the choice of fashionable people for wear when days are chill and damp. Those who observe correctness in dress have adopted the "patrick" as the bigger-than-weather coat.

Patrick Wool Products are as distinctive to America as the cheviots to Scotland, the friezes to Ireland or the tweeds to England. They include "patricks" (mackinaws), long coats, auto robes and blankets, macka-knit sweaters and socks.

For sale at best stores. Send for The Patrick Book showing styles and colors.

Patrick-Duluth Woolen Mill,
200 Commerce St., Duluth, Minn.
"patrick" is the genuine mackinaw

Buy a "patrick" where you see this sign

Patrick Duluth

Wool Products

Evelyn sat stunned and helpless. Her eyes were riveted to the pair in the front seat; dumbly she remembered Gerald's statement that he wouldn't feel justified in kissing her.

"Oh, that would be lovely!" Mrs. Ellsworth was saying. "Why don't you? A house party in September when everybody's back, and only one couple from each profession—you, and us, and two artists, and two authors—just like the Ark! And you know so many people — —"

"Well, I tell you," said Gerald, "I don't say I know people unless I know 'em intimately. You're the only guests I've had out here in two years. I can't profess friendship with folks I've just met once or twice ——"

Evelyn swallowed hard.

"Yes," she said in an undertone. "We both are lucky, Mr. Ellsworth."

They said good-by at the station; at the last minute Hammond gave Mr. Ellsworth a letter to mail in town. As he slipped it into his pocket the actor observed that it was addressed to himself.

"A perfectly ripping time, old boy!" he said.

"If I should tell you," said his wife to Evelyn, "that it's been years since I enjoyed anything so deeply, would you believe me?"

The train set itself in sluggish motion.

"We—we might as well go home, Jerry!" said Evelyn with a little gasp. But she too stood and watched the back platform on which stood Jerry's dear old friends—Eddie waving his hat in cheerful abandon, Cora kissing the tips of her fingers.

They were nearly home and Hammond was fearful that they had all overplayed it when Evelyn ventured:

"Jerry, dear, how long did you say you've known them?"

"It seems like a long time. Why, as I recall it, a man in Sternburg's Café in Grand Rapids in '98 ——"

"Did—did you ever care much for her?"

"There was one time—I guess it must have been as much as a week—when I was crazy about her. But that's over. I'd rather have you."

Her heart bounded in the glory of it! Her frank, ingenuous, transparent Gerald! She was ready for a vehement denial. She had no answer for the truth. So she merely snuggled closer to him and sighed in great contentment.

"I'm glad you're staying home to-day. I'll be terribly tired ——"

"Why, dear?"

"Why? Because everybody I know will be calling me on the telephone this afternoon ——"

Yet even as stupid a man as Gerald Hammond could have seen that she wasn't dreading it.

Two days later he received at his office a communication addressed in a woman's writing. The monogram perplexed him; but a single glance at the inclosure made it unnecessary for him to turn to the signature.

"Well, I'll be darned!" said Hammond softly to himself.

He read:

"*Dear Gerald:* That's how we both think of you, and I hope you don't mind.

"We can't possibly keep your check. It was very kind and thoughtful of you to include all the expenses, even the littlest ones, but after a very slight experience with you we know that such thoughtfulness is typical. But we can't take it—not even for the eight dancing lessons. You did so beautifully on Saturday night that I'm proud to have had you as a pupil.

"We've been wondering if you could have liked us as much as we did you. If you didn't—if you remember us only as two professional people who helped you out of a difficulty—you won't need to answer this note at all. But Eddie and I don't meet many people who interest us as much as you and Evelyn did. It was very funny, of course, and dozens of times we nearly exploded; but there was another side to it. I've told you that already. So before I write to Evelyn I want to know, quite truthfully, if we can't meet sometime on a different basis. We want to be really friends with you. We've taken a cottage at 'Sconset for six weeks, and unless you don't want me to I'd like to ask Evelyn, when I write to thank her, to have you bring her up for a fortnight. You'd enjoy the colony all 'big' people, and most of them happen to be quite nice too.

"I think we know enough about you to anticipate your answer. Sometimes you forgot, just as we did, that we were only pretending to be friends. At any rate we can't keep the check. If you feel badly about it you might give it to Evelyn—I'm not sure that you don't owe it to her more than to us.

"Please write as soon as you can, because we do want to see you again when we can all be natural. Eddie said he'd rather talk with you than with any other man he's met this side of Cleveland. And because it would be rather silly to go back to formality now—and for the sake of security we can't anyway—I don't see how I can sign myself except as Cordially yours,

"PINKIE ELLSWORTH."

As though the invitation itself weren't enough to raise Evelyn to a vastly higher plane of fluttering appreciation of Gerald, he intimated that he had another surprise for her.

"You'll want some clothes," he opined. "Buy 'em with this."

"Why, you darling!" she gasped. "But what a funny one, Jerry! Why, how did you ever make it out for such a queer amount?"

Hammond replaced fountain pen and checkbook in his pocket.

"I'm giving you just what came to me," he explained. "Four hundred and ninety-seven dollars and sixty cents. Why, it's a dividend, dear, a dividend. It's a dividend from a little investment in—in a couple of well-known securities."

Casting Metal Rods

CASTING by pouring molten metal into molds, usually of sand, and allowing it to cool, is one of the ancient arts that has persisted in practically its original form through the modern age of invention. Now a machine has been perfected that will cast metal into continuous rods, miles long if desired. Blocks, each making one-half of a mold, are attached to two endless chains in such a way that, as the chains move, the blocks come together at the top of the machine and separate at the bottom. This makes a continuous mold, and the molten metal is poured in at the top.

The blocks are cooled by circulating water, thus cooling the molten metal; and at the bottom the metal comes out as a continuous rod. An automatic attachment feeds in the molten metal at the top according to the speed with which the blocks are moving.

The machine is intended to take the place of the more expensive rod-rolling process for rods in which cast metal will be satisfactory.

Movies in Color

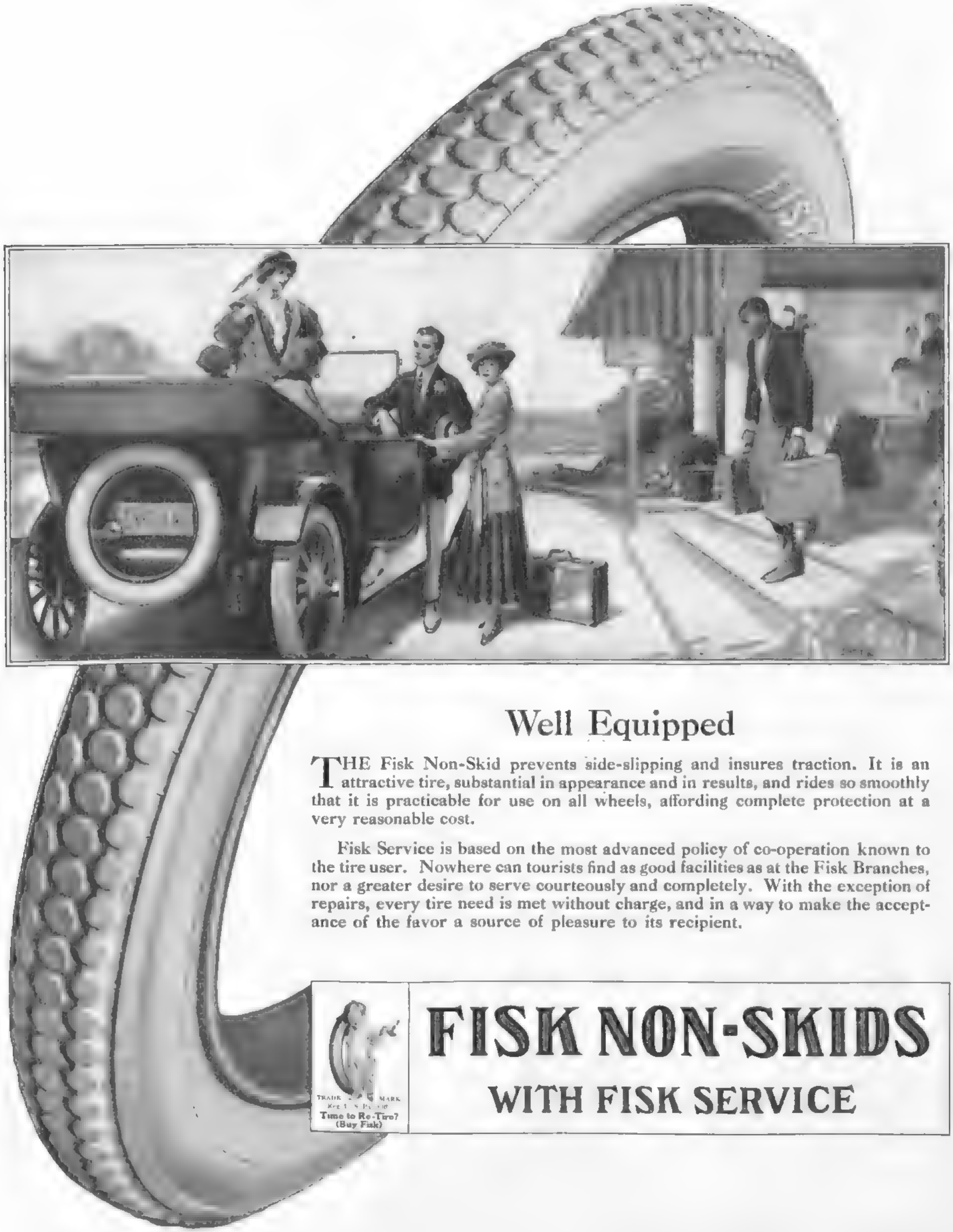
THE marvelous accuracy of modern machinery has made possible a new form of colored moving pictures which have now passed the experimental stage and are in the course of production on a large scale.

Every color of the rainbow can be reproduced accurately by the new films, and the pictures can be displayed from an ordinary moving-picture machine, but the new films are bound to be expensive.

Colored moving pictures that have been displayed successfully in recent years are made up of two sets of pictures, one taken for red light and one taken for a bluish-green light, and the colors produced are simply combinations of these two colors. Most ordinary colors can be reproduced fairly well by this means, though a few do not appear right. In projecting these two-color films, first one color is thrown on the screen and then the other color, leaving it to the eye to mix the two colors unconsciously.

In the new colored movies three colors are used—red, blue and yellow—from which any other color may be obtained with reasonable accuracy. Instead of three films, however, each bearing one color, all three colors are placed on one film in three very thin layers. Thus white light passing through such a film will reproduce the colors.

The great problem is to make the layers "register." Each layer must be placed above the lower one with perfect accuracy. A slip of a thousandth of an inch would mix the colors up so badly that the pictures would be freaks. Accordingly it is the devising of apparatus to make the layers register which has made the new pictures possible.



Well Equipped

THE Fisk Non-Skid prevents side-slipping and insures traction. It is an attractive tire, substantial in appearance and in results, and rides so smoothly that it is practicable for use on all wheels, affording complete protection at a very reasonable cost.

Fisk Service is based on the most advanced policy of co-operation known to the tire user. Nowhere can tourists find as good facilities as at the Fisk Branches, nor a greater desire to serve courteously and completely. With the exception of repairs, every tire need is met without charge, and in a way to make the acceptance of the favor a source of pleasure to its recipient.

FISK NON-SKIDS

WITH FISK SERVICE

"Colonna" Bath, Plate No. K-64 "Bretton" Lavatory, Plate No. K-580

In this "Colonna" bathtub you buy exactly the same superior quality as in KOHLER "Viceroy" built-in tubs

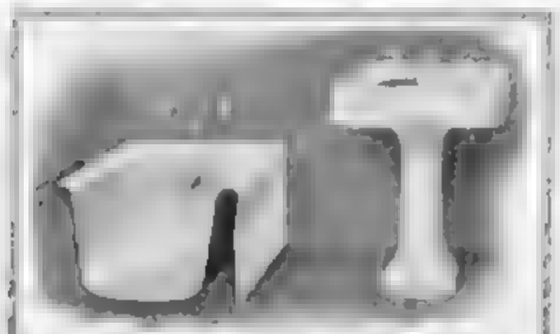
We wish to emphasize as strongly as possible that there is but *one* Kohler quality—the highest. Whatever the price of the bathtub, lavatory, kitchen sink or other enameled plumbing ware you select for your home, if it is Kohler ware it is *always* the same high quality. The same workmen use the same materials and make every piece in the same way. Without regard to price, you get exactly the same quality-value in all Kohler fixtures.

Choose enameled ware made by Kohler of Kohler

No old style or sectional unhygienic patterns in Kohler Ware

Every Kohler piece is thoroughly modern. The lines are artistic. Every woman will appreciate the absence of grooved ornamentation which affords lodging places for dust and grime.

Kohler enamel has a smooth, white surface, and the color is uniform. All Kohler enameled ware is made in one factory—the largest in the world devoted exclusively to the production of enameled plumbing ware.



Sectional view of one piece "Viceroy" built in bath—the lightest and easiest cleaning tub of its type—Plate No. V 12 A
"Columbia" Lavatory—Plate No. K-205-F.

Your architect will tell you that Kohler designs are handsome and that Kohler enameled ware is most durable—it will last a lifetime. Your plumber is glad to install it, because he has no trouble with it—its hygienic features and its ease of cleaning always satisfy his customers. The cost of installation is no more than for cheaper, inferior ware.

Kohler Co. originated one-piece construction. Kohler baths simplify the work of installation, and eliminate unhygienic sectional features.

Kohler production

When you buy a piece of Kohler enameled ware you secure the product of the largest factory in the world devoted exclusively to the production of enameled plumbing ware, made by an enthusiastic, efficient organization imbued with high ideals.

"It's in the Kohler Enamel"

MAKERS OF
Enameled Bathtubs, Lavatories, Sinks, Etc.

KOHLER CO.

Founded 1873

Kohler, Wis., U. S. A.

BRANCHES
London New York Chicago
Boston San Francisco

GHOST CITIES OF THE WEST

(Continued from Page 9)

hat and shoot it full of holes before it hit the ground—sort of calling attention to the fact that he was handy with a pistol. Him being buried here, outside the fence, is a pretty good sign that he wasn't a deacon in the church or anything like that.

"One night he ran up against the wrong party—I don't know his name, but I've heard him called Mose—and got both barrels of a shotgun at close range. They say the shotgun was loaded with big screws and chunks of scrap iron; anyhow, Carder came out of the door of the Crystal Palace Saloon with his pistol in his hand, looking for Mose, and he never knew what hit him.

"Now for the curious part of it. Carder's widow put up this stone, and they say that Mose didn't like what was carved on it. In the first place, he didn't want the Lord's attention called to him on a tombstone that way; and, in the second place, he claimed that Carder had spit in his face, so it wasn't an assassination at all but a plain case of suicide. The story goes that he stewed and stewed for a while, got madder and madder, and finally came up here on the hill and did some target practice with his forty-five, leaving the stone as it is now. That's what they tell.

"I don't like to think that anybody was ever mean enough to follow a man to his grave and show his hate there, but here's the stone. Somebody busted it, that's a cinch; and why not the man who had the most reason to want it out of the way?"

To return to the sixties: The lynching of the bad men had a good effect and Aurora quieted down considerably. She soon became quieter still, and the floating population left the camp.

Aurora's gradual decline and death were due to two things—an expensive and inefficient milling process and water in her mines. The old-fashioned Cornish pumps were unable to cope with the situation, and when the water came in the miners went out.

In the seventies an English company, tempted by the history of early successes, bought all the claims in the Aurora district and consolidated them under one head. A cheaper milling process would have meant success, but it cost them the full value of the ore to mine and mill it, and in the eighties the Englishmen quit the field, leaving several unsatisfied judgments behind. It was then that Aurora passed from the map. She was as dead as a mackerel, and admitted it, and until 1900 it is said that her entire population consisted of four old men.

Aurora stayed dead until 1900, when four young men attempted to bring about a revival. They acquired all the mining property by the simple and comparatively inexpensive process of satisfying the old judgments and bringing suit to quiet title—in fact, they bought the entire town of Aurora and two hundred acres of mining ground for a song, words and music composed by themselves. It was rather a remarkable experiment, and one of these men told me the story of that attempted revival, when the corpse stirred a little but did not entirely come to life.

The Deserted Camp

"We didn't have a million dollars behind us," said he, "but we were convinced that Aurora was a good proposition, rightly handled, and time has proved that we were right. We hoped to begin on a modest scale and develop the properties to a point where they would amount to something big. I know the last man who was in one of those old shafts when the water came in and drove the miners out, and he told me that the ore was rich in gold. With new pumps to unwater those properties—oh, well, what's the use of talking about that part of it? As a matter of fact, we got control of so much stuff that we didn't know where to begin, and, as I said, we didn't have the money to put into the scheme.

"I went to Aurora to have a look at the place, and it didn't seem possible that a camp which had been so much alive could be so dead. The town was just as it had been left in the eighties when everything stopped and the people walked out. The houses still had furniture in them, and the man who owned the general store had turned the key in the lock and gone with the rest. At the hoisting works the tools were lying on the benches just as the men had dropped them. The whole thing seemed exactly like a perfectly good clock which had run down and needed only someone to wind it up and start it going again.

"There were four old men in Aurora when we got there. Three of them I recall by name—Patterson, Lewis and Donohue—withered and whiskered old gnomes who dated back to the sixties, and how much farther I'll never tell you. They had had the camp absolutely to themselves for so many years that they seemed to feel that they owned it, and they resented our coming in and poking about. They did not put this resentment into words, but they made us feel it just the same.

"They spied on all our movements in a furtive sort of way—followed us at a distance in the daytime and peeked into our windows at night. If there is any place on earth that will make a healthy man think about disembodied spirits it is a dead mining camp, where the people seem not to be absent but in hiding—behind the doors, just round the corner—and I never caught one of those old men looking in at my window that it didn't send a chill down my spine. It was like being watched by ghosts—and not friendly ones either."

The Four Old Gnomes

"Before we came life in Aurora must have been a cheerful thing, with only those four old-timers in the place and no two of them on speaking terms. They interested me, and I finally scraped acquaintance with them—or, rather, with Old Man Patterson. He was a little mummy of a man with a long white beard and a high, piping voice. I suppose that Patterson had decided that we were not so bad after all, because he hung round where we were; but he never opened his mouth until one day he heard me telling one of my partners that I had stopped smoking.

"'I've quit terbacky too!' chirped the old man.

"'Have you, old-timer?' said I. 'Since when?'

"'Back in the spring of sixty-four I quit, an' I ain't smoked or chawed from then till now.'

"He seemed to feel this a common bond, and gradually he warmed toward me. One day I ventured to ask him about Donohue.

"'What sort of a fellow is Donohue?' said I. 'He doesn't seem very friendly to our outfit.'

"Old Man Patterson looked behind him as if he feared being overheard; then came over and whispered in my ear:

"'He's an old devil, that's what Donohue is! Don't you have nothin' to do with him or you'll be sorry!'

"'But Lewis is all right, isn't he?'

"'Humph! All right to let alone! Lewis is as pizen as a rattlesnake! Why, he'd kill a man for a chaw of terbacky, he would for a fact!'

"I have forgotten what he said about the other old man—probably it would not bear repeating. The next day Donohue came to me.

"'I see ye've been colloguin' wid owld Patherson,' said he, by way of preface, 'and I'm here to war-rn ye. Patherson is the meanest an' the wickedest owld scut in the mountains. Have sense an' say no more to him!' Donohue also paid his respects to the other old men. His opinion of them was equally unflattering.

"One by one they came to me, each without a kindly word for the absentees. Now, the truth of the matter is that these old men were harmless creatures, no better nor worse than men of their age usually are. They had lived too long alone, shut up in a dead town with nothing to do but watch each other, and the loneliness had bred suspicion and hatred. Those who are familiar with aged prospectors know that solitude often creates delusions, leaving them neither sane nor insane, but on the borderland of madness. For twenty years, and how much longer I do not know, these old men had been watching each other as they had watched us.

"Patterson was the first to die. The public administrator came over from the county seat to gather up his small effects and take charge of them, in case his relatives should make inquiry. In a battered old valise under the bunk in Patterson's cabin he found seven short heavy cylinders, carefully wrapped in paper which had grown

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We make no heaters for sale under any other name or mark. None leaves our factory without our trade mark.

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Our business life depends upon the perfection of our product. That is our guarantee of quality—but we specifically guarantee each heater.

The guarantee is on the tag attached to the heater you buy. Accept none without it.

Rigid adherence to this policy has enlisted an army of over a million satisfied customers, to whom we refer. You know some of them. Ask them about Reznor Gas Heaters.

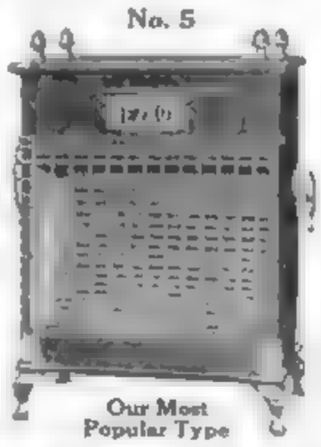
When better Gas Heating Appliances can be made we will make them.

Insist upon a Reznor. Remember it is *your* money you are spending, and it is to *your* interest to get Reznor goods.

Look for the brass sign showing the Reznor trade mark. It is the hall mark of quality in Gas Heating Stoves, because where it is displayed Reznor goods are on sale.

If you cannot get a Reznor Gas Heater in your neighborhood, write us. We will see to it that you receive the Heater best suited to your needs.

If you have not already sent for your copies of our two valuable booklets on Gas Heating, do so at once. A postal will do. They will come to you by return mail.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Our Most Popular Type

Reznor Manufacturing Co.

Mercer, Pa.

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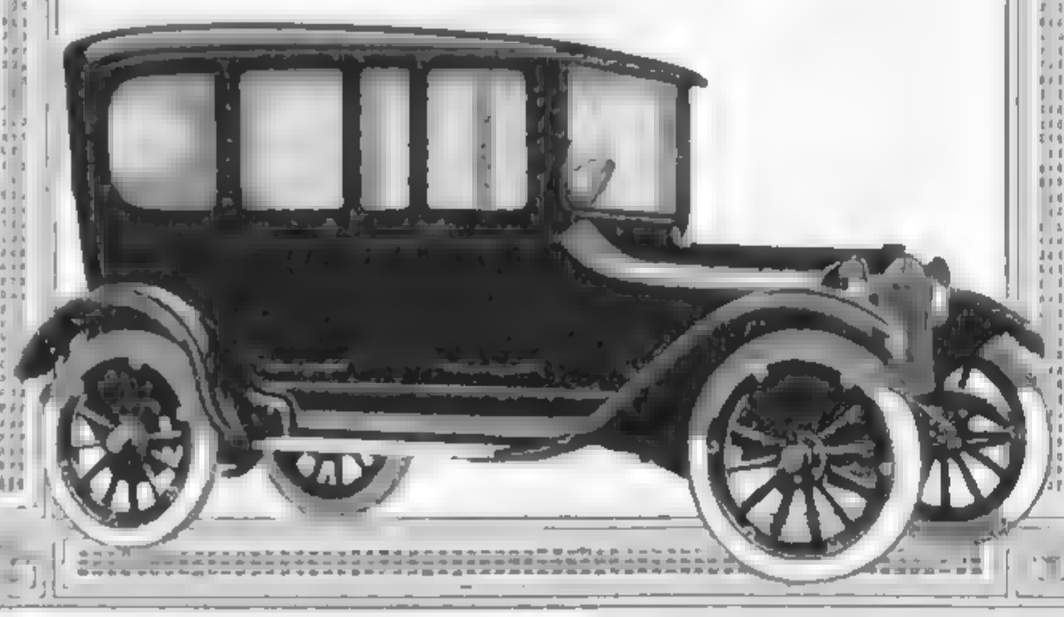
WINTER CAR

The beauty and comfort and dignity you look for in an enclosed car.

The touring car and the roadster converted into Winter cars by means of demountable, electrically-lighted, cloth-upholstered tops. Designed and built especially for these cars—retaining and emphasizing the grace and beauty for which they are noted.

The motor is 30 35 horsepower
The price of the Winter Touring Car or Roadster complete, including regular mohair top, is $950
(f. o. b. Detroit)
Canadian price $1335 (add freight from Detroit)

DODGE BROTHERS, DETROIT



yellow with age. He opened one and it contained five hundred dollars in twenty-dollar gold pieces, minted years and years before. The entire sum was thirty-five hundred dollars. Where Patterson got it, how long it had been in his possession, why, with the means to go elsewhere, he had chosen to stay in Aurora, were mysteries which he left us to solve.

"Donohue's funeral is still remembered as a very hilarious occasion. There were times when the old man drank heavily, and while in a helpless condition he fell across an open fire, burning one leg to a charred stump. After he had lingered for weeks and taxed the patience of everybody in the camp, I was told that Donohue was dead.

"It happened that he had left certain instructions regarding his funeral. Perhaps he did not want to be buried in the same graveyard with Old Man Patterson; at any rate he had requested the boys to take him down the cañon and bury him at Fletcher's. Fortunately there was sufficient sentiment in the camp to respect his wishes, and in the bottom of a delivery wagon Donohue set out for his last ride. Near the Del Monte Mill, at the lower end of town, the horses became frightened and started to run away. Down the cañon they went, the coffin bouncing about in the wagon. The wheels struck a rut, the coffin flew ten feet in the air and came down on the hard road with a crash that split the planks apart—and the late corpse of Donohue sat up with a howl.

"'What in h—— are ye tryin' to do wid me—and me a sick man?' he yelled.

"Donohue had not been as dead as we thought, and when he found that we had nearly buried him alive his wrath passed all bounds and he cursed us bitterly. I do not know that I blame him. Donohue said he had had one funeral and that was enough, so he proceeded to get well and lasted for several years longer—principally to spite the other old men.

"We had not been long in Aurora before we began to take an interest in the contents of the general store. The building was of brick, with heavy iron shutters over the windows, and these alone must have cost in the neighborhood of a thousand dollars. After some time we located the owner in the East and wrote him a letter, asking him to name a price on his Aurora property. Back came his answer: 'For two hundred and fifty dollars the store and everything in it is yours.' We sent him the money and got the big brass key to the front door."

The Treasures of the Old Shop

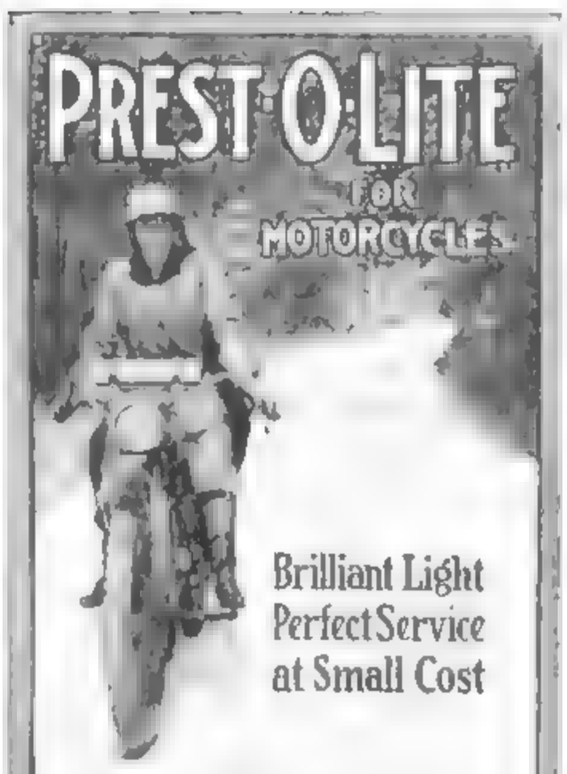
"I opened the place with much the same sensation I used to have when, as a kid, I paid my nickel and put my hand into the grab bag. And I drew a prize the first thing. Bang in the doorway, and blocking the entrance, was a tremendous coil of two-inch manila rope in perfect condition, and worth more than we had paid for the entire store.

"I can't begin to describe the stuff that we found or the fun we had sorting it over. The stock was in as good condition as it was the day the place was shut up, barring, of course, the perishables. The clear dry air of the mountains had preserved everything: there was even a noticeable absence of dust.

"Imagine a complete line of men's wearing apparel, as good as new, but dating back to the seventies and beyond—frock coats of rich doeskin, with flaring, square-cut skirts and lapels edged with braid; fancy vests with the entire front cut out to show a frilled shirt; old-fashioned collars; sky-blue satin neckties; voluminous peg-top trousers; queer old boots of the finest leather and enough flat-topped derby hats to supply an army of Yiddish comedians. The women's wear was, of course, a dead loss. It was so far behind the times that even the squaws would not look at it, but the bucks and Chinamen were not so particular. If we got nothing else out of Aurora we had many a hearty laugh in those days.

"When we found an Indian or a Chinaman with a dollar to spend we gave the customer values never before dreamed of in the clothing business—gave, too, the benefit of our advice and taste in selection, and if we did not succeed in making him a gaudy spectacle it was not because we did not try. For a time the main street of Aurora was a walking vaudeville show. It was not an uncommon sight to see a portly Piute buck go stalking down the middle of the road in a fawn-colored frock coat, blue trousers, a

(Continued on Page 49)



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HEART OF THE WELL COUNTRY

where the equable climate and the efficacy of the combined low humidity and high altitude give the very best opportunity for recovery. Living expenses are comparatively low and accommodations for healthseekers unexcelled. A booklet is issued describing the climatic treatment of tuberculosis and the cost of treatment. Address HEALTH DEPARTMENT, Albuquerque Commercial Club, Albuquerque, N. Mex.

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For over three years European motorists have been getting from 10,000 to 15,000 [illegible] on their tires. Now [illegible] saving $50 to $200 a year in tire expense.

We ship on approval [illegible] prepay express and [illegible] Durable Treads [illegible] under a signed guarantee for 5,000 miles without puncture. Applied in your own garage in thirty minutes.

Special Discount [illegible] direct from factory. [illegible] information and [illegible] a week. State size of tires. Don't wait—write today. Address the nearest office.

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TYPEWRITERS ALL MAKES

Prices $15.00 up. SOLD or RENTED anywhere at ½ to ⅓ MANUFACTURERS' PRICES, allowing RENTAL TO APPLY ON PRICE. Free Trial. Installment payments if desired. Write for catalog D
TYPEWRITER EMPORIUM, 34-38 W. Lake St., Chicago

A Happier Boy

Was Frederick Peterson after he began earning his own spending money. He had grown tired of asking his parents for an allowance. Now he has an account of over $100.00 in the bank.

How Did He Do It?

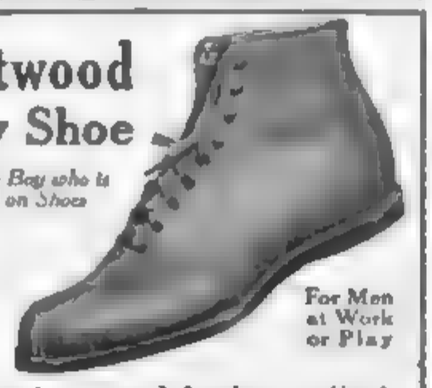
He heard of the Curtis Plan for boys and wrote to us. We helped him make a start. Now he has more than forty customers for *The Saturday Evening Post*.

Any wide-awake, hustling boy can do what Frederick has done. We are willing to help you. If, like Frederick, you're one of "our kind" of boys, write to-day for our plan.

Sales Division, Box 68
The Curtis Publishing Company
Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

Eastwood Play Shoe

For the Boy who is Hard on Shoes



For Men at Work or Play

Real smoke-tanned leather, *unlined.* Natural (Chrome Gray) Color. Both inner and outer soles the best oak-tanned leather. The shoe is outing cut, laces low in front. Seamless, easy and pliable. Spring heel, with an arch to the last that gives full support to the foot.

The best shoe for football, baseball, tramping, shooting, as well as all around service.

Eastwood Play Shoe [illegible]

Youths' Sizes, 10 to 13½, delivered,		$3 50
Boys' Sizes 1 to 5		4 00
Men's Sizes, 6 to 11	"	4 50
Same with Flat Broad Heel,	"	5 50
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Free Booklet on request

Wm. Eastwood & Son Co. 296 Main Street Rochester, N. Y.
The Home of Good Shoemaking

COMMUNITY SILVER

"*Dearest Kate:*

If you hear of Bob and myself figuring in a divorce suit, you can blame the Community people and their silver—they shouldn't be allowed to make two such beautiful patterns as the Sheraton and the Patrician.

You see, last Monday two perfectly darling chests of Community came on approval from Hawkins, the jeweler. Bob immediately leaped at the Sheraton, while I at once *adored* the Patrician! * * Result? An impasse! Meanwhile 'Tempus fugits,' and the twin chests of Community still gleam tantalizingly at us, awaiting the arrival of some wise Solomon to make us choose between them.

—*Irma*

P. S.—We have decided to be our own Solomon—We are to keep *both* chests of Community and use them on alternate days, the Patrician *first*.

P. P. S.—*I am beginning at once to flaunt my Community in front of Bob.*"

COMMUNITY STERLING

The Patrician design is made in both Sterling and Community Plate

PATRICIAN

COMMUNITY PLATE

The Best Silver Plate Ware made

At your service for 50 Years

6 Teaspoons $2.15

ONEIDA COMMUNITY, LTD., ONEIDA, N. Y.

Also Makers of Oneida Community Reliance Plate (at your service for 25 years, six teaspoons, $1.10), *and* Oneida Community Par Plate.

We Pay This Man $100.00 a Week

He is Mr. J. J. Neal, of Virginia, a student of medicine. During the past two months we paid him $850.00 for looking after new and renewal subscription orders for *The Saturday Evening Post*, *The Ladies' Home Journal* and *The Country Gentleman*.

If you have some spare time, you can convert it into money just as Mr. Neal and a host of others are doing. Thousands of men and women who have only occasional leisure hours are each earning from two to forty dollars a week. Many others who can give us their entire time earn correspondingly more.

We need representatives in every part of the country to look after renewals and to forward the new orders for these three publications. For this work we pay liberally in salary and commission.

We will provide everything required and give you all the necessary instruction. Address

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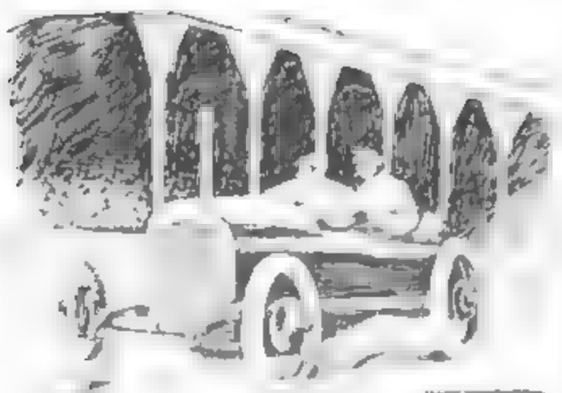

The Test of Speed

High speed—the most gruelling test of a spark plug—has helped to develop Champion Reliability.

Every separate Champion type has been exhaustively tried out under racing conditions in the motor it is built to serve.

We have subjected Champions to a flow of sparks far more rapid and constant than you will ever develop in *your car*.

This is merely one of the methods we have adopted to assure you perfect spark plug service under all conditions.

Champion
TOLEDO MADE FOR THE WHOLE WORLDS TRADE

"X" for Ford Cars

There is a specially designed Champion Plug for every type of motor—Ford, Buick, Overland, Studebaker, Maxwell and oversixty others. Be sure you get the *right* Champion plug for *your* car

75% of all American made gasoline motors, automobile, tractor, stationary and marine, are equipped by their makers with Champion.

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Insures fair dealing in the matter of free repair, replacement or money back.

See your dealer or write direct to us.

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10,000 Miles Guarantee on Brictson Tires

A specific 10,000 mile written guarantee for every Brictson tire sold. It is certainly a big thing to say about any tire, but we can back it up. Brictson tires are different and we want fully demonstrated every buyer.

Try Brictson Tires At Our Expense

Send out at our risk for ... Brictson tires. Put them on your car, ride on them 10 days, then if you are not entirely satisfied with them in every way, send them back and we will refund every penny you paid us.

THE BRICTSON MFG. CO.
3705 Brictson Bldg. Brookings, S. D.

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OUTING LUNCH TABLE

Easily set up, light and strong. No nails, screws or bolts. Simply push steel legs into ground, put frame in place and ... Locks into canvas ... 24 x 10 ins. Supported in the ... for details. If not satisfied ... returned. Enjoy your picnic in a clean sanitary, comfortable way.

Puffer-Hubbard Mfg. Co.
Minneapolis, Minn.

DO YOU LIKE TO DRAW?

Cartoonists are well paid

We will not ... grand prize if you answer this ad. Not ... claim to make you rich in a week ... make money ... portfolio of cartoons ... sample lesson plate, ...

The W. L. Evans School of ...
515 Leader Bldg., Cleveland, O.

(Continued from Page 46)

canary-hued vest and a Weber-and-Fields bowler hat.

"In the basement under the store we found something which age had mellowed and time had enhanced in value—a stock of liquors of all sorts. We tried several bottles of the champagne and it fizzed and bubbled just as it must have done in the seventies. The whisky we had no immediate use for, so we turned it over to the local bar, and while it lasted it was on sale at the regular Nevada price—twelve and a half cents a drink, two for a quarter—and that whisky, mind you, was as old as sin, as smooth as oil and as mellow as an autumn sunset in Kentucky; but suffering Cyrus, how powerful! I think Donohue must have had some of that stuff before he tumbled into the fire.

"I do not know what became of the sherry and port—most of it disappeared. I kept a bottle of the sherry, and a friend of mine who sampled it, and said he knew about such things, shed tears when I told him how much of it had slipped through my fingers and been lost. He said he would cheerfully have given more money for that sherry than we paid for the entire store.

"The store, by the way, was our biggest strike in Aurora, as matters turned out. We did not have capital enough to see the thing through, and in time we sold to the present company. The concern which is operating there at present is making money, having reduced the cost of mining and milling to something like two dollars a ton, when it used to cost the Englishmen fifteen to seventeen dollars. It took over a million to make this possible—the million that we did not have.

"In a way, it was a valuable experience and a pleasant dream, aside from the painful shock of awakening. It has furnished me with many a camp-fire yarn. They tell me that Aurora is pretty much up to date these days, and most of the men are young and strangers to the country. It wouldn't seem like home to me without the silence and the emptiness and the old men; it wouldn't be the Aurora I fell in love with."

A Fourth-of-July Concert

It was a woman who gave me an interesting reminiscence of Aurora in the period between the fourth failure and the present revival—a woman who has hunted the world over for out-of-the-way corners and found them worth while. This is her part of the story, and as she told it to me I thought of Bret Harte and what he might have made of the incident:

"My husband has interests in Nevada, and that is how I happened to see Aurora. We arrived there during the first week in July, a little too late for one revival and too early for the next. The camp was not entirely deserted; there was talk of new interests coming in, and some of the people were still there. Besides myself there was one woman in the camp, and on the night of the third of July she came to the cabin where we were staying.

"'If you please,' said she, 'the boys want you and your husband to come to our party to-morrow night. It's the Fourth, and everybody in camp is going to celebrate by eating at the same table. Will you come?'

"I accepted, of course, and thanked her, but still she waited. She seemed embarrassed about something. At last it came out:

"'And will you please wear a pretty dress?'

"I had been wearing corduroy on the trip, short skirts and boots, but as we expected to visit Carson City and Reno I had other things in my trunk. I promised her to wear a pretty dress.

"'It will please the boys,' said she, and went away.

"The gown that I wore was fresh from Paris, and pretty enough for any city in the world. I think it had something to do with the general air of shyness at the beginning of the dinner, which wore off as the conversation became general.

"When the dinner was over we were invited to a continuation of the party at the old Odd Fellows' Hall, one of the landmarks of the camp. When we got there the assembly room was dark but for a single small lamp at the far end. At first I could not see anything, but at last I made out an old-fashioned square piano, under the light, and a chair.

"'If you'd play or maybe sing a song,' said the woman, 'it would be a real treat.'

"I sat down in the dark and ran my fingers over the keys. When we entered the

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Millions who purchase it for style features alone, soon come to recognize its pronounced durability as a positive economy.

Today, a majority of well dressed people throughout the land, find the solution of perfect style and lengthy service, in

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Phoenix Silk Hosiery is made of the highest grade, softest and most brilliant pure-dye thread silk obtainable.

Sold by the best shops in all the new Fall weights and colors. Plain and fancy effects and clocks.

Men's 50¢ to $1.50 pair. Women's 75¢ to $2. pair.
Misses' 75¢ pair. Infants' 25 & 50¢ pair.

Made in U.S.A. by the
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224 Broadway, Milwaukee

PURE PHOENIX SILK

If this young man came to you

for a position, you would probably employ him—if you had a vacancy. His appearance, personality and address are all in his favor.

But you would have a far more convincing reason for employing him. Robert Horton has enterprise, perseverance and initiative. These qualities he has already displayed as a salesman for the Curtis publications.

He sells his copies after school on Thursdays and Fridays; four years ago he started. By serving his customers with regularity and dispatch, he has built up a route of regular customers among the best people in his town. In recognition of his excellent service, he has recently been admitted to membership in our

League of Curtis Salesmen

Robert Horton

We are daily examining *experimental* ... thousands of young men ... Master salesmen ... are trained to employ ... effectively. The ... Robert Horton ... shall ... we refer to ... these ... graduate from your boys' schools ... when they are ready to seek permanent salaried positions?

Through our Vocational Guidance Bureau, we refer our Master Salesmen, the lads who rank highest in the League, to reputable employers who offer positions with a future.

Before ... a boy ... we ... by ... and ... the ... of ...

SHALL WE REFER ONE TO YOU?

Your ... to interview these boys ... places ... them. You ... with ... but you will have the satisfaction of ... our experience ... of general intelligence, reliability, initiative and perseverance.

Full information about our Vocational Service to employers will be furnished on request.

Sales Division, Box 71 · THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

FOSTER your face with a beaming smile

Cat's Paw Heels make life worth while

CAT'S PAW
CUSHION
RUBBER HEELS

Ask your dealer to put them on your new shoes—and your old ones, too.

Then they will be more comfortable—they will wear longer—and you will walk safely, with a sure-footed step.

The Foster Friction Plug positively prevents slipping on wet sidewalks, icy surfaces, or polished floors.

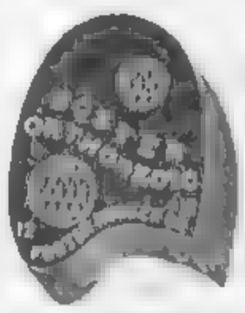
No holes to track mud and dirt.

They cost no more than the ordinary kind—and they are easy to find—all dealers—50 cents attached—black or tan.

Get a pair today.

THE FOSTER RUBBER CO.
105 Federal Street, Boston, Mass.

Originators and Patentees of the Foster Friction Plug which prevents slipping



Do you have weak arches? Then you need the Foster Orthopedic Heel which gives that extra support where needed. Especially valuable to policemen, motormen, conductors, floor walkers and all who are on their feet a great deal. 75c attached at your dealer's—or sent postpaid upon receipt of 50c, and outline of your foot.

HIGH PRICES KILLED Beware of Cheap Prices

The General says:

When we entered the field the price of good roofing was too high. With our big mills, enormous output and modern selling methods we can sell the best roofing at a reasonable price. This has been done to such a great extent that high prices have been killed. Now you get the highest quality at a reasonable price when you buy

Certain-teed Roofing

But there is another great danger. Unknown goods with unknown brands and unknown qualities are being offered at prices that are too cheap for safety. It's a long, long chance you take when you buy these cheap goods. Avoid extremes of cheap prices as well as high prices. Know that the company whose name appears on the goods has the ability to make a good quality roofing at a reasonable price, and that it is guaranteed by them to be the best roofing possible to make; that the company does not sell anything at a higher price, and that the price at which it is offered to you is a reasonable but not a cheap price.

Certain-teed Roofing is guaranteed 5, 10 or 15 years, according to whether the thickness is 1, 2 or 3 ply respectively, and remember this guarantee is backed by the largest mills in the roofing and building paper industry.

Ask your dealer for these goods and be sure they bear our label. The price will be reasonable

General Roofing Manufacturing Co.

World's largest manufacturer of Roofing and Building Paper

New York City Chicago Philadelphia St. Louis
Boston Cleveland Pittsburgh Detroit San Francisco
Cincinnati Minneapolis Kansas City Seattle Atlanta
Houston London Hamburg Sydney

hall I am positive that it was empty, but as I played the feeling came over me that the room was full of people, listening just outside the circle of light. I could not see them, I could not hear them, but I felt that they were there. I am not oversensitive and given to imagining things, but at first the atmosphere was positively ghostly.

"When in doubt it is always safe to try a hymn—an old one. I sang There is Rest for the Weary, and at the end I heard the nervous scraping of boots on the floor and a murmuring in the dark. Then I knew that I had a real flesh-and-blood audience. All the men in the camp were there. They had tiptoed in without making a sound.

"'Please don't stop.' It was the woman's voice.

"I sang other hymns and then the old songs—Nellie Gray; Believe Me, if All Those Endearing Young Charms, and Suwanee River—the simple and beautiful melodies that mean so much to us, not because of the words or the music, but because of the things they make us remember, the memories that they bring back. After Stephen Foster there was a pause. I had a queer sensation of waiting for something, I did not know what.

"'Can you play Calvary, lady?' It was a man's voice, hesitating, apologetic; one that I did not recognize as having heard before. I struck the opening chords, and a rich, vibrant barytone took up the air, gently at first, as if feeling its way, and gradually swelling to full power on the refrain—sweet and pure and true as a bell. As long as I live I shall never forget that voice, and I never hear Calvary without finding myself back in the Odd Fellows' Hall at Aurora, playing the accompaniment for that invisible singer."

Humoring the Old Gobbler

"Not once did he falter on the words or pause until he had reached the end. As the last note died away there was absolute silence, then a quick, light step on the floor and the thump of boots on the gravel outside. I called out:

"'Will you please sing something else?'

"Another short silence, then a strange voice answered me:

"'He's gone, lady.'

"Why he had asked for the song and sung it in the dark, why he had gone away afterward, I do not know. As I was leaving the hall that night the woman wrung my hand.

"'You don't know how we thank you,' said she; and then as an afterthought: 'This is one night that the saloon has been empty.'"

The kindly soul wished me a pleasant journey, but said he had his doubts on account of the weather and the tires and a few other things. The last I saw of him he was standing in front of the Mark Twain cabin, waving his hand in farewell. My traveling companion, who would not give one spark-plug for all the sacred relics out of doors, spun the wheel cautiously as he eased the car down the narrow street.

"Just between friends, and it goes no farther," said he, "do you believe Mark Twain ever really lived in that shack?"

"*Quien sabe?* Why, Bill?"

"Oh, nothing; but if the fellow who lives in it now gets any comfort out of believing that Mark Twain used to live there, it would be a pity to tell him different. I've got a turkey gobbler at home who thinks I'm afraid of him; he chases me every time he sees me, and just to make him feel good I run. He likes to have it on me that way, and if he gets fun out of it it's all right with me. If I should go after him some day and hit him a swift kick in the feathers it would break his dad-bobbed heart."

"I suppose it would; but why all this moralizing?"

Bill grinned from ear to ear, a mischievous grin.

"While you went poking round that graveyard I did some investigating myself," said he. "I found out that Mark Twain never lived in that cabin at all; but, shucks! What was the use of saying anything about it? Let him stay happy. Mark Twain lived 'way down at the other end of the street. I met an old-timer with pampas-plume whiskers, and he —— Say, what are you laughing at, anyway?"

I told him, and Bill reflected deeply.

"Well, the old spalpeen!" said he at length. "Another turkey gobbler, eh? A little even money that they're both wrong! Where do we go from here?"

The Florsheim Shoe

STYLE preferred by men of particular taste, with the comfort of "Natural Shape" lasts make The Florsheim Shoe the popular choice.

A Style for Every Taste
$5 to $7
Look for Name in Shoe

"Styles of the Times" free booklet—on request.

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Chicago, U. S. A.

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The president of one of the country's largest colleges states:

"The student who is working his own way does not lose social standing in any sense. Our University welcomes students of scanty means as the most desirable element in the University. They are earnest, unspoiled, get what they come after, and carry off a big share of the honors."

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If you desire to enter school or college this fall and to pay your own way through, write today, giving the name of the institution you will attend, and making application for appointment as our special college representative. We will send you details of a plan that has made it easy for hundreds of young men and women to pay their own way through.

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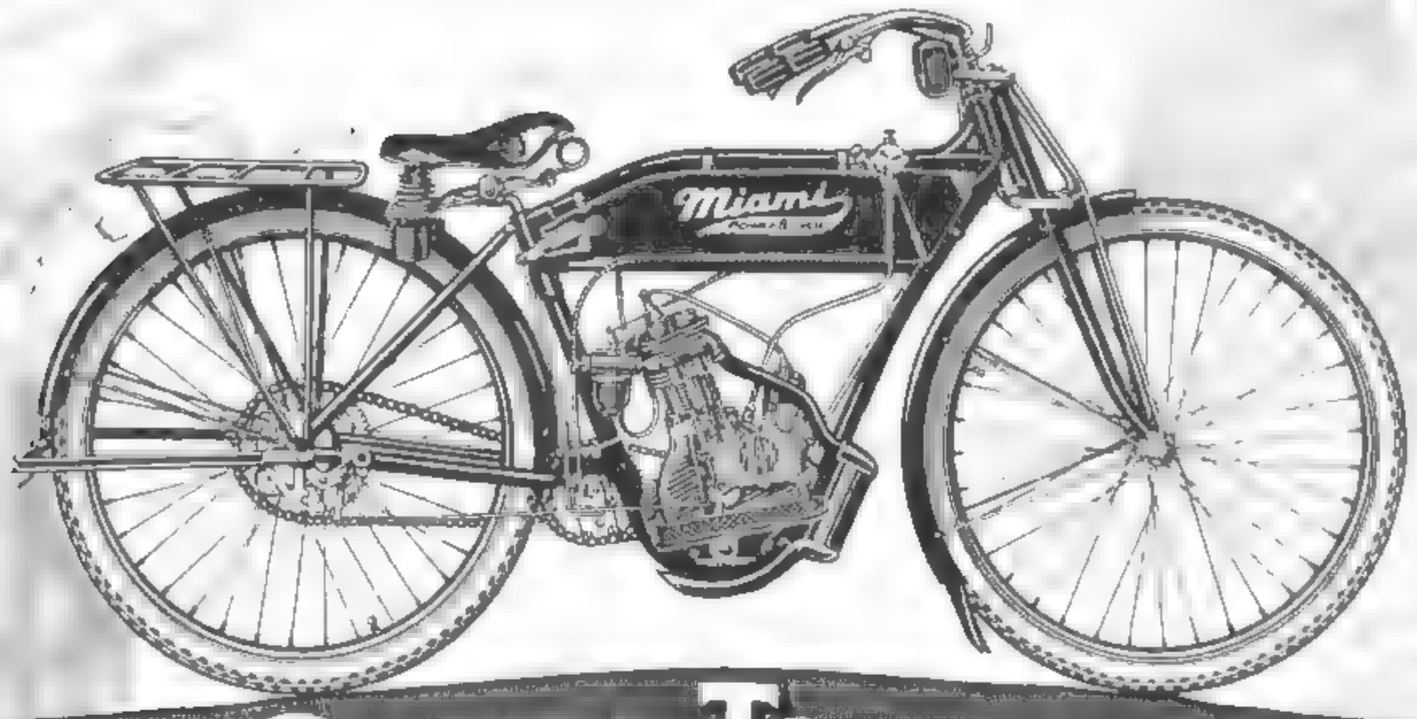


Bridge the Gap 'twixt Town and Country

"100 Miles for 10 Cents"

CLIP off the miles with a Miami Power Bicycle. You can now have all the comforts of your city life plus the health and pleasure of the country. Miles that are wearisome on the stop-every-block street car become an exhilarating pleasure when sped off with a Miami. You can ride to work quickly, you can get home earlier and have more time to spend with your wife and family. The Miami brings you home fresh and cheerful instead of cross and nervous from the exasperating ride on a crowded car. When the day's work is over you can jump on this superb mount and whisk away over the long miles into the country. You can go out to a pleasure park on the other side of town almost in the time it now takes you to walk to the corner drug store. And the ride will not cost you even the price of a cigar.

All This At Small Cost—The Miami Power Bicycle is low-priced and safe. It costs less than a good horse. The upkeep cost is practically nothing—it will run 100 miles for 10 cents and the mechanism is so simple that you're not running to the garage every whipstitch.

MODEL 15

$125.00

FLAT BELT AND IDLER,
MAGNETO IGNITION,
PEDAL STARTING

WEIGHT *(Tank Filled)* ABOUT 119 LBS.

Miami Reg. U.S Pat. Off
Power Bicycle

MODEL 16

$140.00

CHAIN DRIVE, TWO-SPEED,
FOOT BOARDS, CLUTCH,
MAGNETO IGNITION
AND KICK STARTER

WEIGHT *(Tank Filled)* ABOUT 125 LBS.

Cheap, convenient, popular transportation for everyone. The first genuine power bicycle ever placed on the market. Low in first cost and low in upkeep. Destined to be as popular and as satisfactory as the Ford is to automobilists.

As simple and easy to run as a bicycle. As quiet as a sewing machine. Nothing to do but mount the Miami, give the motor a flip and away you go.

The Miami Power Bicycle is so safe that girls and women can ride it with perfect confidence. One dealer writes us that his demonstrating is done by his nine-year-old son. Another says his first sale was made to a man **78 years old.**

It's not a toy. Not an experiment. The Miami is already in successful use. It's a safe, silent, clean vehicle, easy to handle and easy to ride. Anyone who can ride a bicycle can ride the Miami. This machine is being ridden by business men, doctors, lawyers, ministers, merchants, clerks, workmen, farmers, and men in all walks of life. It's a power bicycle for business or pleasure—a mount of which you can be proud.

Not a Motorcycle

But a Real Power Bicycle That Takes You 100 Miles for 10c—4 to 25 miles per hour

It meets the desires of the man or woman who likes to ride without pedaling, but wants safety, comfort and convenience with the ease of riding.

It's built a little heavier than a bicycle, but still is so light you can take it up on the porch or store it in any out-of-the-way corner. It has a speed of 25 miles an hour, fast enough for all purposes but not so fast as to be dangerous. When threading through crowded traffic the Miami can be throttled down to 4 miles per hour.

Its cost per mile in daily use is as low as can be gotten with any motor-driven vehicle in the world. It goes up any hill or over any road that any other motor-driven vehicle will go.

In addition to convenience in handling, the light weight of the Miami makes it easy on tires. No more tire wear than on an ordinary bicycle.

We Also Make

Flying Merkel motorcycles and bicycles; also Racycle, Hudson and Miami bicycles. Catalogs free.

Ask Your Dealer or Write for Catalog

The Miami dealer in your territory will gladly give you a demonstration, whether you buy or not. If there is no dealer conveniently close we will send you our illustrated catalog and make you a special proposition of great interest. Join the crowd. Write us today.

The Miami Cycle & Mfg. Co., 122 Mobile Ave., Middletown, O.

Dealers

and *Agents*—We have a very attractive money-making proposition for you—Write for details.

MOON MOON

The New 1916 MOON Six-Thirty

$1195

$1195 buys more car quality this year than ever before—because the production of all parts has been so increased that manufacturing cost is decreased. Your money has a greater purchasing power than formerly—it will buy more equipment of the same quality, or the same equipment of better quality.

The 1916 Moon Six-30 sells for $1195. The $100 or $200 difference between this and the price of many other cars buys for you in completeness of equipment and high quality of materials a sum total much greater than is represented by this slight difference in price. This statement is supported by earnest *fact* and illustrated by these

A BIG ROOMY SIX

Extra Quality Features

Powerful new Continental-Moon Motor, six cylinder, 3¼x 4½, cast en bloc with new type removable cylinder heads.

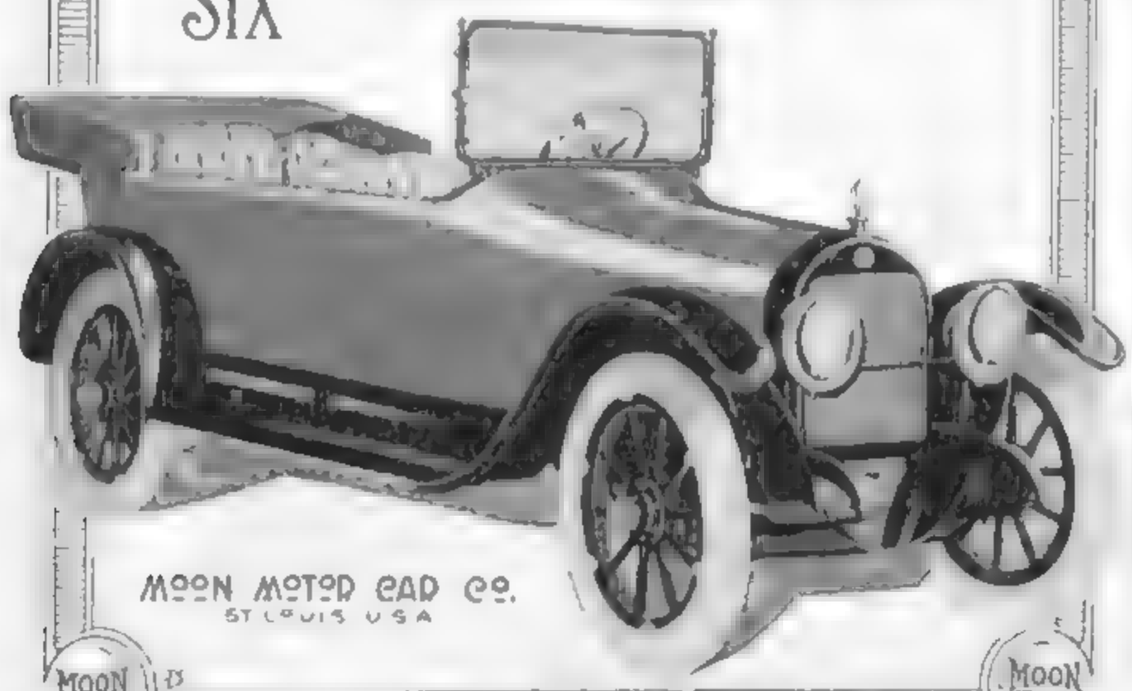
New 1916 Delco starting, lighting and ignition system—ammeter on dash.

And we haven't skimped on length—long and roomy—118-inch wheelbase

Genuine tan Spanish leather. New convex side body. Stewart vacuum gasoline feed—gasoline tank on rear. Stewart speedometer. Silk mohair one-man type top.

See the Car

Our dealer in your town will gladly show and demonstrate it. Should there be no Moon dealer there, write us.



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IS THE ELEMENT THAT MAKES THE MILLSTONE HARD, RESISTANT AND EFFECTIVE

No grist will ever be ground in the life of the young man or the young woman who has not the same quality.

No work develops grit of a better grain than acting as a subscription representative of *The Saturday Evening Post, The Ladies' Home Journal* and *The Country Gentleman*. It not only splendidly broadens and develops but it pays handsomely.

There is a generous commission on each order sent and a monthly salary as well. And you will find us a friend at your elbow all the time. We value men and women enough to develop and coach them in their work.

If you are a young man or a young woman ambitious to make money under pleasant conditions and to earn at the same time a splendid business training, let us hear from you.

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THE GRAY DAWN

(Continued from Page 21)

crime or misdemeanor or mere injustice, sure of escape through some technicality. Those who distrusted courts administered justice illegally with their own hands. Nor was this merely in theory. San Francisco at that time was undoubtedly the most corrupt and lawless city in the world. Street shootings, duels, robberies, ballot-box stuffing, bribery, all the crimes traceable to a supine police and venal or technical courts, were actually so commonplace as to command but two or three lines in the daily papers. Justice was completely smothered under technicalities and delays.

The situation would have been intolerable to any people less busy than the people of that time. For political corruption in a vigorous body politic is not, as pessimists would have us believe, an indication of incipient decay, but only an indication that a busy people are willing to pay that price to be let alone, to be relieved of the administration of their public affairs. When they get less busy, or the price in corruption becomes too high, then they refuse to pay. The price San Francisco was paying was becoming very high, not only in money, but in other and spiritual things. She could still afford to pay it, but at the least pressure she would no longer afford it. Then she would act.

XXXIII

IN THE second year of his residence Keith had a minor adventure that shifted a portion of his activities to other fields. He was in attendance at a council meeting, following the interests of certain clients. The evening was warm, the proceedings dull. Opened windows let in the sounds from the Plaza and a night air that occasionally flared the smoky lamps. The clerk's voice was droning away at some routine, when the outer door opened and a most extraordinary quartet entered the chamber.

Three of these were the ordinary, ragged, discouraged, emaciated, diseased bums only too common in that city. In early California a man either succeeded or fell into a dark abyss of complete discouragement. The new civilization had little use for weaklings. The fourth can be no better described than in the words of a chronicler of the period. Says the worthy diarist:

"He was a man of medium stature, slender but very graceful, with almost effeminate hands and feet, the former scrupulously kept, the latter neatly shod, and with a certain air of fragility; very soft blue eyes with sleepy lids; a classically correct nose; short upper lip; rosy moist lips. His clothes a claret-colored coat, neither dress nor frock but mixed of both fashions, with a velvet collar and brass buttons; a black vest, double-breasted; iron-gray pantaloons; fresh, well-starched and very fine linen; plain black cravat, negligently tied; a cambric handkerchief and dark kid gloves. He wore gold spectacles and carried a malacca cane."

Instead of slipping into the seats provided for spectators this striking individual marched boldly to the open space before the mayor's chair, followed shamefacedly and shamblingly by the three bums.

"Your honors and gentlemen," he cried in a clear, ringing voice, to the scandal of the interrupted legislators, "we are very sick and hungry and helpless and wretched. If somebody does not do something for us we shall die; and that would be bad, considering how far we have come and how hard it was to get here, and how short a time we have been here, and that we have not had a fair chance. All we ask is a fair chance, and we say again, upon our honor, gentlemen, if somebody does not do something for us we shall die, or we shall be setting fire to the town first and cutting all our throats."

He stood leaning lightly against his malacca cane, surveying them through his sleepy blue eyes. The first astonishment over, they took up a collection, after the customary careless, generous fashion. The young man saluted with his cane and herded his three exhibits out.

Keith, much struck, followed them, overtaking the quartet on the street.

"My name is Keith," he said. "I should like to make your acquaintance."

"Mine is Kraft," replied the unknown, "and I am delighted to accept your proffer."

He said nothing more until he had marshaled his charges into a cheap eating-house, ordered and paid for a supper, and divided the remainder of the amount collected. Then he dusted his fingers daintily with a fine handkerchief and sauntered out into the street, swinging his malacca cane.

"Incidents of that sort restore one's faith in the generosity of our people," Keith remarked, in order to say something.

"Nobody has been generous," denied Kraft categorically, "and no particular good has been accomplished. Filled their bellies for this evening; given them a place to sleep for this night; that's all."

"That's something," ventured Keith. "It helps."

"The only way to help we have not undertaken. We have done nothing toward finding out why there are such creatures in a place like this. That's the only way to help them—find out why they are, and then remove the why."

This commonplace of modern charity was then a brand-new thought. Keith had never heard it expressed and he was much interested.

"I suppose there are always the weak and the useless," he said vaguely.

"If those men were wholly weak and useless, how did they get out here?" countered Kraft. "To compass such a journey takes a certain energy, a certain sum of money, a fund of hope. The money goes, the energy drains, the hope fades. Why?"

They stopped at a corner.

"I live just near here," said Kraft. "If you will honor me"

He led the way down a narrow, dark alley, along which they had fairly to grope their way. It debouched, however, into the forgotten center of the square. All the edges had been built close with brick stores, warehouses and office buildings. But in the very middle had been left a waste piece of ground occupied only by a garden and a low, one-room adobe with a veranda and a red-tiled roof. Under the moonlight and the black shadows from the modern buildings it slept amid its bright flowers with the ancient air of another world. Kraft turned a key and lighted a lamp. Keith found himself in a small, neat room with heavy beams, fireplace and deep-embrasured windows. An iron bed, two chairs, a table, a screen, a shelf of books and a wardrobe were its sole furnishings. In the fireplace had been laid a fire of sagebrush roots.

Kraft touched a match to the roots, which instantly leaped into eager and aromatic flames. From a shelf he took a new clay pipe which he handed to Keith.

"Tobacco is in that jar," he said.

He himself filled and lighted a big porcelain pipe with weichsel stem.

"What would you do about it?" asked Keith, continuing the discussion.

"What would you most want, if you were those poor men?" retorted Kraft, blowing a huge cloud.

Keith laughed.

"Drink, food, clothes, bed," he stated succinctly.

"And work wherewith to get them," supplemented Kraft.

Keith laughed again.

"Not if I know their sort! Work is the one thing they don't want."

Kraft leaned forward and tapped the table with one of his long forefingers.

"The lazy part of them, the earthen part of them, the dross of them—yes, perhaps. But let us concede to them a spark that smolders 'way down deep within them, a spark of which they think they are ashamed, of which they do not themselves realize the existence except occasionally. What is the deep need of them? It is to feel that they are still of use, that they amount to something, that they are men. That, more than mere food and warmth. Is it not so?"

"I believe you're right," said Keith, impressed.

"Then," said Kraft triumphantly, "it is work they want, work that is useful and worth paying for."

"But there's plenty of work to be had," objected Keith after a moment. "In fact there's more work in this town than there are men to do it."

"True, but it is the hard work these men have failed at. It is too hard. They try; they are discouraged; they fall again, and perhaps they never get up. Such men must be led, must be watched, must be stopped within their strength."

"Who is there to do that sort of dry-nursing of bums?" demanded Keith with a half laugh.

"He who would help," said Kraft quietly.

They smoked for some time in silence, then Keith arose to go.

"It is a big idea; it requires thought," said he ruminatively. "You are a recent arrival, Mr. Kraft? What is your line of activity?"

The slight, elegant little man smiled.

"I am one of the—what is it you called them?—bums of whom we talk. I try to do what is within my power, within my strength, lest I too become discouraged, lest I too fall again, and do not get up."

"I have not seen you about anywhere," said Keith, puzzled by this speech.

"I do not go anywhere. I should be eaten. You do not understand me, and I am a poor host to talk in riddles. I am a philosopher, not a man of action; an egotist, not an egoist; one who cannot swim in your strong waters. As I said, one of that same class whom your bounty helped this evening."

"Good Lord, man!" cried Keith, looking about the little room. "You're not in want?"

Kraft laughed gently.

"In your sense, no. I have my meals. Enough of me. Go and think of what I say."

Keith did so; and the result was the first organized charity in San Francisco. Since 1849 men had always been exceptionally generous in responding to appeals for money. Huge sums could easily be raised at any time. Hospitals and almshouses dated from the first. But having given, these pioneers invariably forgot. The erection of the buildings cost more than they should; and, management being venal, conditions soon became disgraceful. Alms reached the professional pauper. The miner or immigrant, diseased, discouraged, out of luck, more often died, either actually or morally.

So much had this first interview caught his interest that Keith dropped in on his new acquaintance quite often. It soon became evident that Kraft lived in what might be called decent poverty. The one fine rig-out in which he made his public appearances was most carefully preserved. Indoors he always promptly assumed a dressing gown, a skullcap with a gold tassel and his great porcelain pipe. His meals he cooked for himself. Never did he leave his house until about three o'clock. Then, spick and span, exquisitely appointed, he sauntered forth swinging his malacca cane. After a promenade of several hours he returned again to his dressing gown, his porcelain pipe and his books.

Keith enjoyed hugely his detached, reflective, philosophical, spectator-of-life conversation. They talked on many subjects besides sociology. At his fourth visit Kraft made a suggestion.

"You shall come with me and see," said he.

He led the way to the water front under Telegraph Hill, the newest and the most squalid part of town. The shallow water was in slow process of being filled in by sand from the grading uptown and by all sorts of miscellaneous débris. Pending solidity, this sketchy real estate swarmed with squatters. There were lots sunken below the street level, filled with stagnant water, discarded garments, old boxes, cans and rubbish; houses huddled closely together with stale water beneath; there were muddy alleys, murderous cheap saloons, cheaper gambling joints; rickety, sagging tenements. The people corresponded to their habitations. All the low elements lurked here—the thugs, the strong-arm men, the hold-ups, the heelers, the weaklings, the bums, the diseased. In ordinary times they here dwelt in a twilight existence; but at periods of excitement—as when the city burned—they swarmed out like rats for plunder.

Kraft held his way steadily to the wharves. There he left the causeway and descended to the level of the beach. Beneath the pilings and above the high-water mark was a little hut. It was not over six feet square, constructed of all sorts of old pieces of boxes, scraps of tin or remnants of canvas. Overhead rumbled continuously the heavy drays, shaking down through the cracks the dust of the roadway. Against one outside wall of this crazy structure an old man sat, chair tilted in the sun. Even the chair was a curiosity, miraculously held together by wires. The man was very old and very feeble, his knotted hands clasping a short black clay pipe. Inside the hut Keith saw a rough bunk on which lay jumbled a quilt and a piece of canvas.

"Well, John," greeted Kraft cheerfully, "I've brought a friend to see you."

The old man turned on Keith a twinkling blue eye.

"Glad to see you," he said briefly.

"Getting on?" pursued Kraft.

"Fine."

"Here's a new kind of tobacco I want you to try. I should value your opinion."

Keith's hand wandered toward his pocket, but stopped at a sharp look from Kraft. After a moment's chat they withdrew.

"What a pathetic old figure! What utter misery!" cried Keith.

"No," said Kraft positively; "there you are wrong. Old John is in no need of us. He has his house and his bed, and he gets his food. How I do not know, but he gets it. The spark is burning clear and steady. He has not lost his grip. He gets his living with confidence. Let him alone."

"But he must be very miserable, especially when it rains," persisted Keith.

Kraft shrugged his shoulders.

"As to that, I know not," he returned indifferently. "That does not matter to the soul. I will now show you another man."

They retraced their steps. On a corner of Montgomery Street Kraft stopped before a one-armed beggar, the stump exposed, a placard round his neck.

"Now here's another John," said Kraft. "What he wants is work, and somebody to see that he does it."

The one-armed beggar, who was fat, with a good-natured countenance, evidently considered this a joke. He grinned cheerfully.

"Don't have to, guve'nor," said he.

"How much did you take in yesterday, John?" asked Kraft; then, catching the beggar's look of suspicion, he added: "This is a friend of mine; he's all right."

"Twenty-two dollars," replied the beggar proudly. "Pretty good day's wages!"

"I'm afraid the spark is about out with you, John," said Kraft thoughtfully. He walked on a few steps, then turned back. "John," he asked, "what is your contribution to society?"

The beggar stared, uncertain of this new chaff.

"The true theory of business, John, is that traffic which does not result in reciprocal advantages to buyer and seller is illegitimate, or at least abnormal."

They walked on, Keith laughing at the expression on the beggar's face.

"That was considerably over his head," he observed.

Nothing more was said for half a block.

"I wonder if it was over yours," then said Kraft unexpectedly.

"Eh?" ejaculated Keith, bewildered.

These walks with Kraft finally resulted in the institution of a fund which Keith raised and put into Kraft's hands for intelligent use. The effects were so interesting that Keith, thoroughly fascinated, began to pester his friends for positions for some of his protégés. As he was well liked and in earnest, these efforts were taken good-humoredly.

"Here comes Milt Keith," said John Webb to Bert Taylor. "Bet you a beaver hat he's got a highly educated college professor that he wants a job for."

"'A light job, not beyond his powers,'" quoted Taylor.

"Like cleaning genteel spittoons," supplemented Webb.

"The Engine House is full of 'em polishing brass," complained Taylor.

"Well, he's a fine young felly, and I like him," concluded Webb heartily.

Of course many of the experiments failed, but fewer than might have been anticipated. Part of Kraft's task was to keep in touch with the men. His detached philosophical method of encouragement and analysis of the situation seemed exactly the thing they needed.

XXXIV

THESE activities gave Keith just the required door out into a world other than his own. Were it not for something of the sort he might, like many modern corporation lawyers, have confined himself entirely to his own class. And this, of course, would eventually have meant narrowness.

But through Kraft, and especially through his desire to help Kraft's work, he came in contact with all sorts of people; and, what was more important, he found that he liked a great many of them. So it happened that when it seemed expedient to the ruling caste to put him in as assistant district attorney, his inevitable election met with wider approval than such elections usually enjoy.

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Made in light and medium weights for men, women and children; in black and all popular colors; in cotton, lisle, fiber silk and pure silk. Prices, 25c, 50c, 75c and $1.00, at most department stores and haberdashers'.

If your dealer does not sell Everwear Hosiery, write us and we'll tell you how to get them.

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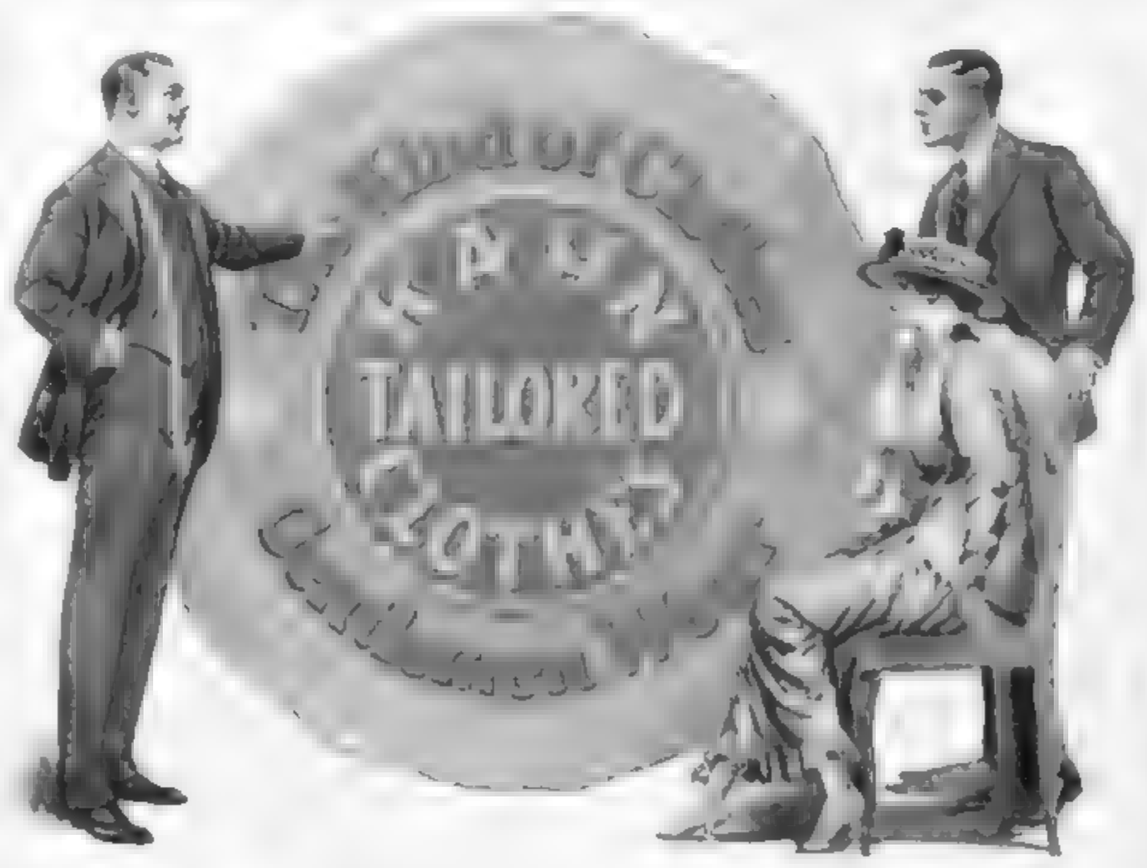

"MY business succeeds, because—of the unvarying quality of Kahn Tailored Clothes." So says the Kahn representative in your town. He is your nearest authority on clothes. ¶ He will tell you that Kahn Tailored Clothes have built up his business because of the unfailing satisfaction they give to the man who wears them. You will respect the Kahn label when he shows you what it stands for. ¶ He will explain how, by producing in volume individual merchant-tailored clothes, we will satisfy you—no matter how discriminating you are—with a Kahn Tailored suit or overcoat at $20 to $45.

If you have not made the acquaintance of your Kahn representative —our seal is in his window—please write us for an introduction.

KAHN TAILORING COMPANY
OF INDIANAPOLIS

White Lead Wins Against Time

When Charles Carroll, who had just signed the Declaration of Independence, was told that, though others might come to grief for that day's doings, he stood a chance of going free because there were so many other Charles Carrolls in Maryland, he at once added to his signature the words "of Carrollton."

The picture shows his home, built by his grandfather in 1717. This finely preserved old mansion is protected by weather-defying

Dutch Boy White Lead

and pure linseed oil. Your house, too, is worth preserving and beautifying. Direct your painter to use Dutch Boy White Lead and Dutch Boy Linseed Oil. They can be mixed to suit the kind of wood in your house and can be tinted any color you desire. They wear long, cost little, and protect against decay.

Would you like to make a simple test which will help make you paint wise? We will send you materials and directions for such a test, together with booklet of practical suggestions and color schemes. Address our nearest office. Ask for Painting Helps No. 76.

NATIONAL LEAD COMPANY

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When you are in New York make it a point to visit the Home Builders' Permanent Exposition in the Craftsman Building, 6 East 39 Street. National Lead Company's exhibit is in charge of an experienced decorator, whom you may consult free of charge.

We Will Buy Your Spare Time

EVERY successful business enterprise is directly responsible for a large number of minor successes. To attach one's self to such a business is, therefore, a long step in an upward direction.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST
THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL and
THE COUNTRY GENTLEMAN

reach every nook and corner of the United States and Canada. We want you to act as the connecting link between ourselves and our readers in your vicinity.

We want you to renew their subscriptions from year to year—to add new readers wherever you can. If you want to attach yourself to a successful business—if you want to be successful yourself—this is your opportunity. Write for particulars.

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THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY, PHILADELPHIA, PA.

SEALPACKERCHIEF

For a cindery train trip or a dusty automobile tour, take along a dozen snowy, soft-laundered SEALPACKERCHIEF Handkerchiefs in the sanitary, sealed package. Or—get them at the first "stop-off."

Packages for Men and Women containing

1 for 10c, 3 for 25c, 2 for 25c, 3 for 50c, 1 for 25c.

On Sale in the Good Shops

Ask for SEALPACKERCHIEF which name appears plainly on each package and see that the seal is unbroken.

SEALPACKERCHIEF CO. New York St. Louis Chicago San Francisco

For it must be understood that in the fifties any candidate selected by the ruling caste was absolutely sure of election. The machinery was thoroughly in their hands. Diplomacy in party caucuses and delicate manipulation at primaries were backed by cruder methods if need be. Associations were semipublicly formed for the sale of votes; gangs of men were driven from one precinct to another, voting in all; intimidation and, indeed, open violence were freely used.

This particular election was one of the worst in the history of the city. All day fighting was kept up and the rowdies swaggered everywhere. Whisky was to be had for the asking; and the roughs who surrounded the polls fired shots, and in some places started what might fairly be called riots. Yankee Sullivan returned James Casey as elected supervisor, which was probably a mistake, for Casey was not a candidate, his name was on none of the official ballots and nobody could be found who had voted for him. Everybody was surprised, Casey most of all. The sixth ward count was delayed unconscionably, its returns being withheld until nearly morning. It was more than hinted that this delay was prolonged until the returns had been received from all other precincts, so that any deficiencies might be made up by the sixth. The slate went through unbroken.

Of all the candidates Keith received the most votes, for the simple reason that his total included both the honest and the dishonest ballots. Blatchford, Neil, Palmer, Adams, all the political overlords of the city were satisfied, as well they might be, for they had issued the fiat that he be chosen.

"He's one of us," said they.

But, what was more unusual, the rank and file of decent, busy, hard-working citizens approved too.

"Keith is not stuck up," they told each other. "He is the commonest man in that lot. And he's square ——"

The position carried some social as well as political significance. Society made another effort to take him up. His rare appearances were rather in the nature of concessions. They served to make him more regretted, for he had an easy, jolly way of moving from one group or one woman to another, of paying flattering, monopolizing, brief attention to each in turn, and then disappearing very early! His bold, rather florid countenance radiated energy and quizzical good humor; his tight, closely curled hair crisped with virile alertness; he carried himself taut and eager. Altogether he was a figure to engage the curiosity of women or the interest of men.

Mrs. Sherwood alone was shrewd enough to penetrate to his true feelings. She had experienced no difficulty in pushing to a social leadership, shared indolently and indifferently with Nan Keith. Already her past was growing dim in a tradition kept alive only by a few whisperers. Her wealth, her natural tact and poise, her calm assumption of the right to rule, her great personal charm, beauty and taste were more than sufficient to get her what she wanted. The game was almost too easy—when one held the cards.

"Yes, he's very charming," she told her husband, "but that manner of his does not impress me. As a matter of fact he doesn't care a snap of his finger about any of them. He does it too well, it's a stencil. Only the outside of him does it. He's just as bad as you are; only he doesn't hold up a corner of the doorway all the evening and beam vaguely in general, like a good-natured, dear old owl."

XXXV

A FEW clear-headed men—not the "chivalry," as the fire-eating, professional politicians and lawyers from the South were almost uniformly designated—were able to see exactly the problem that must eventually demand Keith's solution. Some of them talked it over while lounging and smoking in the Fire Queen reading room. There were present Talbot Ward and his huge satellite, Munro; Coleman, quiet, grim, competent, but looking, with his sweeping inky mustache and his florid complexion, like a flashy sport; Hossfross, soon to become a historic character; and the banker, James King of William.

The latter had recently come in for considerable public discussion. He had for some time conducted a banking business, but becoming involved in difficulties he had turned over all his assets, all his personal fortune, even his dwelling house, to another bank as trustee to take care of his debts. Almost immediately after that the bank had failed. Opinion in the community divided according to the interests involved. The majority considered that King had been almost quixotically conscientious in stripping himself; but there did not lack those who accused him of sharp practice.

In the course of ensuing discussions and recriminations King was challenged to a duel. King declined to fight, basing his refusal on principle. As may be imagined, such an action at such a time was even more widely commented upon than his refusal to take advantage of the bankruptcy laws. It was, as far as known, the first time anyone had had the moral courage to refuse a duel. King had gone quietly about his business, taking an ordinary clerkship with Palmer, Cook & Co. In the eyes of the discriminating few he had gained prestige; but most people thought him down and out.

"What do you think of our new assistant district attorney?" Ward had begun the conversation.

"He's a lawyer," growled Hossfross.

"A pretty fairly honest one, I think," ventured King. "His training may be wrong, but his instincts are right."

"Fat chance anything's got when it mixes up with legalities," supplemented Frank Munro.

"Nevertheless," remarked Coleman, "I believe plain justice has more of a chance with him in charge than with another."

"What sort of justice?" queried King. "Commercial?" he laughed in answer to his own question. "Criminal? I'd like to think it, gentlemen, but I cannot. You know as well as I do that any of us could this evening go into the streets, select our victim and shoot him down, secure in the knowledge that inconvenience is all the punishment we need expect—if we have money or friends. Am I not right, Coleman?"

Coleman smiled sardonically, lifting his blue-black mustache.

"Were Herod for the slaughter of the Innocents brought before a jury of this town, he would be acquitted," he said half seriously. "Judas Iscariot would pass unscathed as long as any portion of his thirty pieces of silver remained with him."

They laughed at this remarkable pronouncement, but with an undernote of seriousness.

"No man, even exceptionally equipped as this young man seems to be," went on Coleman after a moment, "can accomplish that"—he snapped his fingers—"against organized forces such as those of Law and Order."

"We can't stand this sort of thing forever!" cried Hossfross hotly. "It's getting worse and worse!"

"We probably shall not stand it forever," agreed Coleman equably; "but we are powerless at present."

They looked toward him for explanation.

"When the people at large find that they cannot stand it either, then we shall no longer be powerless. A single man can do something then—a single child!"

"What will happen?" asked Munro. "Vigilantes? Fifty-one again?"

Coleman, the leader of the Vigilantes of '51, turned on him a grave eye.

"God forbid! We were then a frontier community. We are now an organized, civilized city. We have rights and powers through the regular channels—at the ballot box, for example."

Hossfross laughed skeptically.

"We must wait," continued Coleman; "wait on public opinion."

"Well," spoke up King, "it's all very well to wait, but public opinion left to itself is a mighty slow growth. It should be fostered. The newspapers ——"

"Don't let's lose our sense of humor," cut in Talbot Ward. "Can you see Charley Nugent crusading for the right?"

"But my point is good," insisted King. "An honest, fearless editor, not afraid to call a spade a spade ——"

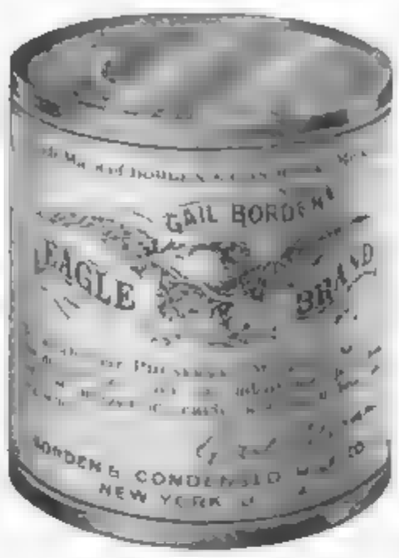
"Would be shot," said Coleman briefly.

"The chances of war," replied King.

"Well," concluded Coleman, "this young Keith probably won't help any; but it's going to be interesting to watch him, just the same, to see what he'll do the first time they crack the whip over him. That's the vital point as far as he is concerned."

(TO BE CONTINUED

Borden's Condensed Milk Co.



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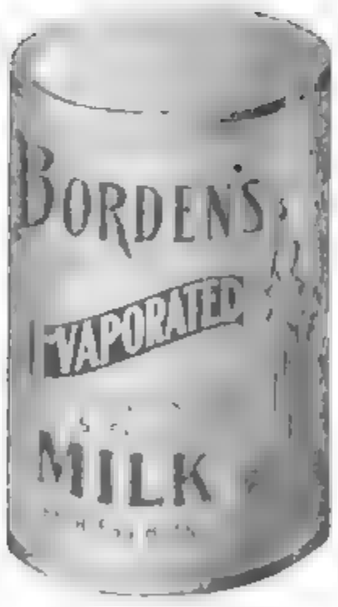

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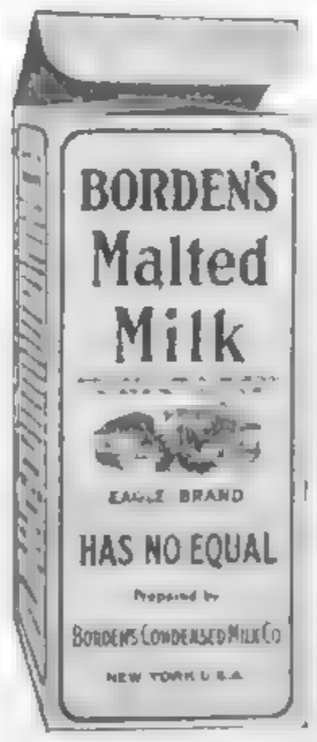
Borden's Milk Chocolate Almond Bars
Borden's Machine Wrapped Caramels



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Next time the Burroughs man is near let him show you this machine. There are many other things it will do for you—too many to crowd into one advertisement. Drop a post card to the nearest Burroughs Office. There are 170 of them. Your telephone book or your banker will tell you the nearest, or, write to the Burroughs factory at Detroit.

EXTRICATING YOUNG GUSSIE

(Continued from Page 11)

always done. It helped to get pep into the thing. He appealed to me whether the thing didn't want a bit of pep, and I said it wanted all the pep it could get. And the chappie said to Gussie: "There you are!" So Gussie had to stand it.

The other song that he intended to sing was one of those moon songs. He told me in a hushed voice that he was using it because it was one of the songs that the girl Ray sang when lifting them out of their seats at Mosenstein's and elsewhere. The fact seemed to give it sacred associations for him.

You will scarcely believe me, but the management expected Gussie to show up and start performing at one o'clock in the afternoon. I told him they couldn't be serious, as they must know that he would be rolling out for a bit of lunch at that hour, but Gussie said this was the usual thing in the four-a-day, and he didn't suppose he would ever get any lunch again till he landed on the big time. I was just condoling with him when I found that he was taking it for granted that I should be there at one o'clock too. My idea had been that I should look in at night, when—if he survived—he would be coming up for the fourth time; but I've never deserted a pal in distress, so I said good-by to the little lunch I'd been planning at a rather decent tavern I'd discovered on Fifth Avenue, and trailed along.

They were showing pictures when I reached my seat. It was one of those Western films, where the cowboy jumps on his horse and rides across country at a hundred and fifty miles an hour to escape the sheriff, not knowing, poor chump! that he might just as well stay where he is, the sheriff having a horse of his own which can do three hundred miles an hour without coughing. I was just going to close my eyes and try to forget till they put Gussie's name up, when I discovered that I was sitting next to a deucedly pretty girl.

No, let me be honest. When I went in I had seen that there was a deucedly pretty girl sitting in that particular seat, so I had taken the next one. What happened now was that I began, as it were, to drink her in. I wished they would turn the lights up so that I could see her better. She was rather small, with great big eyes and a ripping smile. It was a shame to let all that run to seed, so to speak, in semidarkness.

Suddenly the lights did go up, and the orchestra began to play a tune which, though I haven't much of an ear for music, seemed somehow familiar. The next instant out pranced old Gussie from the wings in a purple frock coat and a brown top hat, grinned feebly at the audience, tripped over his feet, blushed, and began to sing the Tennessee song.

It was rotten. The poor nut had got stage fright so badly that it practically eliminated his voice. He sounded like some far-off echo of the past yodeling through a woolen blanket.

For the first time since I had heard that he was about to go into vaudeville I felt a faint hope creeping over me. I was sorry for the wretched chap, of course, but there was no denying that the thing had its bright side. No management on earth would go on paying thirty-five dollars a week for this sort of performance. This was going to be Gussie's first and only. He would have to leave the profession. The old boy would say, "Unhand my daughter." And, with decent luck, I saw myself leading Gussie on to the next England-bound liner and handing him over intact to Aunt Agatha.

He got through the song somehow and limped off amidst roars of silence from the audience. There was a brief respite, then out he came again.

He sang this time as if nobody loved him. As a song, it was not a very pathetic song, being all about coons spooning in June under the moon, and so on and so forth, but Gussie handled it in such a sad, crushed way that there was genuine anguish in every line. By the time he reached the refrain I was nearly in tears. It seemed such a rotten sort of world with all that sort of thing going on in it.

He started the refrain, and then the most frightful thing happened. The girl next me got up in her seat, chucked her head back, and began to sing too. I say "too," but it wasn't really too, because her first note stopped Gussie dead, as if he had been pole-axed.

I never felt so bally conspicuous in my life. I huddled down in my seat and wished I could turn my collar up. Everybody seemed to be looking at me.

In the midst of my agony I caught sight of Gussie. A complete change had taken place in the old lad. He was looking most frightfully bucked. I must say the girl was singing most awfully well, and it seemed to act on Gussie like a tonic. When she came to the end of the refrain he took it up, and they sang it together, and the end of it was that he went off the popular hero. The audience yelled for more and were only quieted when they turned down the lights and put on a film.

When I had recovered I tottered round to see Gussie. I found him sitting on a box behind the stage, looking like one who had seen visions.

"Isn't she a wonder, Bertie!" he said devoutly. "I hadn't a notion she was going to be there. She's playing the Auditorium this week, and she can only just have had time to get back to her matinée. She risked being late, just to come and see me through. She's my good angel, Bertie. She saved me. If she hadn't helped me out I don't know what would have happened. I was so nervous I didn't know what I was doing. Now that I've got through the first show I shall be all right."

I was glad I had sent that cable to his mother. I was going to need her. The thing had got beyond me.

During the next week I saw a lot of old Gussie and was introduced to the girl. I also met her father, a formidable old boy with thick eyebrows and a sort of determined expression. On the following Wednesday Aunt Julia arrived.

Mrs. Mannering-Phipps, my Aunt Julia, is, I think, the most dignified person I know. She lacks Aunt Agatha's punch, but in a quiet way she has always contrived to make me feel, from boyhood up, that I was a poor worm. Not that she harries me like Aunt Agatha. The difference between the two is that Aunt Agatha conveys the impression that she considers me personally responsible for all the sin and sorrow in the world, while Aunt Julia's manner seems to suggest that I am more to be pitied than censured.

If it wasn't that the thing was a matter of historical fact, I should decline to believe that Aunt Julia had ever been on the vaudeville stage. She is like a stage duchess. She always seems to me to be in a perpetual state of being about to desire the butler to instruct the head footman to serve lunch in the blue room overlooking the west terrace. She exudes dignity. Yet, twenty-five years ago, so I've been told by old boys who were lads about town in those days, she was knocking them cold at the Tivoli in a double act called Fun in a Tea Shop, in which she wore tights and sang a song with a chorus that began "Rumty-tiddley-umpty-ay."

There are some things a chappie's mind absolutely refuses to picture, and Aunt Julia singing "Rumty-tiddley-umpty-ay" is one of them.

She got straight to the point within five minutes of our meeting:

"What is this about Gussie? Why did you cable for me, Bertie?"

"It's rather a long story," I said, "and complicated. If you don't mind, I'll let you have it in a series of motion pictures. Suppose we look in at the Auditorium for a few minutes."

The girl, Ray, had been reëngaged for a second week at the Auditorium, owing to the big success of her first week. Her act consisted of three songs. She did herself well in the matter of costume and scenery. She had a ripping voice. She looked most awfully pretty; and altogether the act was, broadly speaking, a pippin.

Aunt Julia didn't speak till we were in our seats. Then she gave a sort of sigh.

"It's twenty-five years since I was in a music hall!"

She didn't say any more, but sat there with her eyes glued on the stage.

After about half an hour the Johnnies who work the card-index system at the side of the stage put up the name Ray Denison, and there was a good deal of applause.

"Watch this act, Aunt Julia," I said.

She didn't seem to hear me.

"Twenty-five years! What did you say, Bertie?"

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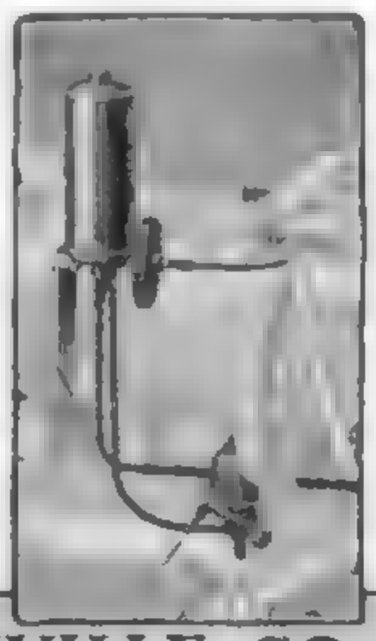

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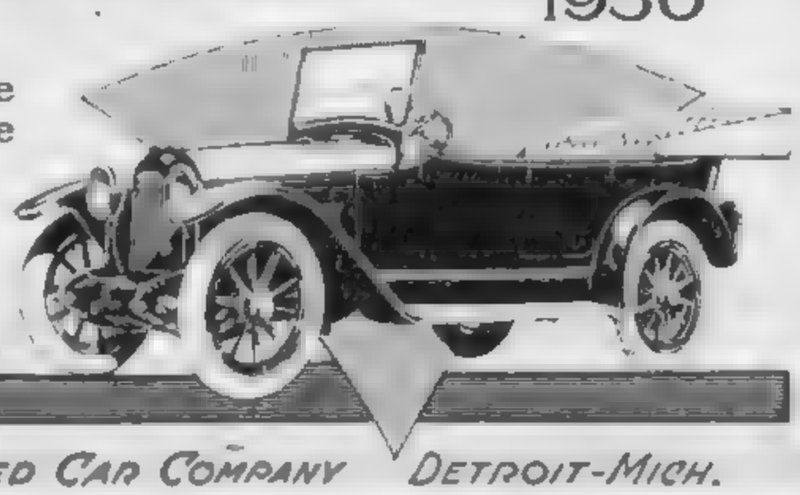

Write today for the Abbott Detroit Book

CONSOLIDATED CAR COMPANY DETROIT-MICH.

"Watch this act and tell me what you think of it."

"Who is it? Ray—o'?"

"Exhibit A," I said. "The girl Gussie's engaged to."

The girl did her act, and the house rose at her. They didn't want to let her go. She had to come back again and again. When she had finally disappeared I turned to Aunt Julia.

"Well?" I said.

"I like her work. She's an artist."

"We will now, if you don't mind, step a goodish way uptown."

And we took the Subway to where Gussie, the human film, was earning his thirty-five per. As luck would have it, we hadn't been in the place ten minutes when out he came.

"Exhibit B," I said. "Gussie."

I don't quite know what I had expected her to do, but I certainly didn't expect her to sit there without a word. She did not move a muscle, but just stared at Gussie as he drooled on about the moon. I was sorry for the woman, for it must have been a shock to her to see her only son in a mauve frock coat and a brown top hat, but I thought it best to let her get a strangle hold on the intricacies of the situation as quickly as possible. If I had tried to explain the affair without the aid of illustrations I should have talked all day and left her muddled up as to who was going to marry whom, and why.

I was astonished at the improvement in dear old Gussie. He had got back his voice and was putting the stuff over well. It reminded me of the night at Oxford when, then but a lad of eighteen, he sang Let's All Go Down the Strand, after a bump supper, standing the while up to his knees in the college fountain. He was putting just the same zip into the thing now.

When he had gone off Aunt Julia sat perfectly still for a long time, and then she turned to me. Her eyes shone queerly.

"What does this mean, Bertie?"

She spoke quite quietly, but her voice shook a bit.

"Gussie went into the business," I said, "because the girl's father wouldn't let him marry her unless he did. If you feel up to it perhaps you wouldn't mind tottering round to One Hundred and Thirty-Third Street and having a chat with him. He's an old boy with eyebrows, and he's Exhibit C on my list. When I've put you in touch with him I rather fancy my share of the business is concluded, and it's up to you."

The Danbys lived in one of those big apartments uptown which look as if they cost the earth and really cost about half as much as a hall room down in the forties. We were shown into the sitting room, and presently old Danby came in.

"Good afternoon, Mr. Danby," I began.

I had got as far as that when there was a kind of gasping cry at my elbow.

"Joe!" cried Aunt Julia and staggered against the sofa.

For a moment old Danby stared at her, and then his mouth fell open and his eyebrows shot up like rockets.

"Julie!"

And then they had got hold of each other's hands and were shaking them till I wondered their arms didn't come unscrewed.

I'm not equal to this sort of thing at such short notice. The change in Aunt Julia made me feel quite dizzy. She had shed her *grande-dame* manner completely, and was blushing and smiling—I don't like to say such things of any aunt of mine, or I would go farther and put it on record that she was giggling. And old Danby, who usually looked like a cross between a Roman emperor and Napoleon Bonaparte in a bad temper, was behaving like a small boy.

"Joe!"

"Julie!"

"Dear old Joe, fancy meeting you again!"

"Wherever have you come from, Julie?"

Well, I didn't know what it was all about, but I felt a bit out of it. I butted in:

"Aunt Julia wants to have a talk with you, Mr. Danby."

"I knew you in a second, Joe."

"It's twenty-five years since I saw you, kid, and you don't look a day older."

"Oh, Joe! I'm an old woman!"

"What are you doing over here? I suppose"—old Danby's cheerfulness waned a trifle—"I suppose your husband is with you?"

"My husband died a long, long while ago, Joe."

Old Danby shook his head.

(Continued on Page 61)

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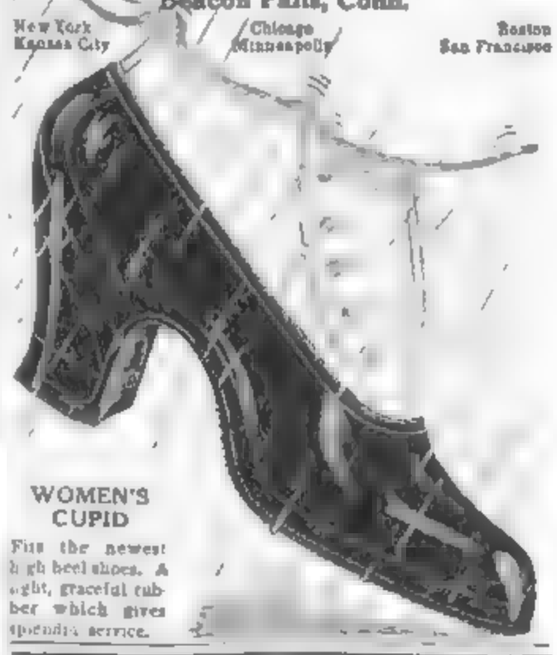

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To-day, the average American feels no flattery in being charged more for his clothes than he can afford to pay.

He is no longer satisfied with the right merchandise at a high price or the wrong merchandise *at any price.*

He is justified in expecting *reliable* garments properly priced.

Kirschbaum 'Yungfelo' Clothes

are sold throughout this country by far-seeing merchants who have the wisdom to offer to their trade garments of an established standard for both quality and style—and at prices correctly based upon *value given.*

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Fast colors.

Hand tailored wherever hand tailoring is essential to style-retention.

Silk sewn at all points of strain.

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SIX~40
TWIN-BODY CAR

7-Passenger Touring Car }
7-Passenger *Palanquin* } $1700

Touring and *Palanquin* Car Both For $1700

Here is the motor-car investment good for every day in the year. It combines a luxurious, artistic, aristocratic closed body with the Chalmers Six-40 seven-passenger touring-car body. These bodies were designed together and this is the first time in motor-car building that they have been perfectly blended. Each is complete in itself. Neither is a makeshift for the other.

The combination furnishes, at the price of one motor car, all the service, style and comfort which have heretofore been made possible only by the purchase of two cars at a cost that ran into the thousands.

This closed body is so distinctive, so much different than anything else of its kind, that we have given it a new and characteristic name—*Palanquin* (pal-an-keen).

AS the reader knows, the *Palanquin* was the last word in a luxurious closed equipage used by oriental nobility before they adopted motor cars like the rest of the world. We have adapted the luxury of the *Palanquin* to motor-car service.

Twin Bodies Designed Together

The Chalmers Six-40 seven-passenger touring body and the *Palanquin* were designed *together*, to give maximum comfort to seven people in an open or closed car—at practically the price of one.

The touring car is the one that sprang into immediate prominence because of its being the only American stock car equipped with the same type of valve-in-head overhead camshaft motor that won all this year's big speedway races.

Secure from Bad Weather

The *Palanquin* equipment is built *with* the Six-40 seven-passenger touring body. It fits it exactly. It is not patched on. When installed it is built right into the car.

The *Palanquin* can be quickly put on or taken off in your own garage without the expense of a shop expert. The change is simple and easy.

You are snugly secure from rain, sleet and snow—there are no cracks or other openings for drafts. Thinnest of evening gowns may be worn.

When not in use it can be readily taken apart and placed in a small corner of your garage.

Notable Artistry of Design

The beauty of the Six-40 fenders, the lustre of its coach finish, the distinction of its high and narrow radiator, the appeal of its sweeping, graceful lines, create, in combination with the dignity of the *Palanquin* body, an external charm that is not surpassed by equipment at twice the cost.

The wide windows are of heavy plate glass, curtained with substantial silk, and four of them may be opened if desired. Simply pressing a convenient switch, lights the whole interior so a newspaper may be easily read.

Plenty of Room

The interior is arranged to give seven adult passengers plenty of room, even when heavy wraps or coats are worn or carried.

The doors are unusually wide and swing out of the way, permitting easy entrance and exit without soiling the apparel. Both front seats are enclosed and the owner may drive with perfect comfort.

Wonderful Prices

Prices of Touring car and Palanquin Combination:

Touring car only	*$1350*
Touring car complete with extra Palanquin equipment	*1700*
Palanquin equipment only (ready to be quickly fitted to any Chalmers Six-40 seven-passenger touring body)	*350*

Take this matter up with your Chalmers dealer today.

The dealer can also show you our other closed cars—3-passenger Victoria Cabriolet, at $1450, and a Limousine at $3350.

NEW SERVICE TO OWNERS

Every Chalmers dealer gives to every buyer of a Chalmers car a Service Coupon Book, each coupon being redeemable for a definite amount of service at any Chalmers dealer's anywhere.

Chalmers Motor Company

DETROIT, MICH., U. S. A.

Quality First

CHALMERS CLUB AND CLUBMAN

Every Chalmers owner is entitled to a membership card in the Chalmers Club commending him to the courtesies of Chalmers representatives everywhere, and to receive "The Chalmers Clubman" regularly without charge

Pipe Smokers: Will You Join the South Side of the Barn Club?

"The south side of the barn was always our favorite Sunday smoking place," said the Man with Fifteen Pipes.

"After all the stock was fed we boys used to go round to the south side of the barn, prop our backs against the sun-warmed siding, clean out our pipe stems with timothy straws and light up.

"Despite occasional tongue bites the situation was delightful. Drip, drip, drip—came down the drops of water at the corner of the barn from the melting patches of snow on the roof.

"The cattle snapped the corn stalks, and Earl, our driver, came up and coaxed a chew from one of the boys.

"The neighbor boys got to coming over and our Sunday smoke on the south side became an institution.

"We compared pipes, introduced new brands and swapped knives.

"One day, 'Stiffy' brought us a true blue can of smoking. It was new to all of us then, but today somewhere in the pockets of those who sat that day on the south side of the barn you would find among the knives, husking pegs, nails and string a tin of Edgeworth smoking tobacco."

For years that was the way the number of Edgeworth smokers grew. Someone on the train, at the club, in the home, or at some smoker on the sunny side of the barn introduced Edgeworth to his friends and it took.

We got the idea. We want to introduce Edgeworth to you. Like a true friend we'll furnish you with a trial package free. Will you accept?

Just send your name and address and the name of a tobacco dealer you sometimes patronize, and you will receive a package of Edgeworth Ready-Rubbed to try. You're under no more obligation to like it than the boys were to like Stiffy's sample, but you do sort of owe it to yourself to try Edgeworth.

Write anyway for the Sample Package. Ask any dealer when you want to buy.

The original Edgeworth was a Plug Slice wrapped in gold foil and sold in a blue tin. Edgeworth now comes also in Ready-Rubbed that may be bought in 10c and 50c tins everywhere and in handsome $1.00 humidor packages. Edgeworth Plug Slice, 15c, 25c, 50c and $1.00. Mailed prepaid if your dealer has none.

Write to Larus & Brother Co., 2 South 21st Street, Richmond, Va. This firm was established in 1877, and besides Edgeworth makes several other brands of smoking tobacco, including the well-known Qboid—granulated plug—a great favorite with smokers for many years.

To Retail Tobacco Merchants—If your jobber cannot supply Edgeworth, Larus & Bro. Co. will gladly send you a one or two dozen carton, of any size of the Plug Slice or Ready-Rubbed, by prepaid parcel post at the same price you would pay jobber.

(Continued from Page 58)

"You never ought to have married out of the profession, Julie. I'm not saying a word against the late—I can't remember his name, never could—but you shouldn't have done it, an artist like you. Shall I ever forget the way you used to knock them with Rumty-tiddley-umpty-ay!"

"Ah! How wonderful you were in that act, Joe!" Aunt Julia sighed. "Do you remember the backfall you used to do down the steps? I always have said that you did the best backfall in the profession."

"I couldn't do it now!"

"Do you remember how we put it across at the Canterbury, Joe? Think of it! The Canterbury's a moving-picture house now, and the old Mogul runs French *revues*."

"I'm glad I'm not there to see them."

"Joe, tell me. Why did you leave England?"

"Well, I—I wanted a change. No, I'll tell you the truth, kid. I wanted you, Julie. You went off and married that—whatever that stage-door Johnny's name was—and it broke me all up."

Aunt Julia was staring at him. She is what they call a well-preserved woman. It's easy to see that, twenty years ago, she must have been something quite extraordinary to look at. Even now she's almost beautiful. She has very large brown eyes, a mass of soft gray hair, and the complexion of a girl of seventeen.

"Joe! You aren't going to tell me you were fond of me yourself!"

"Of course I was fond of you! Why did I let you have all the fat in Fun in a Tea Shop? Why did I hang about upstage while you sang Rumty-tiddley-umpty-ay? Do you remember my giving you a bag of buns when we were on the road at Bristol?"

"Yes, but ——"

"Do you remember my giving you the ham sandwiches at Portsmouth?"

"Joe!"

"Do you remember my giving you a seedcake at Birmingham? What did you think all that meant, if not that I loved you? Why, I was working up by degrees to telling you straight out, when you suddenly went off and married that cane-sucking dude. That's why I wouldn't let my daughter marry this young chap, Wilson, unless he went into the profession. She's an artist ——"

"She certainly is, Joe."

"You've seen her? Where?"

"At the Auditorium just now. But, Joe, you mustn't stand in the way of her marrying the man she's in love with. He's an artist too."

"In the small time."

"You were in the small time once, Joe. You mustn't look down on him because he's a beginner. I know you feel that your daughter is marrying beneath her, but ——"

"How on earth do you know anything about young Wilson?"

"He's my son."

"Your son!"

"Yes, Joe. And I've just been watching him work. Oh, Joe, you can't think how proud I was of him! He's got it in him. He can put it across. It's fate. He's my son and he's in the profession! Joe, you don't know what I've been through for his sake. They made a lady of me. I never worked so hard in my life as I did to become a real lady. They kept telling me I had got to put it across, no matter what it cost, so that he wouldn't be ashamed of me. The study was something terrible. I had to watch myself every minute for years, and I never knew when I might fluff in my lines or fall down on some bit of business. But I did it, because I didn't want him to be ashamed of me, though all the time I was just aching to be back where I belonged."

Old Danby made a jump at her, and took her by the shoulders.

"Come back where you belong, Julie!" he cried. "Your husband's dead, your son's a pro. Come back! It's twenty-five years ago, but I haven't changed. I want you still. I've always wanted you. You've got to come back, kid, where you belong."

Aunt Julia gave a sort of gulp and looked at him.

"Joe!" she said in a kind of whisper.

"You're here, kid," said old Danby huskily. "You've come back. . . . Twenty-five years! . . . You've come back and you're going to stay!"

She pitched forward into his arms, and he caught her.

"Oh, Joe! Joe! Joe!" she said. "Hold me. Don't let me go. Take care of me."

Kenyon
Motor Coats
Stylish and Serviceable
Practical and Indispensable for Touring
Style No. S842/1693. Double-face Shetland Wool. Light weight, yet comfortably warm for early Fall. $14.50.
Style No. S6828. High grade double texture material, storm convertible collar. Rainproof and dustproof. $13.50.
Weatherproofed by the Kenreign process
Write for small samples with the name of a nearby dealer who sells them.
New York: C. Kenyon Company Chicago
5th Ave. Bldg., 5th Ave. & 23d St. NEW YORK Congress & Franklin Streets

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and
CHILDREN
Whit-Leather
GUARANTEED
HOSIERY
Tough as Whit-Leather
WHY spend more, when a dime will do the work, and leave money in your pocket besides? Here is what you get:
(1) Guaranteed to show no holes in four months.
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Two grades only—10c and 12½c
SOLD by most good retailers everywhere. If your dealer hasn't them, we will send hose post-paid on receipt of price and his name. Give size, color (all solid colors), also whether men's, women's or children's hose are wanted.
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"The Roofing Development of the 20th Century"
Is spark-proof and weather-proof. Double width cuts cost of laying.
NEPONSET SHINGLES
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are also very attractive in appearance
The only built up shingle
They can not rust, crack, nor buckle. One layer of these materials, in Neponset Paroid Roofing, has lasted sixteen years on [illegible]. This built-up, tapered shingle puts seven layers on your roof. Sold by dealers everywhere.
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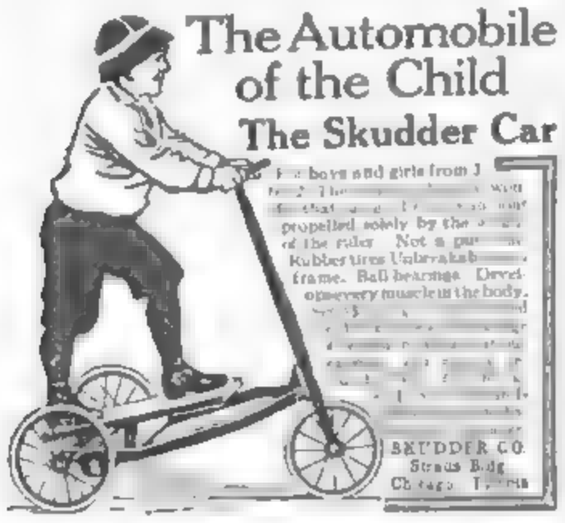

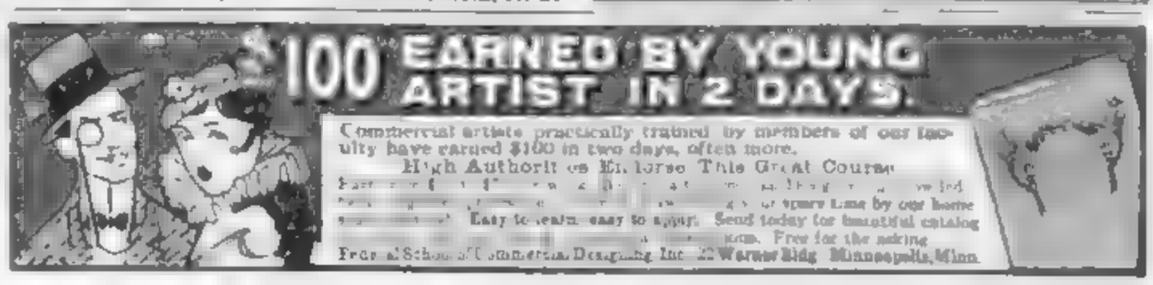
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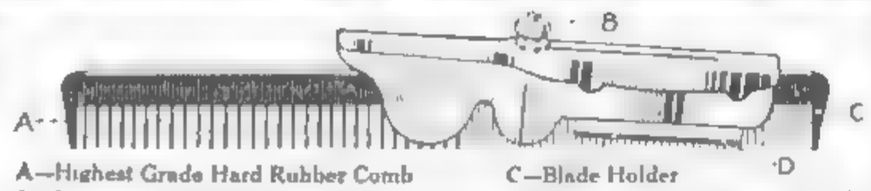

A—Highest Grade Hard Rubber Comb
B—Screw to loosen Slide Cap over Blades
C—Blade Holder
D—Removable Safety Razor Blade

It Operates the Same as a Comb

House of Representatives
U. S.
Washington, D. C
August 14, 1915.
"The American Hair Cutter Co.
Pittsburgh, Pa.
Dear Sirs:
I have carefully examined the Safety Hair Cutter, both from a technical standpoint and actual demonstration, and I honestly consider it to be everything that is claimed for it. It strikes me as a most practical and economical device.
Sincerely yours,
(Signed) M. M. Garland,
Congressman-at-Large
State of Pennsylvania"

Cut Your Own Hair
as Easily as You Shave

HERE, men, is one of the most useful inventions since the advent of the Safety Razor—McDonough's Safety Hair Cutter. It is the only device of its kind on the market, simple, practical and economical, and costs only $1. With it you can cut your own hair in less time and at practically no expense. McDonough's

Safety Hair Cutter
(Works Like a Comb)

Requires Little Attention: At the top is shown its simple construction. Two removable standard safety razor blades are used—one on each side. The only attention required is the occasional renewal of the blades.

Easy to Operate: At the left you will notice a photographic reproduction of the cutter in use. The same motion is employed as in combing your hair. You can cut your hair just as you desire, either closely or lightly.

Ideal for Cutting Children's Hair: Women will find it easy to use, and economical, in cutting their children's hair.

Notice the testimonial at the left. It is typical of the expressions of hundreds of users who have been freed from annoyance and loss of time in barber shops. And the cost is so low you can't afford to be without it. Only—

$1

Ask Your Dealer—If he doesn't have it write us direct and we'll send postpaid.

American Safety Hair Cutter Co.
900 Bindley Power Bldg., Pittsburgh, Pa.

Mary Garden Face Powder

Special $1.00 Size

A Face Powder of peculiar excellence which creates an atmosphere of refinement. The appealing charm of Rigaud's "Mary Garden Perfume" is blended with infinite delicacy into this velvety face powder, improving the complexion of every woman's skin, eliminating superficial blemishes, and effacing the ravages of time. Mary Garden Face Powder may be had in any tint, including ochre and mauve, for fashionable evening wear.

RIGAUD—PARIS

Special Offer to The Saturday Evening Post Readers

If your dealer has not the $1 Mary Garden Face Powder, send his name and address with $1 by mail to RIGAUD'S American agents—Geo. Borgfeldt & Co., Irving Place, New York, who will forward it by return post.

Now Every Home Can Have A
Vanophone—$12
A Wonderful Player at a Wonderful Price

$12 The music profession stands amazed at its perfection of reproductive purity. The Vanophone is beautifully enameled in black and gold. The powerful motor is sure, smooth, and absolutely noiseless. Has automatic brake. Yet it weighs only 12 pounds. Its range of enjoyment is greater than any other, for home, club, dances, house parties and outings. Plays 10 or 12 inch disc records.

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Don't buy a phonograph till you have seen this marvelous Vanophone. We tell you all in a beautiful illustrated book. Tells you how harsh, rasping sounds have been overcome in this new musical creation. No longer need to pay huge prices. The Vanophone is just what you have been looking for. You should have it. Every Vanophone is *guaranteed* or your money refunded. But be your own judge. Write for FREE Book—write now, before you forget it.

DEALERS—Thousands of dealers are cashing in on the tremendous popularity of the Vanophone. Druggists, Stationers, Hardware Dealers, Merchants, should write at once. We send you complete proposition, with your prices and profits. Put the Vanophone on your selling staff. Write today. Address Dept. 10.

THE GARFORD MANUFACTURING COMPANY, Elyria, Ohio
Manufacturers of Highest Grade Telephone Equipment

And I edged for the door and slipped from the room. I felt weak. The old bean will stand a certain amount, but this was too much. I groped my way out into the street and wailed for a taxi.

Gussie called on me at the hotel that night. He curvetted into the room as if he had bought it and the rest of the city.

"Bertie," he said, "I feel as if I were dreaming."

"I wish I could feel like that, old top," I said, and I took another glance at a cable that had arrived half an hour ago from Aunt Agatha. I had been looking at it at intervals ever since.

"Ray and I got back to her flat this evening. Who do you think was there? The mater! She was sitting hand in hand with old Danby."

"Yes?"

"He was sitting hand in hand with her."

"Really?"

"They are going to be married."

"Exactly."

"Ray and I are going to be married."

"I suppose so."

"Bertie, old man, I feel immense. I look round me, and everything seems to me absolutely corking. The change in the mater is marvelous. She is twenty years younger. She and old Danby are talking of reviving Fun in a Tea Shop and going out on the road with it."

I got up.

"Gussie, old top," I said, "leave me for a while. I would be alone. I think I've got brain fever or something."

"Sorry, old man; perhaps New York doesn't agree with you. When do you expect to go back to England?"

I looked again at Aunt Agatha's cable.

"With luck," I said," in about ten years."

When he was gone I took up the cable and read it again.

"What is happening," it read; "shall I come over?"

I sucked a pencil for a while, and then I wrote the reply.

It was not an easy cable to word, but I managed it.

"No," I wrote, "stay where you are. Profession overcrowded."

SENSE AND NONSENSE

Bad Business

BEGUILED by the attractive wording of an advertisement appearing in a trade paper, a trusting investor from the North bought a sawmill in the White River bottoms of Arkansas. When he went down to take over his newly purchased property and to assume its management the recent owner met him at the railroad station and bade him welcome.

As they climbed into the native's buggy to drive through the woods to the spot where the plant was located, the stranger said:

"I wish you'd give me a few hints right off about how to run this business profitably. You see I'm a little bit green at this line. I've been a lumber dealer all my life, but I never undertook to handle the raw material before."

"Well, mister," stated the Arkansan frankly, "I wish I could give you the advice you want, but I reckin I jest don't know myself. My father-in-law died and left me this here mill in his will. My two boys helped me to run her and there wasn't no other hands, and so I never had to pay out nothin' for wages. I stole all the timber I cut, and my stepbrother, who's the division freight agent for the railroad, used to slip all my lumber out for me so I never had to pay no freight charges—and last year I come out twenty-seven hundred dollars behind."

A Perfect Program

THIS one has the merit of being true, anyhow: The official pessimist of a small Western city, a gentleman who had wrestled with chronic dyspepsia for years, stood in front of the post office as the noon whistles sounded.

"Twelve o'clock, eh?" he said, half to himself and half to an acquaintance. "Well, I'm going home to dinner. If dinner ain't ready I'm going to raise hell; and if it is ready I ain't going to eat a bite."

A WINNER FOR DINNER

is French Meat-Treat. And it's a winner for every other meal as well. Deliciously seasoned with French Truffles, Pimentoes and Pistachio Nuts, this one of the 98 varieties of

FRANK'S QUALITY MEAT-TREATS
THE NATIONAL DELICATESSEN
Made in Milwaukee

makes a perfect entrée or sandwich, and is just the thing for Kalter-Aufschnitt, or for serving hot.

French Meat-Treat, like *Banquet, Social* or *English Meat-Treat* is [illegible] and satisfying, and can be kept on your pantry shelf, ready to serve on any occasion.

If your dealer does not sell Meat-Treats, write us, and we'll see that you are supplied.

FREE: Send for our booklet "[illegible]"

L. FRANK & SON COMPANY
Dept. H-G Milwaukee, Wis.

RETAILERS: Write for "Frank-News" the magazine on profitable delicatessen.
BROKERS: Write.

WADSWORTH-ALL SEASON
For FORD TOURING CAR

$60

Warm and snug in winter. Cool and comfortable in summer. [illegible] Instantly removed if desired. [illegible] Get full details from your dealer, or write us for illustrated catalog. In ordering specify whether for 1913, 1914 or 1915 car.

WADSWORTH MANUFACTURING CO.
1269 Jefferson Ave. Detroit, Michigan

Ride a RANGER

bicycle and know you have the best. Buy a [illegible] and prove before accepting. DELIVERED FREE on approval and 30 days' trial. NO EXPENSE to you if, after trial, you do not wish to keep it.

LOW FACTORY COST, great improvements and values never before equalled.

WRITE TODAY for [illegible] catalog showing our complete line of 1916 bicycles. TIRES, wheels and parts and sundries at wonderful new prices and terms we will give you. A limited [illegible] Do not buy [illegible] do for you. A postal card brings everything.

MEAD CYCLE CO., Dept. A 55, CHICAGO

SALESMEN A PROFITABLE SIDE LINE FOR FORD CARS

E-Z $10 Starter; $1.75 Steerer. GEO. H. WILSON, Distributer, 954 Northwestern Bldg., Minneapolis, Minn.

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you should earn a Curtis musical scholarship. Hundreds are awarded each year to Educational representatives of *The Saturday Evening Post, The Ladies Home Journal* and *The Country Gentleman*. There is no risk, and no competitive element is involved. For details, write to the Educational Division, Box 69, The Curtis Publishing Company, Independence Square, Philadelphia.

They Are Breaking Down the Bars

Goodyear Tires Now Carry Half a Million Cars

Our sales now indicate that Goodyear tires have won not less than 500,000 users.

And they've gained more users this year than any year before. Which shows how men are waking to the differences in tires.

Why We State the Facts

Countless motorists think that tires are very much alike. In buying new cars they accept whatever tires they find. In renewing they have no decided choice.

That's why we publish here again and again the facts about Goodyear tires.

Goodyear Features

Goodyear Fortified Tires are different from others. They have our No-Rim-Cut feature. They are "On-Air" cured at vast extra cost, to save needless blowouts. Rubber rivets are created in them to combat loose treads.

These Goodyear features, plus other rare features, will add to our tire cost this year $1,635,000. What we added this year alone in extra rubber, size and strength will cost us $500,000.

Our All-Weather tread is not a regular tread made rough. It's a double-thick tread made of very tough rubber. That double-thickness, on this year's output of All-Weathers, will cost us $1,000,000.

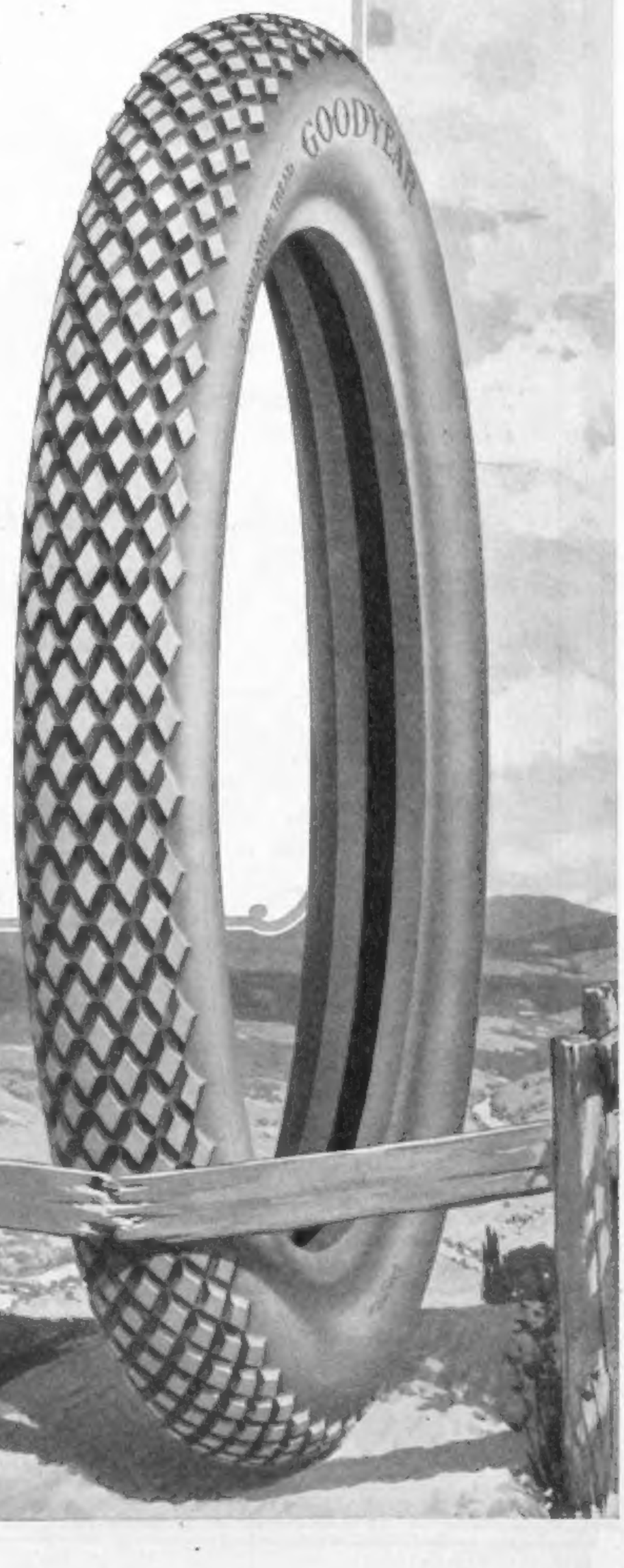
Such tires are in a class by themselves.

Easy to Prove

Their extra service is an easy thing to prove. Make road comparisons. An occasional tire may be affected by some mishap or misuse. But Fortified Tires are bound to average extra high. Otherwise these features would be folly.

Any Goodyear dealer will supply you. Every neighborhood has a Goodyear Service Station with your size in stock, and which renders full Goodyear service.

THE GOODYEAR TIRE & RUBBER COMPANY, AKRON, O.



GOODYEAR
Akron, Ohio
Fortified Tires
Fortified Against
Rim-Cuts—by our No-Rim-Cut feature.
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Loose Treads—by many rubber rivets.
Insecurity—by 126 braided piano wires.
Punctures and Skidding—by our double-thick All-Weather tread.

Price Not
Over 15c per lb.

"These are the Raisins I like in Bread."

A Nation of Children
Want Raisin Bread *Like This:*

Bread filled with big, meaty, *tender* raisins, with all the seeds extracted—raisins containing that pure fruit-sugar that all children crave and *need*.

Bread that is grain-food plus *fruit*-food, the tastiest, most healthful food they know.

Bread that is digestible, mildly laxative, and of which they can eat their fill.

You can *get* such raisin bread now at your dealer's. No need to bake at home.

It contains luscious, *Sun-Maid Raisins*, the finest raisins California grows. Perfect in flavor. Rich in food value. Being concentrated nutriment, it is one of the cheapest foods you can serve. It adds delicious variety at a trifling cost to otherwise plain meals.

Serve it and see how they like it—hear them ask for it at every meal. Such bread as this will solve the appetite problem of many a poorly nourished child.

Why let any child go without it?

This label marks the genuine California Raisin Bread made with Sun-Maid Raisins.

California Raisin Bread
Made with Sun-Maid Raisins
is sold by your baker or grocer

If he hasn't it send us his name and address. He'll be glad to supply you when he knows Sun-Maid quality.

1 Lb. of Raisins Contains More Calories of Food Value Than a Pound of Sirloin Steak

One pound of raisins contains 1635 energy units. One pound of steak contains 1530. Eggs, considered the standard of food value, pound for pound produce only one-half the energy.

Write for beautiful book showing 179 ways to use Sun-Maid Raisins—in cereals, sandwiches, salads, pies, puddings, cookies, cakes, sweetmeats and frozen desserts.

We'll send this book FREE in reply to a postcard bearing your grocer's name and address. Send for it now, and learn how raisins can cut down your living cost.

Sun-Maid Brand for Home Use

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